SPY

October Number 1

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The SPY 100

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BY JOHN LOMBARDI

5th Anniversary Issue

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FALL

SPY 5th anniversary



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THE SPY 100

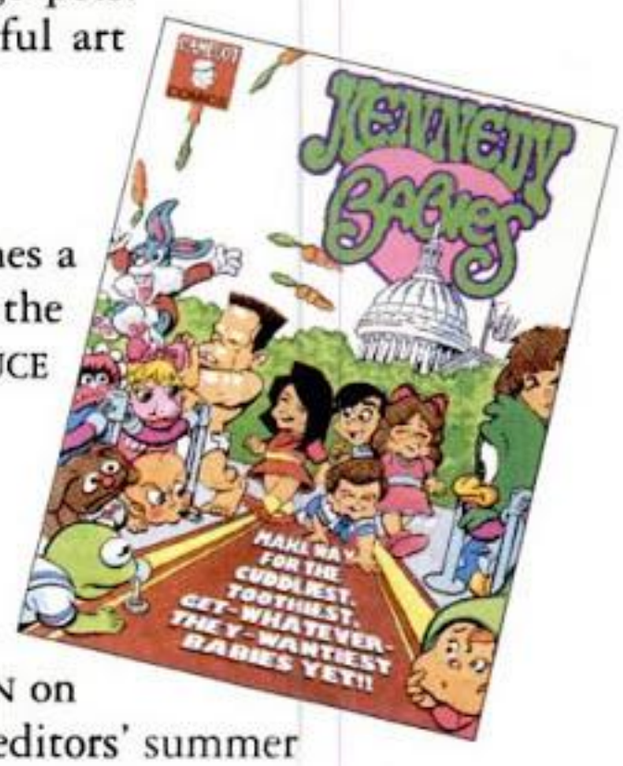
▶ Our fifth annual ranking of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things of the year—plus, an all-new supplement of user-friendly, 1991-in-a-nutshell appendices! 50

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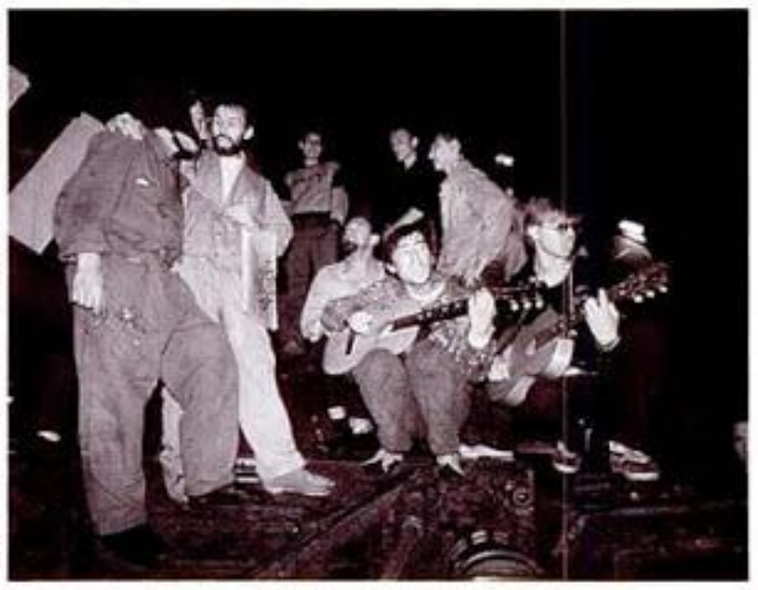
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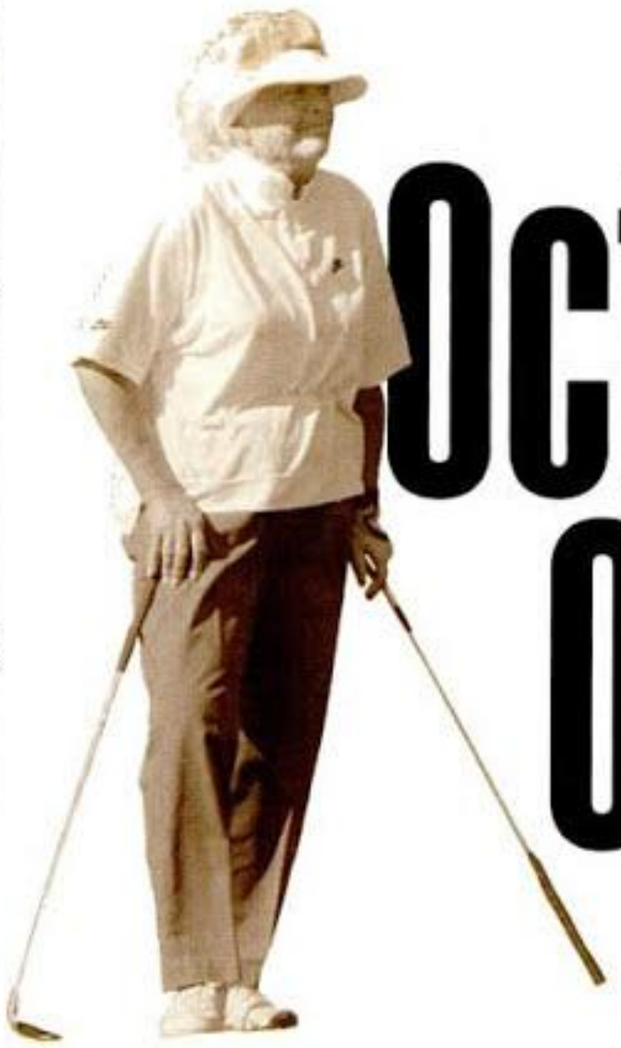
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OCTOBER REVOLUTIONS, OCTOBER SURPRISES—THE PHRASES COME FROM POLITICS, NOT BASEBALL. IN POLITICS, OR SOVIET POLitics anyhow, there seems to be endless potential for surprises. In baseball, surprise comebacks occur in September at the very latest. And in New York baseball, surprise comebacks evidently don't occur. The current season became moot in mid-August, all at once: it was probably a coincidence, but just as the Mets finally achieved some consistency, losing a steady four out of every five games they played, the Yankees' management started abusing Don Mattingly, their best player, for





October revolutions, October surprises

having slightly longish hair. (So apparently it *is* possible to channel the spirits of people who are merely *career-dead*, at least in the case of George Steinbrenner.) At press time, the Yankees were 10½ games out of first place, the Mets 12½ games out. But even in defeat—maybe *especially* in defeat—ballplayers deliver assessments of themselves and their associates that redeem the game's tiresome reputation as the thinking man's sport. "I'm overwhelmed by the pettiness of it," Mattingly said of the Yankees' order to cut his hair. "It's been incredible," said Frank Viola of the Mets, "to watch the team as a whole disintegrate." "*Embarrassed* is the perfect word for the way we should all feel," said his teammate Dave Magadan. "It's past being frustrated, past being disappointed." It's been incredible to watch the Soviet Union as a whole disintegrate. Deputy prime minister Vladimir Shcherbakov, the central-planning chief in charge of undoing central planning, was faintly amused by his mission even before the coup and countercoup. "I see the ironies, of course," he said. In fact, the charming thing about Soviet liberals is that even amid the chaos, they see ironies everywhere. "The great irony of this



"There are so many unqualified critics already. Why not add another one?" —Broadway producer Bernard Jacobs on Ed Koch's new job as theater reviewer for a chain of giveaway newspapers

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coup," said Sergei Tarasenko, one of the anti-Communist reformers, "is the fact that those people who demoted Gorbachev are his friends." At press time, the ironists were in first place, the Communists several games out.

One might have thought that with Communism shriveling, American *Republicans* would lose their raison d'être and, just possibly, their will to live. No, no, no: it has been the *Democrats* who have come to seem like a silly third party, quaint but irrelevant. (*Embarrassed* is the perfect word.)



"This is no longer an entertaining situation," said Democratic congressman Robert Torricelli about the pathetic but also highly entertaining absence of meaningful Democratic presidential candidates. "This is becoming a serious problem." Dick Gephardt, the Stepford Democrat, is afraid to run. So is Jay Rockefeller, the Democrat trapped in a Republican's body (he combines Pete du Pont's funky common touch with Walter Mondale's eagerness for new ideas). So is chronically unripe Al Gore. The only people unafraid to run seem more like high school social-studies teachers (Harkin, Tsongas) or middle-market TV-news anchormen (Clinton) than like presidents-to-be. The available Democrats look like such losers that the clearest expression of the anti-Bush critique—"I think they've come upon a theme: Go after the president on no domestic policy"—comes from George Bush himself, dismissive, insouciant, unworried. (It's been incredible to watch the party as a whole disintegrate. *Embarrassed* really is the perfect word for the way we should feel.)

Bush is so confident these days, he doesn't even feel obliged to hold up the kinder-gentler scrim when it comes to his own wife. Hey, Mr. President—how was it playing golf in Kennebunkport with that white-haired lady who bore your children? "She stunk," Bush said. (We're overwhelmed by the pettiness.)

When Bush was asked recently if William Casey might have, as Reagan's campaign manager, made a hostage deal with Tehran, he spoke of the late CIA director as if he were still alive—say, in a secret teak-paneled bunker somewhere out at Langley. "I have no knowledge of what Casey can do," Bush said. *Yikes.* Er, uh, "Or *did* do," he quickly added. It was probably just a coincidence, but someone the *Times* described as a longtime associate and friend of Casey's recently said, "Bill is the kind of guy who reads everything he can get his hands on." *Yikes.* Er, uh, "I mean, Bill *was* the kind of guy." William Casey: the Beltway Elvis.

Casey and Elvis must have—that is, *would* have—liked Desert Storm. Now that the final bills are in, it turns out the war cost us $15 billion. The Office of Management and Budget expects cash contributions from foreign governments to total $48 billion by the end of the year. The bottom line: six weeks of combat, a $33 billion profit. Are you thinking what we're thinking? Get a few more of these limited-run, high-margin, foreign-sponsored wars going and the budget deficit is over.

Two days of Desert Storm profits, for instance, would cover a *year* of U.S. Postal Service losses. Not that the Postal Service isn't trying to turn itself into a hustling, can-do profit center. This fall it is issuing not one but five special Abbott and Costello commemoratives, timed to coincide with MCA/Universal's release of two Abbott and Costello home videos. (*Embarrassed* is the perfect word.)

It's incredible to watch Wall Street as a whole disintegrate, but didn't anyone tell Salomon Brothers about the 1990s? Memo to former chairman John Gutfreund: *Greed is bad.* (But who can blame him for buying up government bonds when the government is earning 220 percent margins on six-week wars?)

Bret Easton Ellis's best-known protagonist—the serial killer, not the Bennington weenie—was a Wall Street investment banker. Ellis—the Bennington weenie, not the First Amendment martyr—is one eighties guy trying to adapt to the new decade. He said recently that Knopf editor in chief Sonny Mehta is "the best sort of editor." Sheer *niceness*; very now. But then the novelist revealed his pre-nineties self: "He lets the writer do whatever he wants. Plus, he's very cool. He's a hepcat." *Le mot juste? Embarrassed.*

Ellis—the feckless glamour addict, not the fin de siècle artiste—spends a lot of his celebrity quality time hanging out with the Julia Phillipses of the world. Phillips—the fin de siècle artiste, not the depressing burnout—is now writing a novel about a talking dog with a drug problem. And it's probably just a coincidence, but Joe Eszterhas, the $3-million *Basic Instinct* screenwriter, is reportedly at work on a movie about a U.S. president who has sex with a cow—a cow who, in the sequel, could learn to talk and freebase. *Embarrassed.*

But it generally takes large corporations to really get us past being disappointed, past frustrated. After two *Wall Street Journal* stories suggested that Procter & Gamble would sell off unprofitable divisions, the company asked Cincinnati Bell to give it all the phone numbers of all the people who'd called the home or office of the *Journal* reporter for the previous three months. (That P&G-Satan thing may now bear some reinvestigation.) Of course, the phone company, being a phone company, was happy to oblige. And, unfortunately, we're short on Boris Yeltsins willing to resist the totalitarian tide.

"I'm overwhelmed by the pettiness of it," Don Mattingly said. *Exactly.* "A lot of things bothered me," he said, explaining why he'd asked to be traded. *Precisely.* "I've kept my mouth shut about most of them." *Uh-huh.* "If I talked about them, I would really go off." Us too.

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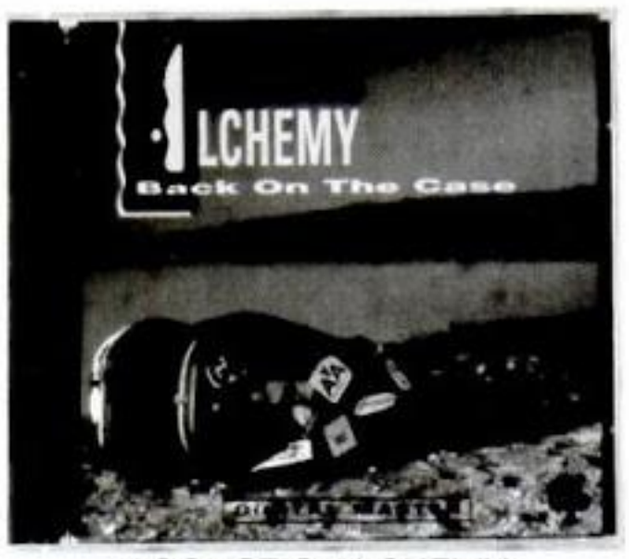
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SAME OLD THING.

The Addams Family

NOVEMBER 22.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

THE SHAPE OF JAZZ IN THE 90's



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John Lombardi says his controversial articles for various magazines have provoked, among other things, the fall of Walter Yetnikoff, the installation of a protective wall inside *Esquire* and a nomination for a National Magazine Award. In this issue he writes about the bodybuilder turned ultrabohemian Lisa Lyon.



Jonathan Napack once harbored hopes for a curatorial career but was put off, he says, by how "pretentious and humorless" the art-history world is, and by the respiratory implications of a pack-a-day Gauloises Blondes habit. So he set his sights on writing, and in this issue he profiles the art world's pretentious and humorless—and strange and powerful and rich-beyond-imagining—Wildenstein family.



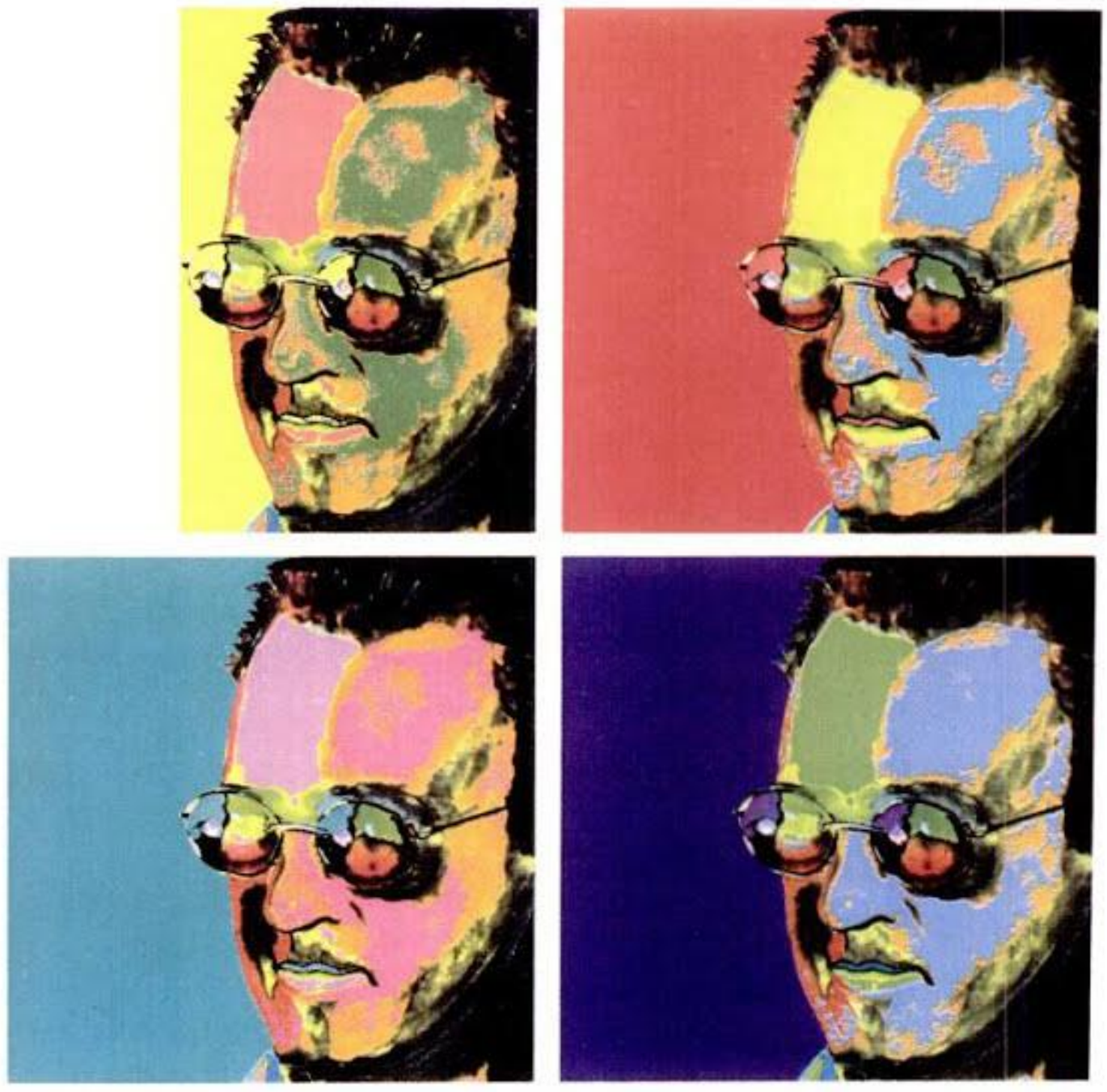
"It's a work in progress," contributing editor **Harry Shearer** says of his extensive collection, partially documented in this issue, of *objets* prefixed with the word *le*. Shearer's other ongoing projects include writing a weekly column for the *Los Angeles Times*, supplying voices for various characters on *The Simpsons* and hosting a nationally syndicated radio show called, naturally, *Le Show*.



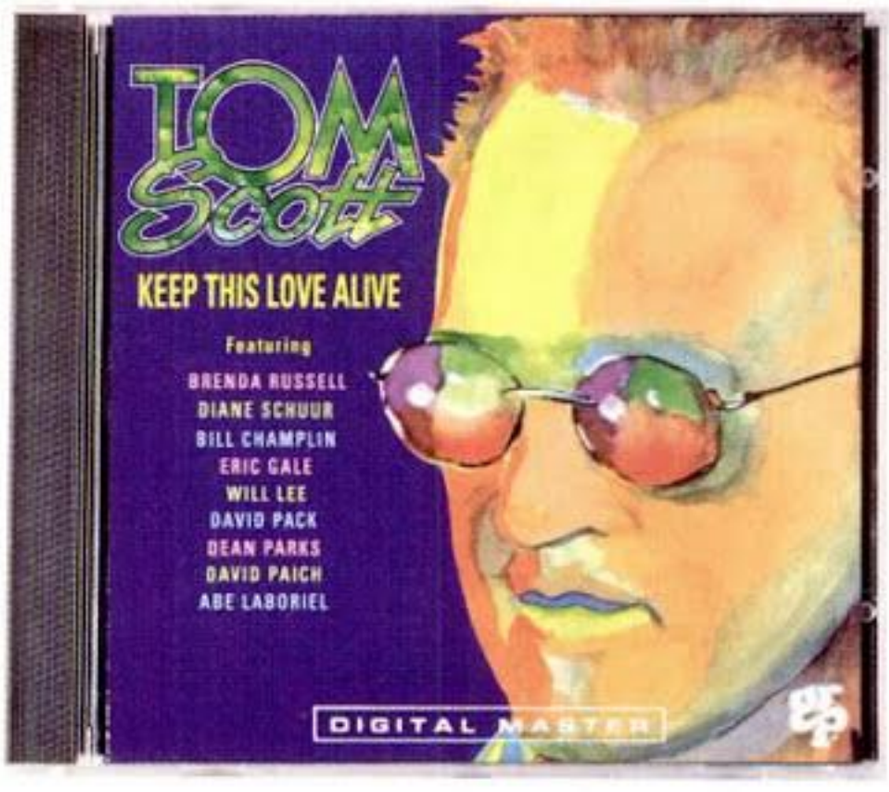
Cartoonist **Rurik Tyler**, whose work appears regularly in Marvel Comics and *Cracked* magazine, was well prepared to draw members of the Kennedy clan for this month's "Kennedy Babies" comic book. He explains, "I used to do a Halloween comic called *Lunatic Binge*." Taylor also designs Matchbox toys; his most recent creation is the Monster in My Pocket line.

Illustration by Barry Blitt

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Letters to SPY

From the SPY Mailroom



Anything—even this otherwise pointless sentence—to keep from starting a column with some reader's name. Mike Farr of Manhattan writes, "Henry Kissinger is the only non-show-business celebrity whose residence (River House) is pointed out by the guide on the Circle Line tour. What does SPY make of this?" Well, that Mike Farr of Manhattan has recently taken the Circle Line tour.

To those who accuse us of living for the Sima J. Bravers of the world and for the Sima J. Bravers alone, we plead guilty, guilty, guilty. Mrs. Braver, of Philadelphia, was a brand-new subscriber to SPY (and had evidently never seen the magazine) when she wrote to us, at length and in great detail, about "two very diverse issues concerning the general public throughout the nation": "I [am] under the impression your magazine would not hesitate to express concern on issues that affect the rights of the unborn and the newborn. Also, anyone who is misled into believing they are purchasing first-quality trademark dinnerware needs vital information to make an informed purchase." Hear, hear!

The Society of Manufacturing Engineers has sent a letter addressed to "Mel Mandell, Editor, SPY Magazine." *Mel Mandell?* Uh-oh. Does the Society of Manufacturing Engineers know something we don't know? But hang on: *Mandell.* Mandell must be the guy who was editor of SPY for a brief period in the late fifties—and who is best remembered for his disastrous attempt to move the magazine away from satire and reposition it as both an advocate of newborns' rights and the sworn enemy of all those who would pass counterfeit dinner plates off as real.

P. King of Toronto, "on a recent trip to Borneo," came across a magazine called *Pertiwi*, published ▸

What About Bob?

Your "Children of a Lesser Bob" family tree [August] could have gone on forever. Here are a few more Enigmatic Singer-Songwriters Who Can't Sing who are lucky Dylan led the way: Leonard Cohen, Joe Cocker, Rod Stewart, Captain Beefheart, Leon Russell, Iggy Pop, Mark Knopfler, Frank Zappa, Tim Hardin, Leon Redbone, Stevie Nicks, Madonna, David Bowie, Marianne Faithfull, Linda McCartney, Yoko Ono (the last two are Enigmatic Wives Who Can't Sing).

Marion Holmes
New York

Norman, Is That You?

I was dismayed to see you sink to the level of used-car salesmen in your Contents blurb for "The Free-fallin' Bob Dylan" [by Joe Queenan, August]. Far from "poking fun" at Bruce Springsteen, Dylan merely said that when Bruce's fans sing along, it sounds nice, but that he (Dylan) doesn't encourage it at his own concerts. This took all of one sentence in the article!

On the other hand, the Norman Mailer parody articles ["Coming Soon to a Newsstand Near You: A Special SPY Parody Pack," August] were the funniest thing you have done in several issues, especially the Wenner piece. (Parodying Jann Wenner is like taking candy from a baby—easy *and* gratifying.)

Paul Boisvert
Chicago, Illinois

Mickey Mouse Project

I read all about the "Eisnerizing" of America ["When Disney Ran America," by Jamie Malanowski, June] only days before a major announcement in Cincinnati. The Downtown Progress Committee has been set up to supervise downtown development, and one of its 18 members is Reggie Whitehead, marketing director for Kings Island, an area amusement park that features Hanna-Barbera characters. Another member is S. J. Harris, the president of the Acme Wrecking Company! Will they soon be taking the Acme wrecking ball to the federal courthouse and post office and replacing them with a water ride featuring Huckleberry Hound and Fred and Barney? Will we finally get the multicolored gondola tram ride some of our city leaders proposed in all seriousness some years back?

Sally Moore
Cincinnati, Ohio

Pardon Me, SPY...

In the June *Times* column [by J. J. Hunsecker] you wrote that the *Times* sports section was once of the same quality "as that of, oh, say, the *Chattanooga News-Free Press.*" Now, J.J., I've never heard of you, either, but the bottom line is, we put out a newspaper for Chattanoogans that they enjoy very much. Our sports section may be hokey to some people, since we cover girls' softball and local golf tournaments with great glee, but it sells here, and everybody seems pretty happy about that.

If ever you are down this way, we'd love to take you to a softball game, where you'd get real hungry and real hot. Then we'd roll out to a slow-speaking place where there is real cold beer and barbecued ribs and potato salad and more beer.

Roy Exum
Executive sports editor, The Chattanooga News-Free Press
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mr. Hunsecker said through a spokesperson that he only used The Chattanooga

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If you think this comedy is bitchin'

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—N.Y. Newsday

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in Djakarta and featuring its own "Separated at Birth?"–type section. We agree, P. King, that the Michael Jackson–Jackie Onassis pairing is the best of the four. But no, we don't think we'll take legal action, at least not until we find out for certain whether "*Inilah delapan orang yang awet muda berikut rahasianya*" really does mean "Separated at Birth?" (Our Indonesian is a little rusty; we can order in restaurants, but they bring us towels instead of food.)

"I would take it as a personal favor," writes David S. Shukan from Marina Del Rey, "if you would please inform Ms. Susan Kaufmann of Union, New Jersey, that I am indeed the same David S. Shukan...she hasn't seen since a homecoming game at our old high school [From the SPY Mailroom, April]. How many of us does she think there are, anyway? I would also appreciate your mentioning in your magazine that she is invited to my wedding to Ms. Joanne Novak in May 1992. It will save me the cost and trouble of sending her a personal invitation. If you can attend, Susan, please RSVP via this column before December 1991. And wait till I tell you who I met at the University of Texas." This has probably gone far enough. The money Shukan has just saved in postage will put him in a better position to fork over the $334.45 he now owes us for the preceding personal classified message (our standard rate is $25 per line, each line consisting of 45 characters and word spaces; Shukan might have saved himself a few pennies if he hadn't insisted on using his middle initial).

This from a reader in Lake Charles, Louisiana: "PLEASE DO NOT THINK ME A SHAMELESS HUSSY. I HAVE A small FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU. IN YOUR APRIL ISSUE (Party Poop) PAUL SIMON IS PICTURED ENJOYING HIMSELF AT A NEW YORK CITY BALLET PARTY: I am a faithful reader, BUT SOMEHOW THE FACT THAT YOUR PHOTOGRAPHERS HOBNOB WITH SUCH ELITE ELUDED ME...I WOULD LIKE SOMEONE AT *SPY* TO SLIP SIMON MY NUMBER, MY NAME OR MY ▸ MEASUREMENTS...." But Carol Chaney's measurements, alas, are neither included nor deducible from the Xeroxed photo she has sent us. Furthermore, although it's true our photographers hobnob with such elite, we prefer to stay home at night and align our issues of *Granta* with the exact edge of the bookshelf. What to do? Can we slip you Simon's measurements instead? He is five foot five but is said to appear much closer to five foot six in person. And in the manner of David S. Shukan, he can reach you through us.

Not all the mail is non-Halbfinger-related.

"Just want you to know that everyone at the *Times-Picayune* didn't enjoy the famed Halbfinger," writes an anonymous former colleague of David's in New Orleans. "He was an annoyingly pushy little pest. Something he obviously hasn't grown out of. But time can improve almost anyone, right?"

And we have received this declaration: "A casual reader of SPY like myself might conclude from a peek into the SPY Mailroom in your June issue that SPY readers are made up almost entirely of members of the Halbfinger family. Happily for circulation, we are everywhere. I too am a Halbfinger—one who has been silenced too long by those humorless windbags (Mom, Andrea S. and brother David M.)....I understand through the family news chain that at least one non-Halbfingerian has been taking our family name in vain in your magazine. My father, the Halbfinger attorney, Martin William Halbfinger, J.D. Columbia '62, will subpoena this pseudo-Halbfinger to the wall, if you can track him down." This comes from a Gannett staff writer named Caren Halbfinger, who encloses a business card as proof of her Halbfingerness. The card wasn't necessary; when it comes to Halbfinger detection, we are persuaded by degrees, and the second-littlest Halbfinger knowingly appended to her name all the proof we'd ever need: "Bennington College '85." ▸

News-Free Press *because it sounded funny. But now that he has seen a copy of the paper and realizes what an important journal it is, he is considering dropping his coverage of the* Times *in favor of a regular monthly column on the* News-Free Press.

Chemical Imbalances

The use of thallium nitrate as an instrument of homicide is really beneath Mensa standards [Great Expectations, May]. SF 6847, phenylsilatrane (admittedly, also rat poison) or oleander tea would give forensic chemists an all but impossible task.

Alan M. Schwartz
Mensa Member No. 1063360
Irvine, California

We did a whole feature on you people (March 1988) and never realized till now that you were numbered. And now we understand why *you are.*

A paragraph in May's Great Expectations column nearly gave me a coronary! Equating such acts as murder and dismemberment with smoking pot is the worst yellow journalism since the Hearst tabloids and the "Reefer Madness" scare of the 1930s and '40s. You are the ballsiest journalistic effort of this era, and yet you allow your readership to believe being a "marijuana buff" automatically makes a person a socio-/psychopathic murderer. Pot's pacifying effects probably kept this Daniel Rakowitz character from wiping out a Burger King full of kids, or blowing up a city block.

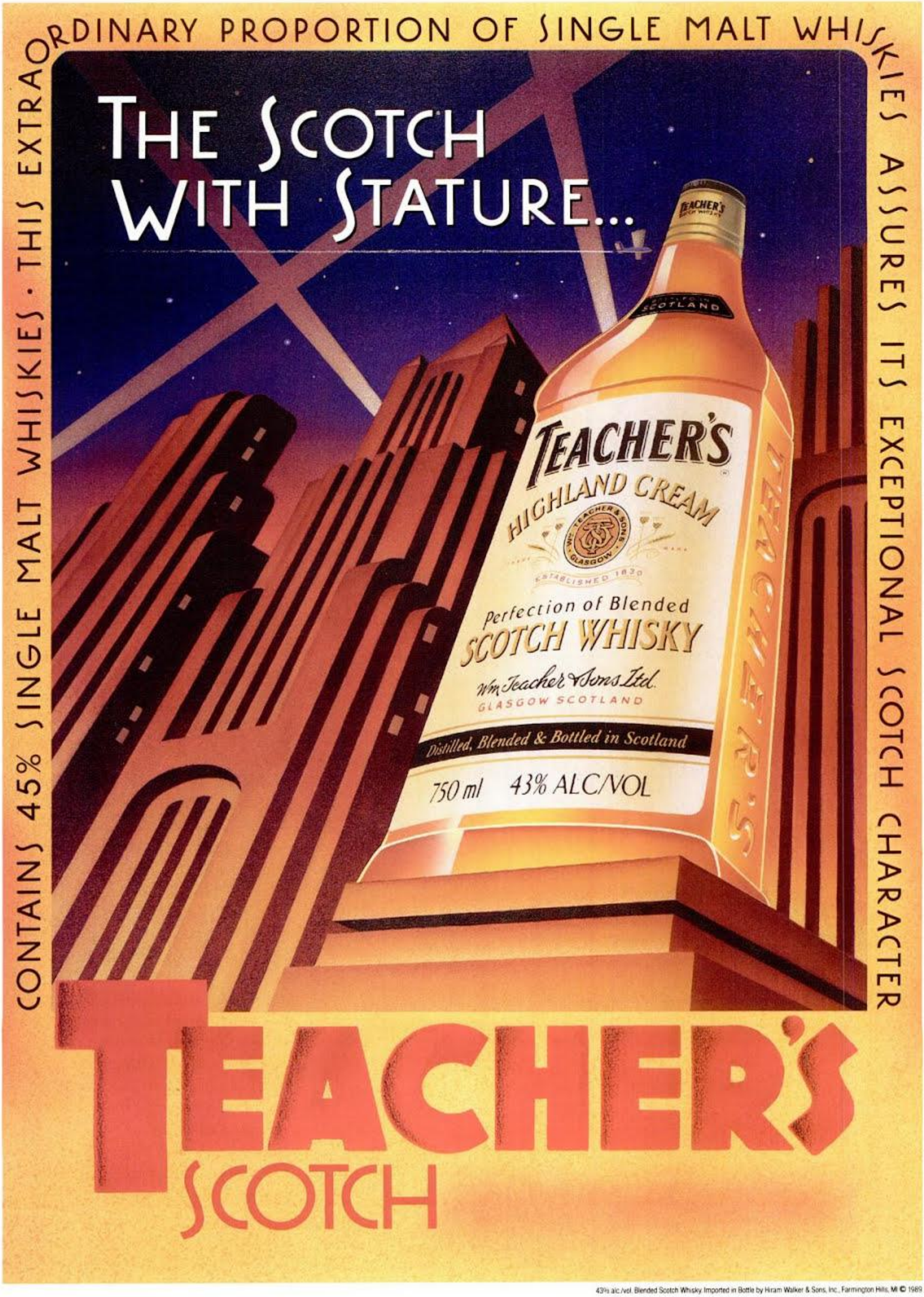
Ross Rosentreter
Boston, Massachusetts

Please read the offending paragraph again. We simply considered it curious that a man standing trial for anything *would express to his jury the desire to share a joint with them. Now, if you think we're going to speculate on why your reading of that paragraph was a bit paranoid...well, forget it.*

Other Voices, Other Letters

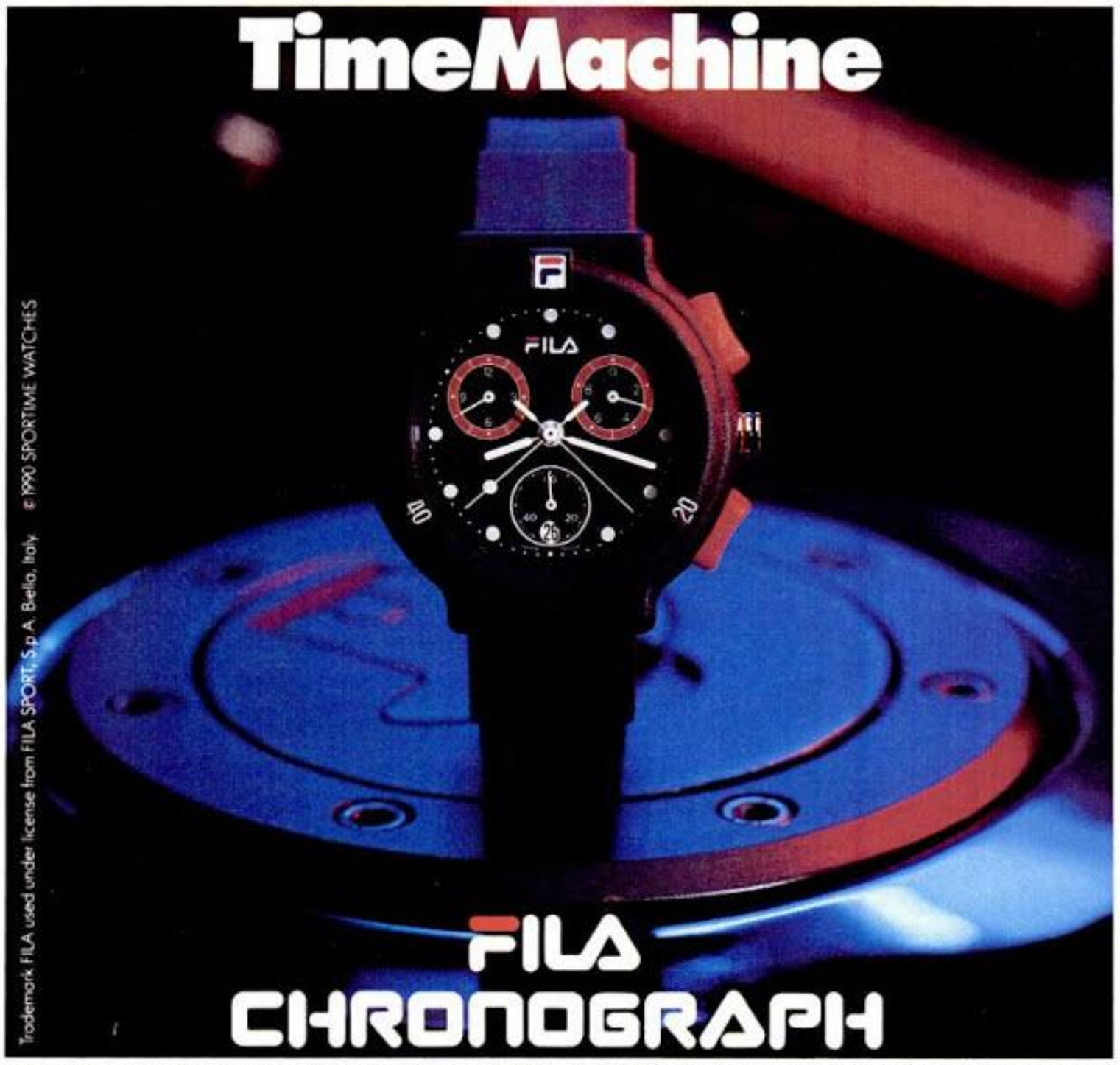
As a point of reference, a female moose is a cow, not a doe ["Vanity, Thy Name Is Jaguar: Orion's Fellow

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Finally, at least Halbfingerwise, we think we can assure Janna Harriss of Mission Viejo, California, that the man you identify as "Fingerhut" and claim has been persecuting you for 17 years is almost certainly not a Halbfinger. Frankly, you sound a little hysterical to us.

Products Corner: **The Pfizer people have written us. "Because of your position in reporting on health matters, you have no doubt heard about Plax Pre-Brushing Dental Rinse. Despite the news that Plax has generated, you may not have had an opportunity to try it." Well, that explains the sample bottle. And maybe if the L.A. reader who called asking how to get hold of an Amtel headset-screen phone system mentioned by Celia Brady (The Industry, June) is patient, Amtel will send her one. Because of her position in reporting on personal telecommunications matters.**

Message to Jane Hotaling of Dayton: We appreciate the fact that you "hesitated" before sending along that nubbin reference. Your first reason for hesitating ("New SPY look—maybe nubbins are even more passé than before!") was in fact the most legitimate one.

Disney already *is* running America ("When Disney Ran America," by Jamie Malanowski, June)! Wyoming senator Malcolm Wallop recently added to a transportation bill an amendment that would authorize $300,000 for a study of the "environmental soundness and potential costs" of monorails, magnetic-levitation trains and air trains in several national parks. A Wallop aide was even quoted in *The Washington Post* as saying that Disney World is "certainly one instance where somebody's taken a contraption and figured out a way to move all sorts of people very efficiently through a very crowded area." (Thanks to Pam McElwee of Lawrence, Kansas, and R. Paul Skoda of Williamsburg, Virginia, for the clippings.)

Possibly Wallop was inspired by ▸

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Practitioners of the Prestige-vs.-Profit Trade-off," May]. You did get it correct by saying *bull* moose, however. Just thought you'd like to know. Interesting magazine you have, I might add. Not as good as *Field & Stream*, though.

Jeffrey L. Frischkorn
Willoughby, Ohio

Since I began my subscription to SPY, I have suddenly become very popular with other publications and/or causes soliciting my support. An abridged list of who gained a newfound respect for me, and my money: *Utne Reader*, Quality Paperback Book Club, *Premiere*, *Film*, *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *The New Republic*, Amnesty International, ACLU, J. Crew and *The Economist*.

The purchasers of your subscription list seem to believe your readers to be eastern-establishment limousine liberals with politically correct, do-gooding, sexually deviant tendencies, who also have the time and money to visit fashionable beach resorts and wallow away their days reading last year's best-sellers. Please inform them that I am not now, nor have I ever been, Ted Kennedy.

Charles E. Hoover
Los Angeles, California

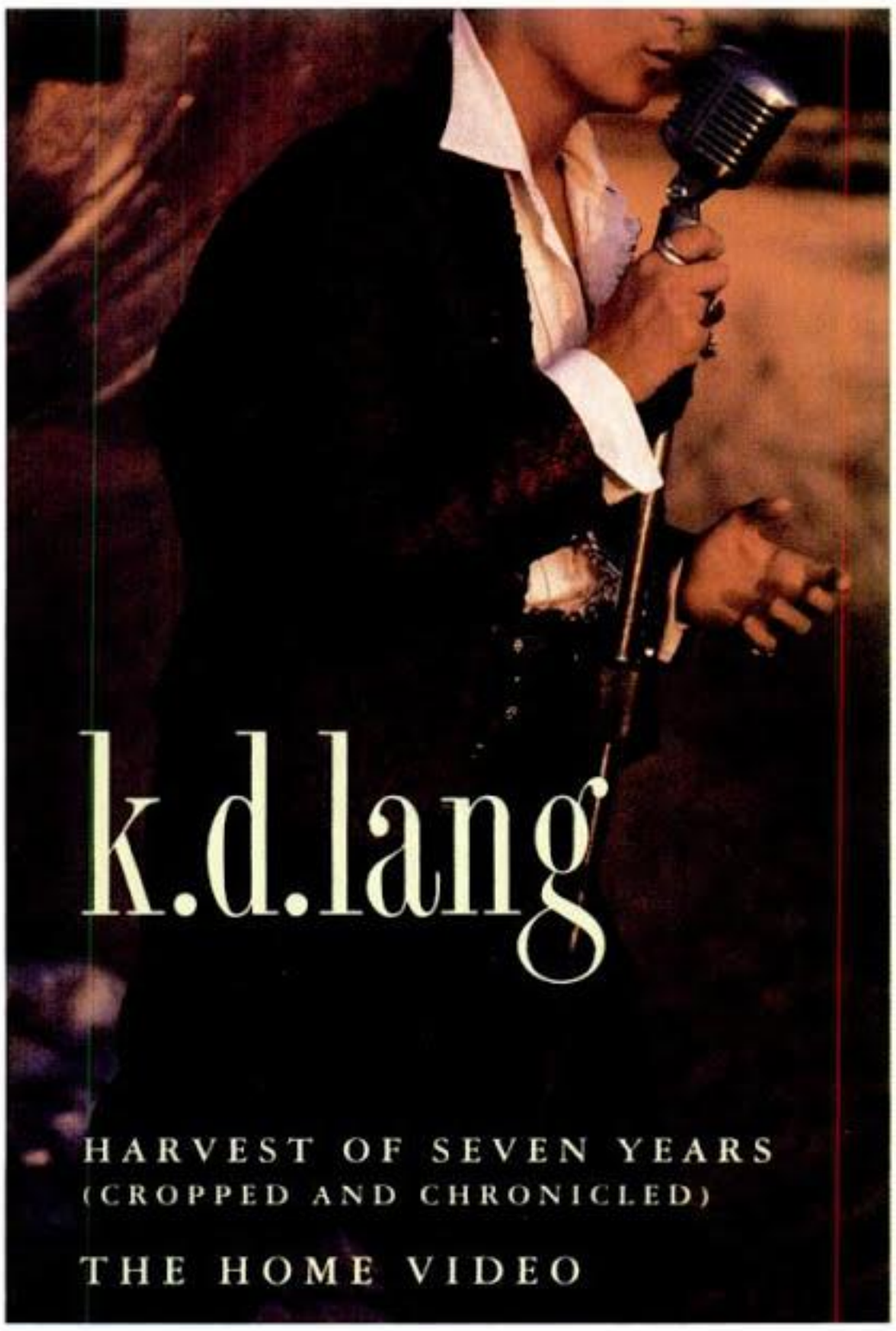
David Geffen, "an admitted bisexual..." [Who's the Biggest Man in Hollywood?," by Fred Goodman, April]. An *admitted bisexual*? One does not *admit* one's nonheterosexuality as one admits to a felony or a mistake. "Geffen, openly bisexual" would have avoided the negative connotation. Great gains could be made if *all* homosexuals were honest about their sexuality.

Name withheld
Los Angeles, California
Your point is well taken; we should have said something like "openly bisexual." But about your last sentence: what's so honest about withholding your name?

Your usually consistent editorial characterizations suffered a small glitch in June when Humphrey Greddon sniped about "the omniscient tone and pedantry of *The Economist* [that] certainly must impress the insecure American cousins in its readership" [Review of Reviewers]. In April, senior editor James Collins praised *The Economist* as a "Living Avatar of Common Sense" ["What Could We Have Been Thinking?"]. I imagine that, being much farther up the masthead than rank-and-file contributor Greddon, Collins has ordered Humphrey cast out. Unless, of course, he's just too insecure to do so.

Steven E. Webster
Chicago, Illinois
It's worse than you think: Mr. Greddon and Mr. Collins are not on speaking terms. In any event, SPY *is the sort of magazine that can accommodate many, many points of view regarding* The Economist.

I must strongly object to the "cartoon" accompanying the June Datebook and the reference to Kate Smith as "dirigible-esque." For 50 years, Kate bore the slings and arrows of ridicule about her weight with a stately dignity. Kate recorded 3,000



While her vocal talents cannot be confined to any one style, it's fair to say that k.d. lang, with her extraordinary voice and revolutionary approach, is creating timeless music that transcends all borders. "HARVEST OF SEVEN YEARS (CROPPED AND CHRONICLED)" features never-before-available live performances and videos, plus candid moments at home with k.d. lang. This collection also features the previously-unreleased "Barefoot" video from Percy Adlon's latest film,"Salmonberries," "Turn Me Round" from the closing ceremonies of the 1988 Winter Olympics and a show-stopping version of "Crying," sung in tribute to the late Roy Orbison at the Songwriters' Hall of Fame.



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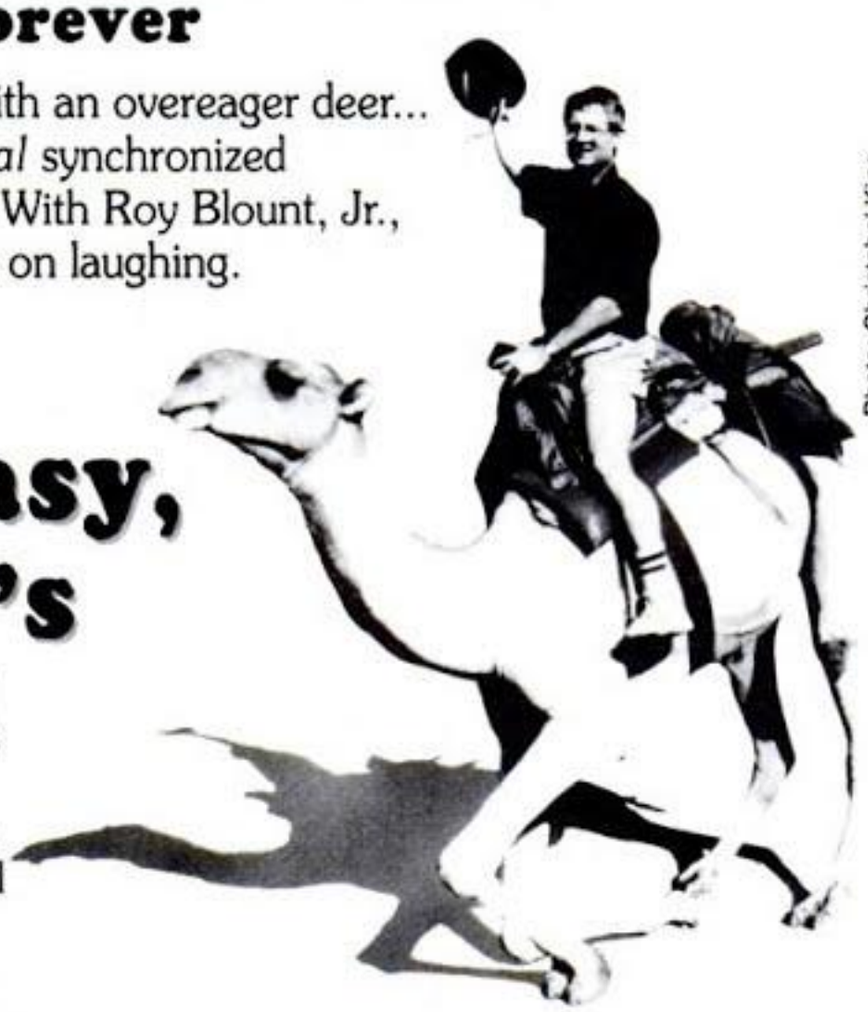


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songs (more than any other artist) and received more than 50 million fan letters over her career. I appreciate the fact that SPY promoted the Kate Smith Convention, and I hope you do so again next year. I will, however, send you a dignified photograph to use; you can save the satirical artwork for another time.

Charles D'Imperio
Vice president, Kate Smith/God Bless America Foundation
West Oneonta, New York

Year after *next?*

I thought you might be interested in an anecdote concerning Philip Johnson's Crescent center, in Dallas ["Master Philip and the Boys," by John Brodie, May]. The scale model for this project was given to the University of Texas. At a cost of $500,000, it was a marvel of injection-molded plastic. It was quite large and apparently in the way of other exhibitable/storable stuff, for it was soon given to the School of Architecture to do with as they saw fit. Last year two of my professors decided to do something with the model. We stepped on it, dropped it from the roof, melted it and, in the end, reduced it to an unrecognizable pile of plastic. We had fun. And it was no longer the garish shell of Mr. Johnson's creative energy.

Paul C.N. Mellblom
Austin, Texas

Here are some lovely "What's in a Name?" anagrams:

MADONNA'S *TRUTH OR DARE*
SNOT: HER TAN, DOUR DRAMA

AMERICAN PSYCHO
YES! I CAN CHOP, MAR

WILLIAM KENNEDY SMITH
HMN. WAS LIKELY MINI-TED

Mary Pierce
Cedar City, Utah

SPY *welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to* SPY, *The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.*

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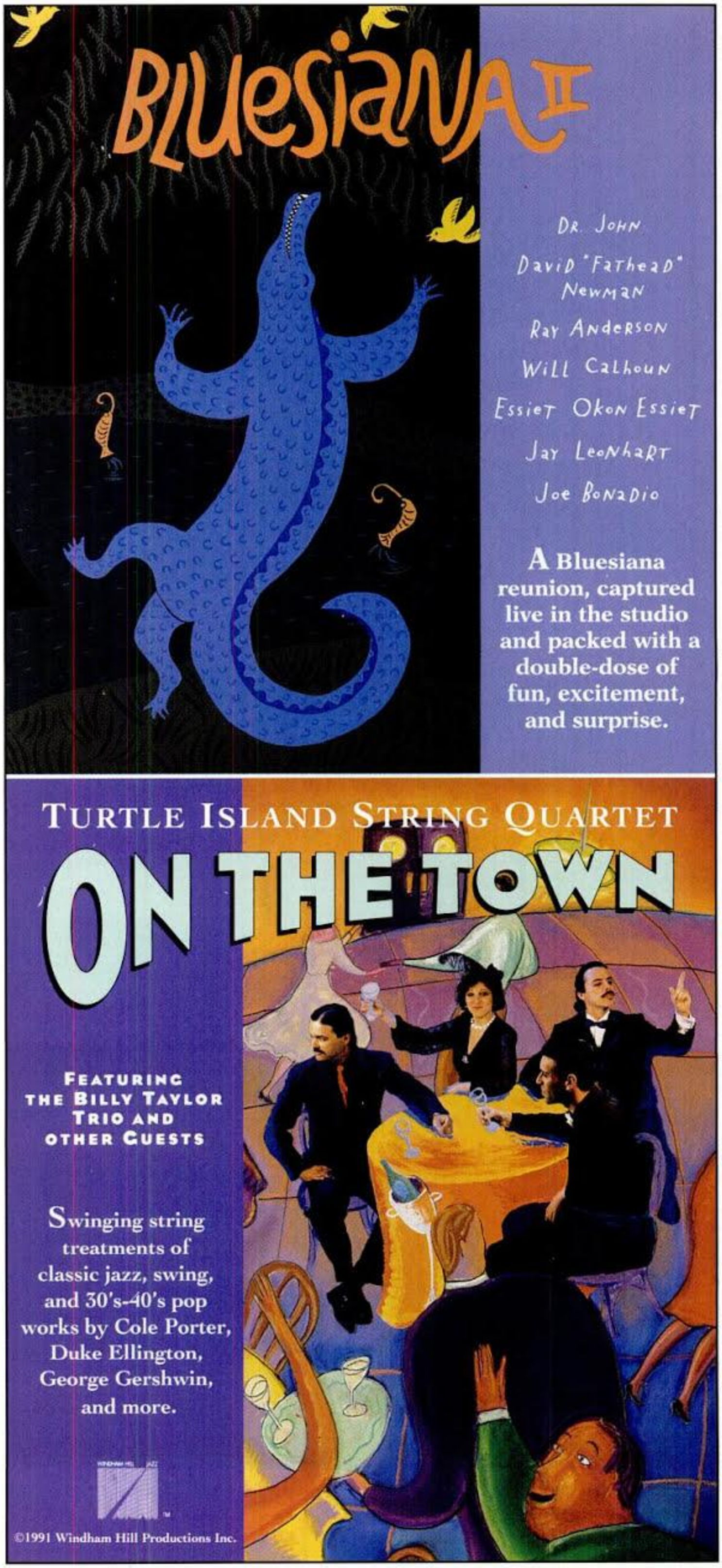
the article in SPY—or possibly by the one on the Disney Company that appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* a couple weeks *after* ours. In it, Paul Galloway wrote, "Have you ever pondered what life would be like if the United States of America became Disney Nation? We could do worse," and took it from there for 2,000 words. Well, yes, Paul—as a matter of fact, we *have* pondered. (Thanks to Jackie Kacen of Urbana, Illinois, for that clipping.)

Thanks, belatedly, to James A. Babcock of Winston-Salem for sending us an invitation to his commencement exercises at Wake Forest University. As you may have concluded from the absence of 45 baffled-looking New Yorkers wandering en masse around the campus last May, we were unable to attend.

Although it's been our intention for months to present a detailed follow-up to the chain letter we reported on last December ("Chain of Foolishness," by Aimée Bell and Josh Gillette), the letter has got so out of control that several staff members have been hospitalized with nervous exhaustion just trying to track the thing. Will you settle, instead, for a brief summary of our investigation? All right, then: The letter—which, you may recall, ostensibly originated in the Netherlands—went to some more famous people and to some more not-so-famous people. Some of those people sent copies to still more people (both famous and not-so-famous), who continued to disseminate it among the famous and the not-so-famous. Of all those people who handled the letter, some attached notes to it, and some did not. Some of the notes were funny; some were not. And there we'll let the matter rest.

CORRECTION

In September's Great Expectations we misidentified the organizer of Neil Bush's legal-defense fund as a Republican; he is, even more appallingly, a Democrat.



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Prognostication, Cantonese-Style

Studio executives, like real people, enjoy returning from summer vacation refreshed, but by Labor Day many were unsummerishly fretful, bewildered by why this summer's ticket sales were so poor. Common sense returned with a vengeance, and the overpaid, overleveraged and overrated seem poised for their comeuppance.

Julia Roberts's career increasingly resembles Dolly Parton's: she does wonders at the supermarket checkout racks, but not necessarily at the box office. Preternaturally energetic Kathleen Turner's days as a star may be numbered, too, thanks to *V.I. Warshawski*. Once thought to be the poor man's Meryl Streep, Turner should now begin the long transformation to character actress: a female William Demarest or Andy Devine. Add to the slag heap Don Johnson and Mickey Rourke's *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man* (talk about your product placement!); are there any two actors America wanted to see less? Rough summer as well for Bruno. *Hudson Hawk*. Then there's *The Last Boy Scout*, the next Bruce Willis–Joel Silver venture.

Mel Brooks's *Life Stinks*, aka *Mel Sucks*, did $600,000 *total business* its second weekend. At 845 theaters, 6 shows per weekend, $5 per ticket, that's 24 people per viewing; *Nurse Nancy* pulls in better numbers. But Judd Nelson's *Dark Backward* made *Life Stinks* look like *Terminator 2*. While Nelson enjoyed a tiny career boost after *New Jack City*, his sensitive portrayal of a garbageman who dreams of being a stand-up comic and almost succeeds when a third arm grows out of his back wasn't exactly a box office smash. In fact, the two-week gross was $16,590. Then again, Kafka wasn't fully appreciated in his lifetime, either.

So who fills theaters? Celia Brady's First Law of 1991 Moviemaking: *Nobody makes money except Arnold.* And with true bankability comes a certain personal latitude. On *Arsenio* this summer, the Terminator warned the smarmy host that Maria had made him promise not to talk about sex. But when asked, "Will there be a *T3*?," the future California governor giggled, then delivered the Thurberesque rejoinder, "Yeah, it vill be called *The Sperminator*." (This from a man who recently bristled at a magazine interviewer's good-natured question about cyborg sex.)

Studio-wise, Orion seems headed for Chapter 11 at best, despite a spasm of life in the spring with *The Silence of the Lambs* and *Dances With Wolves*. *Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey* was too little, too late: the studio had presold the rights to the profits and thus will see little money from the film.

And speaking of too little, Columbia's imminent chairman, Mark Canton, violated the Hollywood old-boy taboo by telling everyone he'd be taking over before the fact. The incoming emperor is supposed to fake an air of big-picture aloofness, not announce his new job in *Variety*. This act of hubris may come back to haunt him—the outgoing emperor, Frank Price, is a savvy player.



Mark

Canton violated the Hollywood old-boy taboo with his announcement in *Variety*

Indeed, the exit negotiations between Price and parent company Sony turned not so much on *How much are you going to pay me to leave?* as on *Look at the damage Canton's announcement has done to my reputation.* Sony will have to buy out Price's contract for a fortune—just another drop in their $200 million negative cash flow. (This process of paying through the nose to exorcise employees is already known as "Sony-style," thanks to the many millions Jon Peters extorted earlier this year.)

Even in professional-level videotape, Sony is no longer considered the gold standard. Currently the company is battling Matsushita for control of the high-resolution-TV market. Sony chairman Akio Morita had hoped Columbia's product might complement the new hardware, but with Beatty's $40-million *Bugsy* and Spielberg's $60 million *Hook* in the offing, the purchase of the studio may prove to be yet another expensive, high-profile boner (see "Keeping Up With the Moritas," page 23).

In the end, the summer of 1991 will be seen as the moment when the eighties came home to roost in Hollywood: network revenues are disastrously off; Warners and MGM/Pathé, like Orion, are hobbled by debt; a lot of houses are for sale in West L.A., and the new mantra is "My career is over." This may be the end of the Hollywood middle class. The top still works; so does the bottom (hairdressers, cameramen, PAs)—they're union. But those in between are gradually getting squeezed out of the picture.

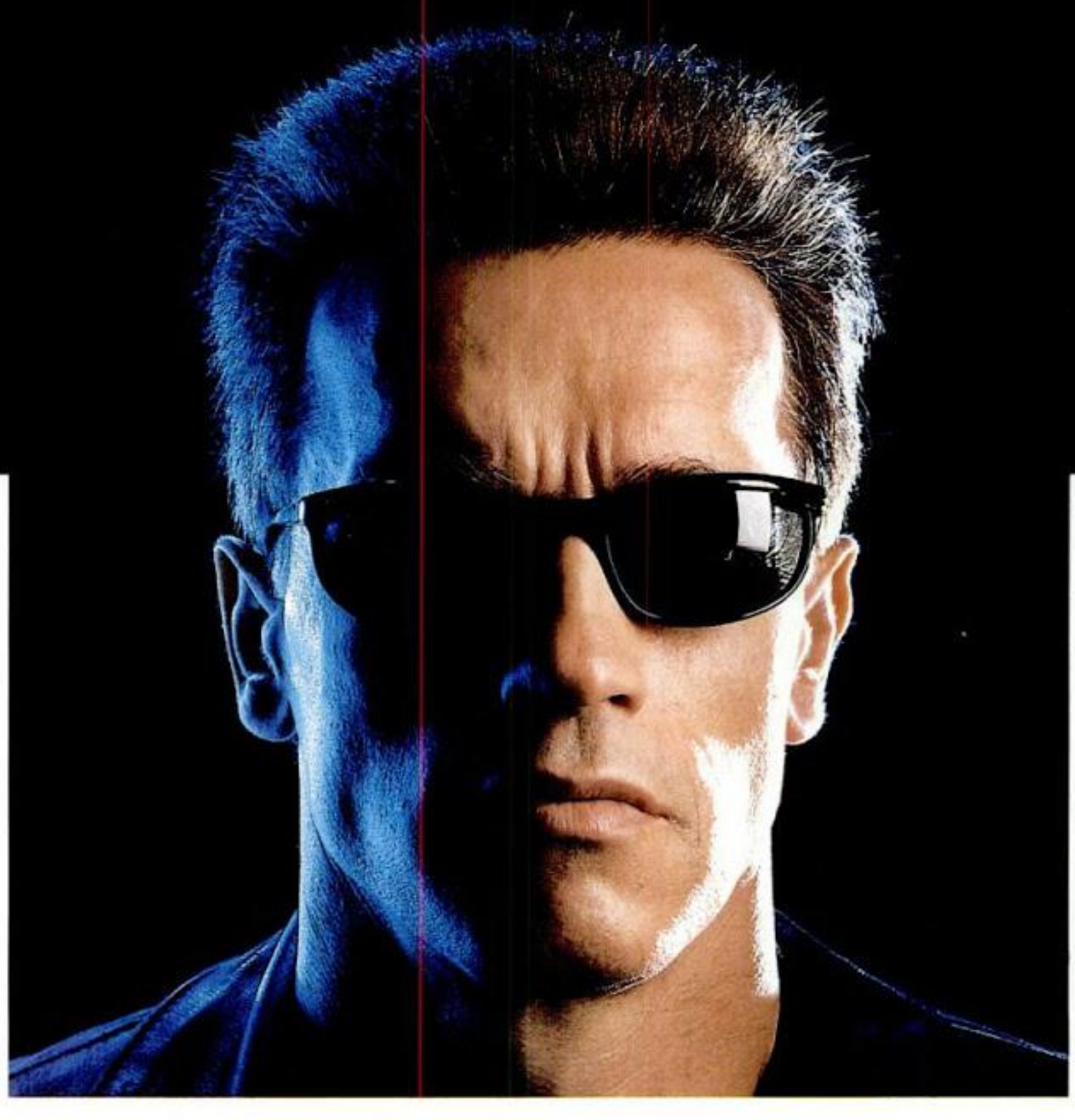
See you Monday night—please, anywhere but Mortons.—*Celia Brady*

Illustration by Robert Risko

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June 27, 1991 issue
Photographer: Aaron Rapoport/Carolco/Tri-Star

There are times
when people just aren't
in the mood for
Kafka, Sartre or Kierkegaard.



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The Million-Dollar Producer at the 5-and-10-Cent Store

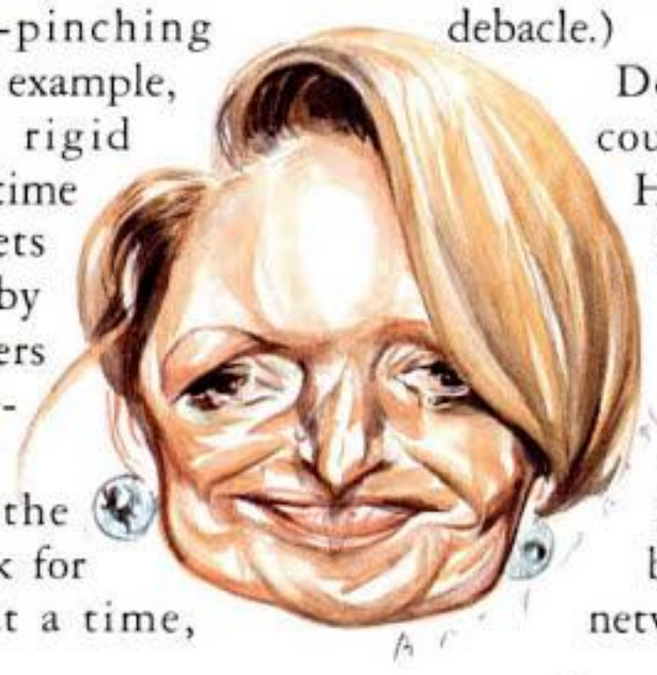
CNN is at the forefront of the movement to strip television news of its remaining Hollywoodish glamour. There are no company limousines for vice presidents at CNN, no expense-account lunches at Sfuzzi, Le Bernardin or Café des Artistes. Most important, there are no overpaid, self-indulgent, socially ambitious executive producers whose divisions are little more than money-burning fiefdoms. Well, actually, there is one. She is Pam Hill, the 50-ish executive producer of the network's documentary unit, *CNN Special Assignment*. Since ABC, CBS and NBC have all but abandoned such luxuries as regular long-form documentary programming (while still paying for lunches at Sfuzzi), Hill now has the ripe, prestigious field practically to herself.

When CNN hired Hill in 1989, it was looking for a name that could establish a classy addition to what was effectively a sophisticated video wire service. She had worked in network news since 1965, eventually serving as executive producer of ABC's documentary unit, called *Closeup*, from 1979 until it was disbanded in 1988. CNN, behaving singularly out of character, was willing to pay for her network luster. While workaholic senior vice presidents at CNN make $100,000 a year, Hill signed on for $250,000. It was soon clear, however, that the uptown wife of *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker might clash with the corporate culture she was entering.

Her history did not promise an easy fit. Although she was born in Winchester, Indiana, Hill now speaks with a Locust Valley lockjaw. She has a way of courting the influential, at times literally: as a young drone in the News division at NBC, she took up with the legendary documentarian Fred Freed. While Freed was teaching Hill everything he knew about white papers, he was divorced, and the two married; Hill moved on to Wicker in 1974. She does have a soft spot for the downtrodden, however, and has been a staunch defender and employer of a much-maligned minority group, the children of liberal celebrities. At ABC she hired the offspring of William Styron, Max Ophuls, Anthony Lewis, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Leonard Bernstein.

It is her spending habits, though, that really set Hill apart from the zealously penny-pinching world of CNN. For example, the network has rigid salary caps for full-time employees; Hill gets around the limits by paying her producers $500 a day as freelancers instead of putting them on the payroll. Many work for CNN for weeks at a time, earning three times the income of their ordinary salaried counterparts. As one source close to CNN has suggested, "These guys make enough in salary to finance the entire Latin American news unit for a year." In another costly arrangement, Hill works out of New York, even though *CNN Special Assignment* is based primarily in Atlanta and Washington. Last year, despite CNN's state-of-the-art studios and editing rooms in Atlanta, she lobbied the network to build a $500,000 production facility in New York for her unit alone. CNN demurred.

There are two theories as to why CNN continues to indulge Hill. Theory No. 1 posits that Hill's boss, executive vice president Ed Turner (no relation to Ted), never wanted her at the network and thus is only too happy giving her enough rope with which to hang herself. Theory No. 2 suggests that since Ted Turner has declared that he is now in the documentary business—Hill's unit sometimes produces four pieces a month—it would be too embarrassing to pull the plug on the unit so soon. (And it has produced such good, solid pieces as Brooks Jackson and Ken Bode's series on the S&L debacle.)



Pam

Hill's boss may be giving her enough rope with which to hang herself

Despite CNN's discount-house reputation, Hill's staff resembles, as it always has, the ed board at *The Harvard Crimson*—but even whiter, more male and more fortunately born. Another throwback to the old days of network news is her invocation of the executive producer's privilege to engage in late-night script revisions with underlings. One young, happily married Brit Hume look-alike whose contract was up for renewal but whose work was indifferent recently received a summons to Hill's Omni Hotel suite. When he opened the door, he found his boss in a clingy outfit, with her feet propped on a desk. Not exactly Don Hewitt's style, but effective. —*Laureen Hobbs*

Illustration by Steve Brodner

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Keeping Up With the Moritas

"Did you see where Sony gave Michael Jackson a *billion* dollars?," Jay Leno asked during a *Tonight Show* monologue not long ago. Leno was plainly stretching for a joke—*obviously*, no recording artist has a billion-dollar contract. The same excuse is not available to *Variety*, which ran a story headlined JACKSON, SONY MAKE $1 BIL DEAL OFFICIAL. Of course, the article itself states that Jackson isn't *getting* $1 billion—Sony just says it *might* be able to generate $1 billion in *revenues* if Jackson continues to be the biggest-selling recording artist in the world into the next century, which is less than a sure bet.

Sony could have picked any number it wanted. According to Sony Music president Tommy "Canary Collector" Mottola, the $1 billion figure was based on Jackson's previous sales performance. Sony claims Jackson's last two albums, *Thriller* and *Bad*, together sold 63 million copies worldwide, generating more than $600 million in retail sales.

These figures are impossible to verify. In the U.S., where sales are audited, *Thriller* sold 21 million copies, *Bad* 6 million. Sony says *Bad* sold 23 million worldwide, which is hard to believe, considering tickets for some of Jackson's European shows went begging. Given that the Jackson album preceding *Thriller* also sold 6 million copies in the U.S., Sony might be advised to expect sales of future albums to be closer to 6 million than to 21 million.

But then, Sony doesn't really expect to get $1 billion—Sony just wanted to be seen publicly stroking Jackson, who is said by associates to be obsessed with being recognized as the biggest pop star in the world. It eventually came out that among other things, Sony had actually guaranteed Jackson six albums at $5-million apiece, plus a royalty rate of approximately 25 percent. That's certainly a lot of money, but it's much closer to what everyone else is making than it is to $1 billion.

The media also unthinkingly accepted the idea that the deal included financing for a record label to which Jackson could sign other artists, and a contract with Sony's Columbia Pictures. The label is a surprise: although Jackson is a savvy buyer of music-publishing catalogs, he has never been interested in anyone else's recording career. The film deal is a joke. Jackson had a production deal with Columbia when Dawn Steel was in charge; before that, he had a deal with David Geffen. If there were any worthwhile films to be made with Michael Jackson, they would have been out long ago.

His true value is as a corporate icon. CBS Records lost much of its market share after Sony bought it; Jackson is a face-saving answer to the question "Akio, when you bought CBS Records, what did you actually *get*?" Losing Michael so soon after acquiring the company would have been unthinkable.



Michael

Sony doesn't have to bear the cost of massaging Jackson's ego in solitude

But Sony doesn't have to bear the cost of massaging Jackson's ego in solitude. The deal has raised the price of talent throughout the industry. This is most clear at Time Warner, which is currently talking to Madonna about establishing a stand-alone company for her.

If not for the Jackson deal, Time Warner could have played hardball with Madonna, arguing that since 1984's *Like a Virgin*, which sold 7 million copies in the U.S., sales of her records have steadily declined; last year's *I'm Breathless* sold 2 million.

Thanks to Sony's deal with Jackson, none of this matters. The most celebrated artists are no longer signed just (or even mainly) to make the company money, but to elevate the corporate profile vicariously. And no one has a higher profile than Madonna, who may become the most famous person of your lifetime.

Consequently, Time Warner will have to open its not-exactly-overflowing vaults. It seems likely that Steve Ross—a man who might have a particularly hard time pleading austerity to Madonna—would rather announce to his angry stockholders that he has locked up her services for the foreseeable future than explain why the most mediagenic person of the last decade now works for Bertelsmann or Matsushita. To make sure the preferred scenario happens, Ross and co-chairman Nick Nicholas personally joined negotiations with Madonna and her representatives, CAA's Mike Ovitz and attorney Allen Grubman (the man who closed Jackson's deal with Sony). Insiders wonder if her own freestanding multimedia company will be enough. Maybe Time Warner will need to give Madonna her own magazine and cable network. —*Fred Goodman*

Illustration by Tim Gabor

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How Max, Abe and Joe Spent Their Summer Vacations

Autumn at the *Times*—why does it seem so especially depressing this year? *Not* because of any further revelations about the William Kennedy Smith case; why, almost no one at the paper *knows* that before the Palm Beach prosecutor released the testimony of one of Smith's alleged earlier victims, the *Times* had interviewed the woman at length—and curiously declined to publish her assertions. No, perhaps the gloom has a more obvious cause. After all, executive editor Max Frankel, managing editor Joseph Lelyveld and sympathy retainee Abe Rosenthal all just returned from their rootin'-tootin' summer adventures to face a staff reduced and demoralized by cost-cutting measures. More on that in a moment—first, let's hear what everyone did this summer....

Alas, Max's weekend sojourns in Saltaire, on Fire Island, weren't as idyllic as those a couple of summers ago, when he was falling head over heels for then metro reporter Joyce Purnick (now his second wife) and they were routinely seen nuzzling and fitness-walking on the beach. This summer he seldom sported his blue shorty bathrobe on the sun deck and generally behaved like an uptight, sputtering spoilsport—Tom Bosley in a beach movie. Unhappy about the noise generated by his neighbors' parties, he wrote to the Saltaire Citizens Advisory Committee, threatening (or promising?) to move. The Don of 43rd Street was duly appeased; the town quickly passed an ordinance limiting public decibel levels. Max's own civic-mindedness, though, was imperfect: he didn't deliver on his promise to contribute an original painting to the Saltaire Music & Art Festival.

Abe—*that's Kid Rosenthal to you, pardner*—took his wife, bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord, to a Montana dude ranch. Let's see: an affluent, disillusioned, soft-bellied city professional whose job has taken a mental toll embarks on an improbable ranching vacation and finally finds his smile. I daresay there might be a movie in this!

Joe, the great smart hope prepping himself for the privileged life of executive editor, bought an eighteenth-century farmhouse (asking price: $296,000) in Gardiner, New York, a quaint upstate town and gentrification-casualty-in-the-making where *Wall Street Journal* arts editor Raymond Sokolov also keeps a place. This is his *second* country house; Joe already owned a rustic hideaway in Maine that has no electricity or phone.

With Joe so clearly the heir apparent, senior *Times*people have set their sights on *his* office (Max's 65th birthday is still four years away, but there are 12-room New Paltz fixer-uppers at stake!). Among the front-runners for managing editor: metro editor Gerald Boyd, who's smart and, significantly at a paper with a reputation for racial clumsiness, black; culture czar Paul Goldberger; and swingin' Washington-bureau chief Howell Raines, who last year considerately informed his wife that, as he wanted to date other women and didn't want to cheat on her, perhaps they should divorce. (His rectitude will surely preclude any John Tower–style prepromotion review.)



Joe

Heir apparent Lelyveld bought his *second* country house

Whoever winds up alongside Joe will preside over a weird transitional era. Publisher Punch Sulzberger, gripped by fiscal panic, offered 78 weeks of pay to longtime employees over 55 willing to surrender their jobs. A whole generation of *Times* fixtures, 119 of them, have taken the money and run, including Richard Shepard, the beloved culture-news reporter; Isadore Barmash, the retail-industry reporter; Grace Glueck, the sturdy art reporter; Neal Boenzi, arguably the *Times*'s best photographer; and political editor Irv Horowitz, who recently edited the obituary page. But management was happy about some of the bailouts—Pulitzer-winning music editor Donal Henahan, for instance. And now Henahan is furious that his estranged former protégé, the talented but widely loathed Edward Rothstein, was brought back as the classical-music critic.

Finally, a note about savvy, scary theater reporter Alex Witchel's backstage interview with Daisy Eagan, the eleven-year-old star of Broadway's *Secret Garden*. Eagan's parents and the show's publicist were wary of exposing her to the ferocious Witchel, but, afraid to refuse the *Times*—and Frank Rich's wife—they consented. When the maternalistic publicist refused to leave the room, Witchel threw one of her trademark screaming fits, bellowing, "If she's old enough to handle herself onstage, she's old enough to handle herself in an interview!" —*J. J. Hunsecker*

Illustration by Barry Blitt

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THE WORLD HAS A THIRST FOR FREEDOM



PILSNER URQUELL
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
The Original Pilsner, Since 1292

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Naked City

The Usual Suspects



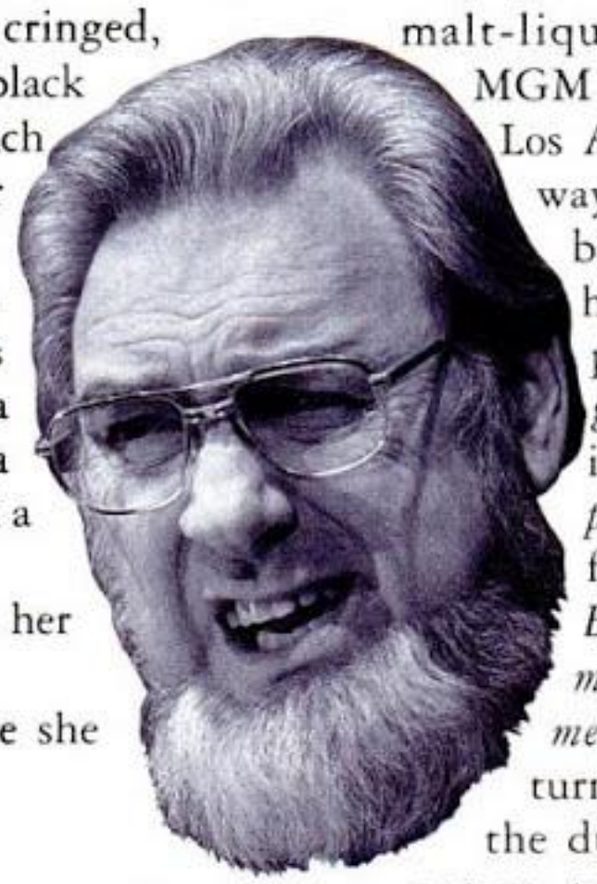
Marla

1

Is there such a thing as retroactive court-martial? **C. Everett Koop**, the Mennonite-impersonating ex–surgeon general, was the keynote speaker at a Philadelphia banquet honoring a hospital administrator about to retire. The circumstances dictated that Koop—1985's version of **Norman Schwarzkopf**—simply say a few platitudes about the honoree's accomplishments. But Koop launched into a meandering, mortifying stand-up routine consisting largely of bowel-movement and hemorrhoid jokes. While the audience cringed, Koop told stories about an "elderly black gentleman" afflicted with piles (punch line: the man's wife, examining her husband's rear end, says, *He sure done got 'em bad!*) and an Italian with a gastrointestinal disorder (Koop as the Italian: "Hey, nurse, I gotta shit!") and, finally, this gem about a geriatric patient who had been given a powerful laxative:

DOCTOR: Did Mrs. Smith move her bowels?

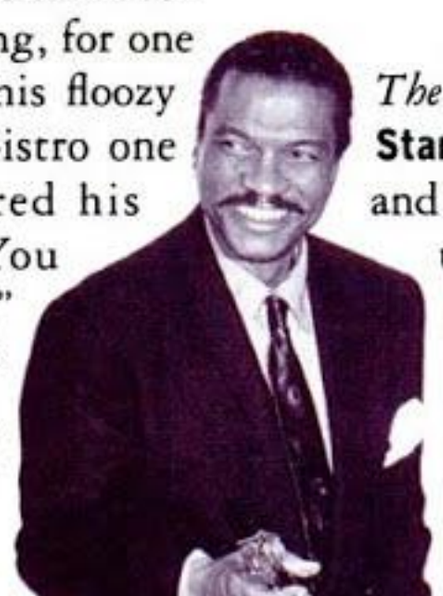
NURSE: Yes, doctor. Once before she died, and twice after.



Everett

2

We know they enjoy attending prizefights and low-rent celebrity gatherings, but what do **Donald Trump** and **Marla Maples** actually talk about when they're together? Physical bearing, for one thing. As the debt restructurer and his floozy were leaving a voguish downtown bistro one recent evening, Trump once-overed his fiancée with his eyes and said, "You know, you have beautiful posture." Maples acknowledged the peculiar compliment with a smile, but Trump, groping for an even specialer moment, then asked, "How's mine?" Maples paused, eyed the deadbeat she plans to marry and said, smiling, "It sucks." Trump, unamused, stomped out of the restaurant.



Billy Dee

3

The tedium of transcontinental flight rankles the best of us—even musky, supersuave love man **Billy Dee Williams**! Not long ago the vainglorious malt-liquor spokesman was flying in style, MGM Grand Air, between New York and Los Angeles. Spotting a sometime Broadway performer, Williams, accompanied by the standard entourage, waved hello. The performer, unwilling to play the all-celebrities-are-pals game, glanced back noncommittally. This infuriated Williams, who was... *punchy*. He bounded over to the performer's seat and ranted, *You're on Broadway, so you think you're too good for me? Don't try to pretend you don't know me, man! You know me!* Williams returned to his seat, but not for long. For the duration of the flight he periodically got up to harangue the performer along the same lines, growing more shrill with each tirade.

4

The Crumbling of Black Rock—An Update: **Frank Stanton**, the late **William Paley**'s punching bag and president of CBS in the heady days when, unbelievably, the network was synonymous with quality, has become so disillusioned with the old place that he recently confided to an associate, *Hell, I'm even ashamed to wear my CBS cuff links.*

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Your Leaders Speak Up Close and Personal With the Tsongas Campaign

Before too long, Americans will go to the polls to select a president. SPY has taken it upon itself to help voters get to know their candidates. Our first subject: Paul E. Tsongas, former Democratic senator from Massachusetts.

July 8, 1991 SPY calls Tsongas campaign headquarters in Boston and requests an interview with the senator. Brad MacKenzie, assistant press secretary: "The senator is in Iowa for a week. The request will be forwarded to him....You have to understand he is very busy. It's an election, you know."

July 9 Peggy Connolly, Tsongas's press secretary, calls from South Dakota: "Our cellular phones aren't working... and the beepers we have that are supposedly good for anywhere in the country can't handle this terrain....But we really want to do it. [He'll] call you tomorrow."

July 10 The senator never calls. Perhaps he has been detained by crowds at his schedule's main event: a scenic train ride in Boone, Iowa.

July 11 Connolly calls and sets a new appointment: "He's excited about it."

July 12 The appointment is broken. "I can't find them at all," an operative says. "They haven't called, and I can't get them on the cellular phone." Connolly finally phones: "The senator will be out of a meeting in 20 minutes, and he says he will call you then. Count on it." Nothing happens.

Days pass. Calls are made. Messages go unreturned. Finally:

July 24 "Your interview request is on the senator's call sheet for tomorrow. It will happen then," MacKenzie tells us. "Stand by in the morning."

July 25 At 10:00 a.m. we are again instructed to "stand by." We do. Night falls at 8:19 p.m.

July 30 MacKenzie informs us the interview is "on" for tomorrow and he will get back to us with the details "in five minutes." He never calls.

July 31 Guess what. A receptionist at campaign HQ tells us Tsongas has not been seen recently. —*Michael Hainey*

Private Lives of Public Figures



At the Middle East peace conference, Secretary of State Baker discusses the history of the Jewish state.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The Fine Print
by Jamie Malanowski



"No, Reginald, I Believe the Proper Phrase Is *Here Come* de *Judge*"

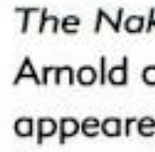
Poor Republicans. As much as they might want to acknowledge that nonwhite people are full-fledged Americans, some mental block keeps interfering. Consider the difficulty Orrin Hatch, the Republican senator from Utah, encountered while trying to put whites and minorities on an equal footing on the broadcast of *This Week With David Brinkley* that aired the Sunday before President Bush nominated Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court:

Brinkley: Do you have a candidate, Senator Hatch?
Hatch: I don't. There are a number of I think excellent people who could be considered.
B: Who?
H: Well, you have—you'd have to start with people like Ken Starr, the current solicitor general. And I think the president will have to look at minorities, such as our person on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals—[*hemming and hawing*] Fernando Fernandez ▸

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I believe is his name. There's a fellow down on a district court down in Texas. Edith Jones, a wonderful woman jurist from the South. You could go on and on. Our current black judge on the Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, he'd be a terrific choice.

Okay, now let's check the senator's answer. He used the correct names of the white male jurist and the white female jurist, but he got the name of Hispanic judge Ferdinand Fernandez wrong and couldn't recall the names of Hispanic judge Ricardo Hinojosa or African American judge Clarence Thomas.



And Now, Review of Reviewers: The Celebrity Edition

On April 4 of this year, Matt Roush, the television critic for *USA Today*, reviewed *The Naked Truth*, the Tom Arnold comedy special that appeared on HBO. "One of the most worthless comedy specials ever on HBO," Roush wrote, adding that Arnold was "astonishingly unfunny." Arnold's wife, Roseanne Barr, wrote a letter in reply:

"Dear Miss M. Roush:

"You stupid little asinine, arrogant slug. Your review is nothing more than a personal attack. You also did the same bullshit, half-assed, bitchy little review of my HBO special. You are a little cock-sucking pinhead, thriving on smelling the farts of bigger boys than yourself. How did you get your job?

"You might be able to fool some of the people ▸

Naked City

A Brief History of Television

Part III: "The Phobia"

October 22, 1956
I LOVE LUCY (CBS) Lucy tries to help little Ricky overcome his fear of performing.

January 6, 1958
DECEMBER BRIDE (CBS) Lily tries to help Pete overcome his fear of flying.

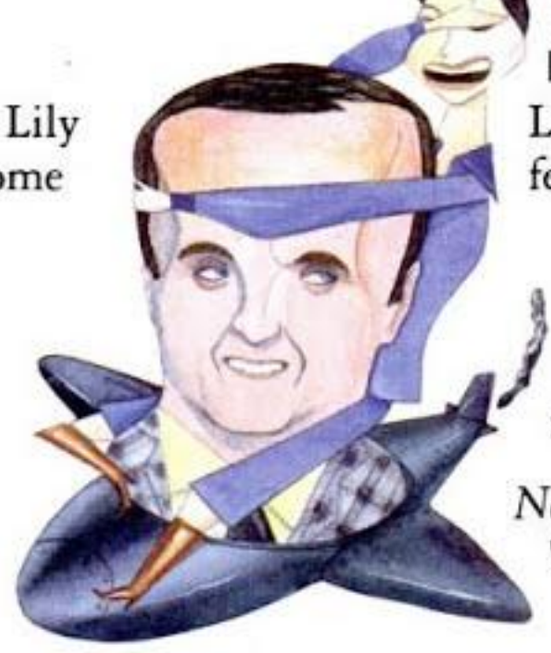
November 15, 1960
DOBIE GILLIS (CBS) Dobie tries to help Maynard overcome his fear of work.

April 20, 1961
MR. ED (CBS) Wilbur tries to help Mr. Ed overcome his fear of heights.

January 20, 1965
THE DICK VAN DYKE SHOW (CBS) Rob and Sally try to help Stacey overcome his fear of women.

October 1, 1970
THE ODD COUPLE (ABC) Oscar tries to help Felix overcome his fear of flying.

September 16, 1972
THE BOB NEWHART SHOW (CBS) Bob tries to help Emily overcome her fear of flying.



January 29, 1976
BARNEY MILLER (ABC) Wojo tries to overcome his fear of flying.

May 13, 1980
LAVERNE & SHIRLEY (ABC) Laverne tries to overcome her fear of being alone.

November 26, 1981
TAXI (ABC) Elaine tries to help an artist overcome his fear of public places.

November 18, 1983
WEBSTER (ABC) Webster tries to overcome his fear of performing.

October 24, 1987
THE GOLDEN GIRLS (NBC) Rose, Dorothy and Blanche try to help one another overcome, respectively, their fears of speaking, flying and bald men.

February 25, 1988
CHEERS (NBC) The Cheers gang tries to help Carla overcome her fear of flying.

February 5, 1991
WHO'S THE BOSS? (ABC) Angela tries to help Tony overcome his fear of water.

—*Joseph Malgarini*

Illustration by Russell O. Jones

What's in a Name?

Our Periodic Anagram Analysis

MITSUBISHI
HI, U.S., IT'S IBM!

GENE SISKEL AND ROGER EBERT
AS KINDER, GENTLER BORES...GEE

THE REPUBLICANS
PURITAN BELCHES

JUDGE CLARENCE THOMAS
ENCOURAGED J. HELMS ACT

—*Andy Aaron*



Cartoon by Greg Fiering

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RHINO

INCREDIBLE COLLECTIONS



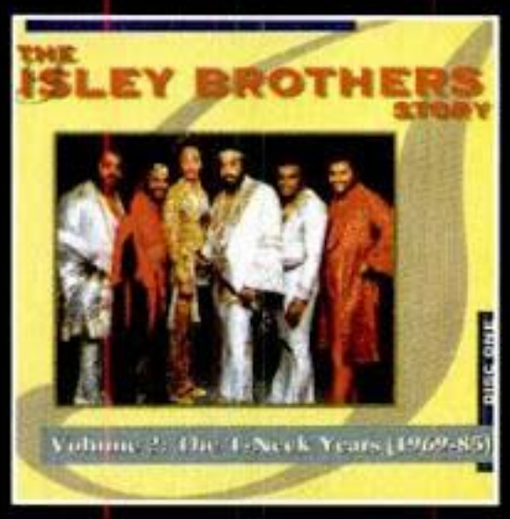
ALLIGATOR STOMP 2

Various Artists

Features the most popular Cajun and Zydeco tunes ever recorded, by the biggest names in Cajun music: Clifton Chenier, Buckwheat Zydeco, Beausoliel, and more.

(70740)

Also available: ALLIGATOR STOMP (70946)



THE ISLEY BROTHERS

ISLEY BROTHERS STORY VOLS. 1&2

VOLUME 1: ROCKIN' SOUL

VOLUME 2: T-NECK FUNK (2 Disc Set)

The first and only Isley's titles that thoroughly chronicle the group's incredible run of hit singles, spanning 1959 - 1985. Includes "Testify," "Who's That Lady," "This Old Heart Of Mine," and "It's Your Thing".

(70908,70909)



GRASS ROOTS

ANTHOLOGY (1965 - 1975) (2 Disc Set)

The only comprehensive Grass Roots package, this 30-track double cassette/36-track double CD set covers the group's entire career. Includes: "Is It Any Wonder," "Temptation Eyes," "Sooner Or Later," among others.

(70746)



TODD RUNDGREN

ANTHOLOGY: 1968 - 1985 (2 Disc Set)

The first comprehensive collection to cover nearly 20 years of Todd's career. Includes "We Gotta Get You A Woman," "Hello It's Me," "Real Man," "Can We Still Be Friends," among others.

70774

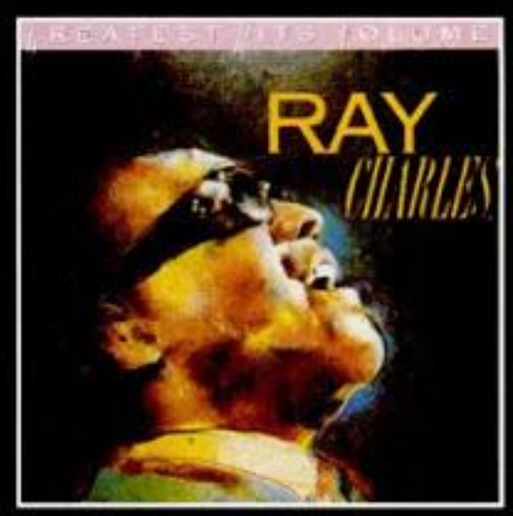


THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS

THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS ANTHOLOGY (2 Disc Set)

The first package to comprehensively cover their entire career from early Moonglow sides to their mid-'70s comeback. Includes "You've Lost That Loving Feelin'," "(You're My Soul) And Inspiration," and the smash hit from the motion picture GHOST, "Unchained Melody".

71488



RAY CHARLES

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

some of the time, but you ain't foolin' me. You're a butt-rammer from the word go, which I figured out from reading your little review. You fucking bitch. EVERYTHING YOU LIKE SUCKS! And normal people hate it. How does it feel to be such a freak, so out of touch with reality that you criticize other people for the world's most jack-off newspaper. Fuck you, you smarmy little tight assed prick. You probably think you're so witty and wise, but you're just an employee of *USA Today*, the best job you'll ever have. We will never have any more contact with *USA Today* because of this. I'd sooner blow the editors of *The Enquirer*. Try using a little KY next time. It will help with the stretch so you won't be so fucking moody.

"Miss Barr

"P.S. You are not in a position to understand or criticize anything about heterosexuals."

Letter writing is something of a habit with Barr. Last year she responded to a harsh critic at *The Des Moines Register* by writing, "YOU ARE A DRIED UP OLD CUNT."

Love Among the G-5's

A friend from Washington recently sent along this letter. On one level, it is a garden-variety Dear John letter of the type that routinely clogs the postal system and prevents the timely delivery of attractive mail-order catalogs. But this letter, from someone who works in the military-industrial complex, offers in its phrasing a rare glimpse of what makes the ▸



Why Johnny Can't Read the Coupons from Walgreens

These days it's not so easy to tell a Republican from a Democrat, AM from FM, clothes from underclothes—or a cigarette from a sanitary napkin. How many of these products can you identify?

—*Mary Roach*

1. Longs
2. Super Longs
3. Thins
4. Slim Lights
5. Thin Supers
6. Super Slims

1. sanitary napkin (Light Days); 2. cigarette (Viceroy); 3. sanitary napkin (Kotex); 4. cigarette (Salem); 5. sanitary napkin (Kotex); 6. cigarette (Virginia Slims).

The SPY List

Dale Berra

Bohemian Grove members

Billy Carter

U.S. Postmaster General Anthony Frank

Richard Gere

Lemuel Gulliver

Mick Jagger

Brian Jones

Elle Macpherson

Don Mattingly

Prince William

Maria Shriver

Annie Sprinkle

The Who

Bill Willis

Logrolling in Our Time

"Ballasted with experience and bright with astonishment, *Destinations* is a marvelous book." —Jonathan Raban on Jan Morris's *Destinations*

"The best book of travel ever written by an Englishman about the United States." —Morris on Raban's *Hunting Mister Heartbreak*

"For my money, her most attractive novel to date." —Anita Brookner on Penelope Lively's *Passing On*

"Perfect....Brookner has the ability to conjure up an entire personality with a few adroitly chosen words." —Lively on Brookner's *Brief Lives*

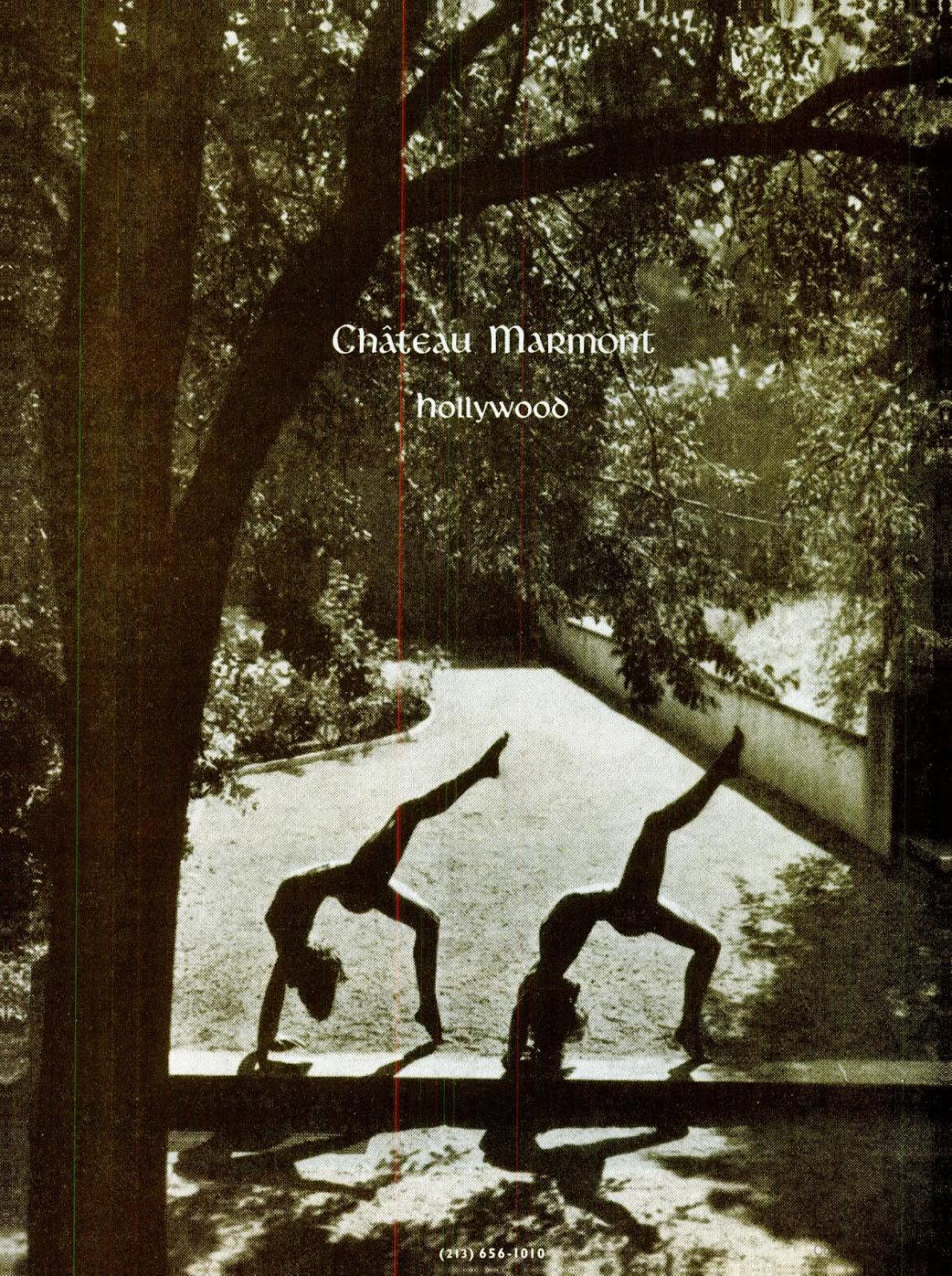
"There is scarcely anyone who could make so powerful a case for the idea of progress." —Gertrude Himmelfarb on Robert Nisbet's *History of the Ideas of Progress*

"A truly fascinating book." —Nisbet on Himmelfarb's *The Idea of Poverty*

"The Kennedys emerge from its pages brimming with life." —James Carroll on Doris Kearns Goodwin's *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys*

"Creates an unforgettable cast of characters who live on long after you finish the book." —Goodwin on Carroll's *Memorial Bridge* —*Howard Kaplan*

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hollywood
(213) 656-1010

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

bureaucratic heart go *boom boom boom*. (Note: names have been changed.)

"Joe, you have to realize we aren't kids anymore. I can't move [up north] for a 'trial.' The fact is I have an *important* job I love and work hard at....I am very definite about what I want. As much as politics is you and you could not separate them, defense and the government is me. It's a world as separate from others as politics is....I travel *a lot* and this only changes if the contract changes. Right now I'm on an RDT&E (Research Development Test and Evaluation) and a Distributed Wargaming contract with DARPA—a defense research association. These are 3 to 5 year contracts, depending on the Appropriations Committee. At this level (8.6 million, 10.4 million [dollars] respectively) we won't get cut. Joe, I travel to Air Force/Navy bases around the world, I stay at the BOQ's (Base Officer Quarters) and men not in this industry don't understand. Secondly, I'm dating a man—Herb, he's an engineer with Spacetech, Inc. We *both* contract to NAVAIR (Naval Air Systems Command Headquarters). Essentially, we subcontract each other's companies. What this all means is that my life is *here*....If Herb asks me to marry him (he won't, but if he does), I will accept....We are not that serious yet, his divorce isn't final until next Wednesday. He vows never to marry again and probably won't, but if he does, I hope it is to me.... Please tell me how you feel." ❦



Henryphobia in Hollywood: A Brief History

Film is not a medium where characters named Henry prosper; indeed, there is a long movie tradition of holding Henrys up to ridicule. The phenomenon began in the 1940s, when the Henry Aldrich series—Paramount's less popular, less prestigious, vaguely less wholesome answer to MGM's Andy Hardy films—chronicled the adventures of America's stupidest teenager (accident-prone Henry mistakenly borrows the Stradivarius of a famous violinist; dumb-as-wood Henry tangles with a runaway motorboat). In the fifties the theme of Henry-as-idiot was reasserted in the Henry Latham series (*Leave It to Henry*, et al.)—films that hinged on the protagonist's tendency to bumble routine jobs (cretinous Henry accidentally burns down a tollbooth). The cinematic possibilities for Henrys have expanded since then. No longer is a Henry necessarily blockheaded; now he may be repulsive and vindictive, like Henry VIII, or a zombielike pariah, like *Eraserhead*'s Henry Spencer. Lately there has been a spate of Henry movies; obviously the injustice rages on.

Who is Henry?

Henry V: Former hotheaded, substance-abusing prince turned uppity monarch

Henry and June: Adulterous, balding writer

Regarding Henry: Sleazy, evidence-withholding lawyer who becomes cuddly, mawkish vegetable

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer: Illiterate part-time exterminator responsible for death of thousands of people and insects

Does he take rejection well?

Henry V: When his claim to its crown is renounced, Henry invades France

Henry and June: When Anaïs criticizes his novel, Henry becomes teary

Regarding Henry: After wandering around city filled with unsmiling strangers, Henry buys a puppy

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer: When fence overcharges him for television, Henry crashes fence's head through TV screen and then fries him by switching set on

Is he loyal?

Henry V: Has former drinking buddy Bardolph hanged for committing petty theft

Henry and June: Cheats on wife

Regarding Henry: Cheats on wife; betrays former law firm. Sticks by that dog, though

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer: Impales partner repeatedly with metal comb, severs his head and limbs, puts him in garbage bag and tosses him off bridge; also, kills own mother

Is he sophisticated?

Henry V: Is cloddish and speaks pidgin French when wooing Katherine; frequently has ribbon of spit between lips; wears jerkins

Henry and June: Expresses himself through series of grunts; calls Anaïs "Annis"; does not know what soufflé is; wears hat indoors; wears hat indoors during sex

Regarding Henry: Answers ringing public telephone; is comatose

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer: When friendly employee in Chicago deli says, "How 'bout those Bears?," Henry says, "Fuck the Bears"

What is the implicit message of Henry's story?

Henry V: It's fun to make a movie in which you are the star and the movie is long

Henry and June: Paris is full of lesbians

Regarding Henry: Once you are shot in the head, life will be wonderful

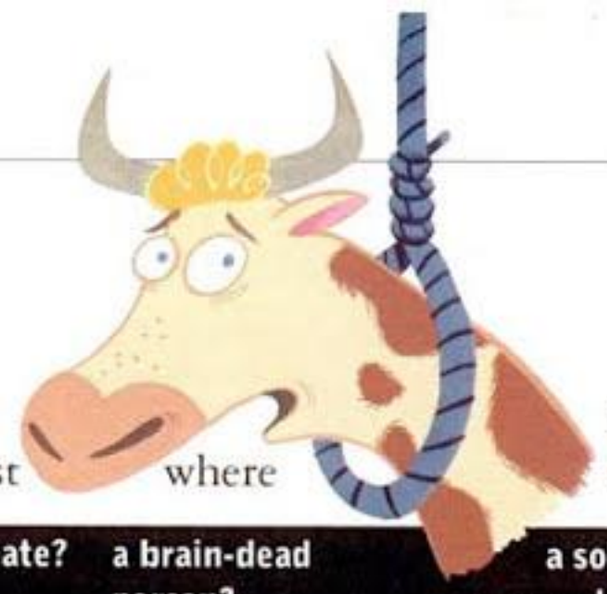
Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer: People are unpleasant and should be left on the side of the road to die

—*Henry Alford*

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Illustration by David Sheldon

Kill Ted Bundy! But Save the Cows!



Naked City

There's never enough room in the lifeboat. Push comes to shove, and darn, someone always gets left out. SPY asked a number of organizations about life-and-death issues to see just where they draw the line on this whole sanctity-of-life thing. —*Michael Hainey*

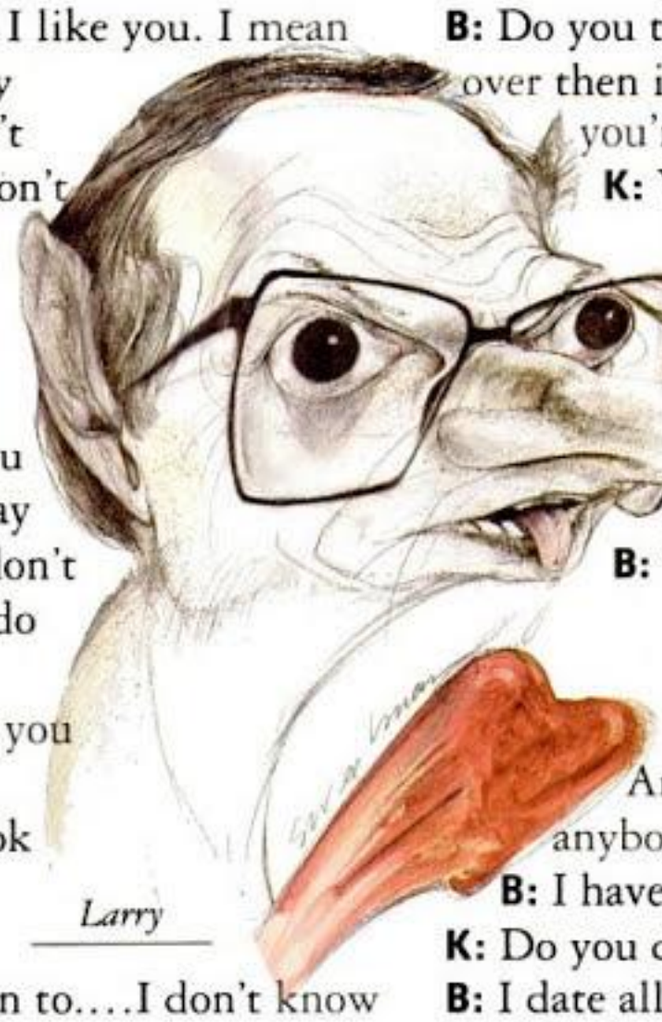
WOULD YOU KILL...	a human fetus?	a death-row inmate?	a brain-dead person?	a soldier in conventional warfare?	innocent civilians in a nuclear war?	a cow for food?	a cat for a lab experiment?
Concerned Women for America (pro–family rights)	No: "Of course not. We believe all life is sacred."	Yes: "We see no correlation between a murderer and an innocent baby."	No: "We are opposed."	Yes: "The Bible says, 'Thou shall not murder,' but there is a difference in wartime."	Lean toward yes: "We support SDI, since it would prevent the death of innocents."	Yes: "We have to eat."	"We have no position."
Council for a Livable World (pro-disarmament)	Lean toward yes: "We must balance sanctity-of-life against the specter of an unlimited population."	No: "This is the destruction of innocent life."	No: "Euthanasia is a form of suicide."	Yes: "I would defend my home and country."	No: "Definitely not."	Yes.	No.
American Life Lobby (anti-abortion)	No: "Life is sacred in all cases."	Yes: "We want to protect all *innocent* life."	No: "You're dead or you're not dead."	No: "We oppose war."	No: "We oppose war."	Yes: "That's not a concern to us."	Yes: "If animal-rights people were honest, even broccoli is alive."
Washington Legal Foundation (pro–capital punishment)	No: "There is nothing inconsistent with being pro–death penalty and pro-life."	Yes: "You know it. Sanctity-of-life does not apply."	"I don't know."	"We don't get involved in that."	"No comment."	"The only issue we get involved in is the death penalty."	"The only issue we get involved in is the death penalty."
National Coalition Against the Death Penalty	"We have no position; it's not important."	No: "The death penalty is morally wrong."	"We can't address that."	"As a group we can't agree."	"Again, we can't take a position."	"We don't address those issues."	"I can't say."
Ducks Unlimited (conserve wetlands to provide ducks for hunting)	"I can't comment, you know."	"Again, I can only talk about fowl."	No comment.	Yes: "I suppose so. Yes."	No.	"I can only talk about fowl."	No comment.
People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA)	"We would have to poll our members to find their views."	"I can't comment unless a member asked about it."	"We don't take a stand on that."	"We'd be more concerned with animals."	"Again, we really are concerned with animals."	No: "We oppose any process that harasses an animal."	No: "It is wrong to exploit or abuse any animal."
American Vegan Society (wear no animal-derived clothing)	No: "It is a living creature whose life we must respect."	No: "It's ridiculous to kill someone to reform him."	No.	No: "But we are not passive. We disarm them with love."	"Definitely not."	No: "We are total vegetarians."	No: "We oppose any sort of animal torture."

material

The King of Swing

How does a famous 57-year-old open-heart-surgery patient maintain his reputation as a womanizer? *By working at it, that's how.* Not long ago, Larry King, the talk show host, was interviewed by Lisa Bradfield, a blond 26-year-old journalist, one month before hearings on his fifth divorce were to commence. (As it happens, the divorce never took place.) Unconcerned with a reporter's running tape recorder, King conducted a personal seminar on how to pick up girls. We'll start at the end of the first part of the interview, with King and Bradfield making plans to resume the next day.

King: Do you have to go? You want to interview more on the phone? You...want to come back tomorrow night?
Bradfield: I don't really know yet....I don't know what I'm doing yet.
K: You're loose.
B: Well, I guess you could call it that.
K: Are you glad you came?
B: Yes, of course.
K: I'm glad you came. I like you.
B: I did want to interview you. I wish it hadn't been a piece [done without a specific assignment from a newspaper or magazine]....
K: Well, whatever it was, if I didn't like you, I wouldn't have done it. I wouldn't have done a spec piece, but I like you. I mean that. I don't say anything I don't mean. *That* I don't do. That's one thing about reaching this age. You hit a point where you don't have to say anything you don't mean....Why do you look so perturbed? Do you want to stay?
B: No. Do I look perturbed?
K: Yeah.
B: I didn't mean to....I don't know what I want to do.
K: Do you want to come back tomorrow?
[*They meet the next day at 5:30 p.m. at King's condo, where he answers questions on many subjects. He has a terrible cold.*]



Larry

B: You must feel really crappy....Have you gone to a doctor?
K: What I have, he says, is *the cold*. And it happens to be a bad cold.
B: And you feel like hell.
K: I don't feel like hell....I look worse than I feel.
B: You look okay; you have just been coughing and sneezing a lot.
K: I look like I have a cold. Are you coming over to the show, or are you going back tonight?
B: I'm not sure.
K: Do you want to come over tomorrow afternoon? I have to speak at a dinner tomorrow, but I don't have to go until like seven, so if you come over around four, it would be perfect. We could have three hours.
B: Do you think I should come over then instead of now because you're so beat?
K: You mentioned how beat I am....Why don't I lie down and you come back tomorrow? Maybe I'll be 100 percent better.
B: Well, I doubt it.
K: You're single?
B: Well, yeah.
K: How would I know? Are you involved with anybody?
B: I have an ex-boyfriend.
K: Do you date older men?
B: I date all different ages. He was 30. That's only four years over me.
K: That's not older.
B: I dated a 35-year-old guy when I was 20.
K: Well, you're bright, attractive and a little ahead of your time.
B: I actually think I'm just the opposite....Do you know what I mean?
K: I know what you mean. I like you. Is it okay to tell you that?
B: Yes.
K: No, I mean I *like* you.
B: Thanks. You're a nice guy.
K: You're a nice girl.
B: I bet everyone tells you you're a nice guy. You're used to hearing it, right?
K: I wouldn't do this for anyone.
B: Well, I'm very well aware of that....
K: Because I don't do [interviews for] spec articles. Generally I have refrained from doing any of this, but there's a quality about you that I like. If I can ever be of help to you, let me know.
B: Thanks.
K: No, I mean it. You're very nice. What's another word, *romantic?* You're laughing at me.
B: No, I'm laughing because you're saying this and you look like you're ready to pass out.
K: You mean I don't look amorous?
B: Well, you look like you're ready to pass out. I'm sorry I'm laughing. I'm not laughing at you.
K: I'm tired, I have a cold, but I'm telling you nice things about yourself.
B: Well, that's nice. I just...I don't know what to say.
K: I'm going to lie down. See you tomorrow.
B: Okay.
[*They head for the door.*]
K: So—does a nice girl like you have a date for tonight?
B: No, I'll probably go back to my hotel room and read a book.
K: [*Smiling*] Are you a lesbian?

—Lisa Bradfield

Illustration by Dan Sweetman

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October Datebook

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 Lupus Awareness Month begins. "When we found out Millie [Bush] had lupus, our PR person called the White House and we actually got to meet Mrs. Bush and Millie and Ranger," gushes the American Lupus Society's Charlean Wakefield, recalling the society's national meeting in Washington last year. This year's convention is in Los Angeles—meaning that unless Bubbles the Chimp awakens today feeling logy, there will be no such serendipitous public-relations bonanza this time.

2 A WNEW-FM deejay says, "It's *Rock*-tober!" and launches into a half-hour rock block by Foghat.



6 Last day of the Renaissance Pleasure Faire, a festival–cum–theme park on 240 acres of forest in northern California.

From the press release: "With a fulltime staff of some 45 employees and an annual operating budget of several million, Founder, and President, Phyllis Patterson is leading [her staff] into a future built on the permanent re-creation of the past." And, it seems, a permanent re-creation of medieval punctuation.

10 Salem, West Virginia, has an apple-butter festival.

12 Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, has an apple-butter festival.

13 Burton, Ohio, has an apple-butter festival. Unsatiated West Virginians back up Route 7 clear back to Wheeling.

15 Midpoint of International Microwave Month. Only 16 days left to celebrate the technology that enables us to visit a convenience store, select a cellophane-encased log of congealed foodstuffs and, seconds later, consume a warm burrito.

20 The Johnston & Murphy Shoe Company airs its new television ad campaign, which, says the company, "will fly into the teeth of traditional dress-footwear marketing." Intrigued as we are by this news—we knew neither that dress-footwear marketing could fly nor that it had teeth—we'll stick to After Six pumps.

27 Fred De Cordova turns 81.

31 New Yorkers in the mood for bizarre spectacle have a choice between Greenwich Village's Halloween parade, where participants dress as everything from Jayne Mansfield to fresh produce, and *The CBS Evening News*, where Dan Rather turns 60.





Blurb-o-Mat

Capsule Reviews by Walter Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY, starring Danny DeVito (Warner Bros.) ℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"DeVito's best public offering this fiscal year—it held my interest! Bet your bottom dollar, Danny's gone for the gold on this one!"**

HOMICIDE, starring Joe Mantegna, written by David Mamet (Triumph) ℘℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"Off the case, Sergeant Friday—this Joe's just-the-facts-Mamet performance makes him Oscar's Most Wanted!"**

MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO, starring River Phoenix, Keanu Reeves (Fine Line) ℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"Watch out, Thelma and Louise! Boise will be Boise when you paddle *this* Keanu down the River!"**

MEETING VENUS, starring Glenn Close (Warner Bros.) ℘℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"Hello, Meryl? Oscar will have to call you back—we can't tear him away from this important *Meeting*!"**

LOVE FIELD, starring Michelle Pfeiffer (Orion) ℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"What farmer wouldn't like to lie fallow with Michelle—*ooof!* She can rotate my crops till the cows come home!"**

What the monocles mean: ℘℘℘ *— excellent;*
℘℘℘℘ *— indisputably a classic*

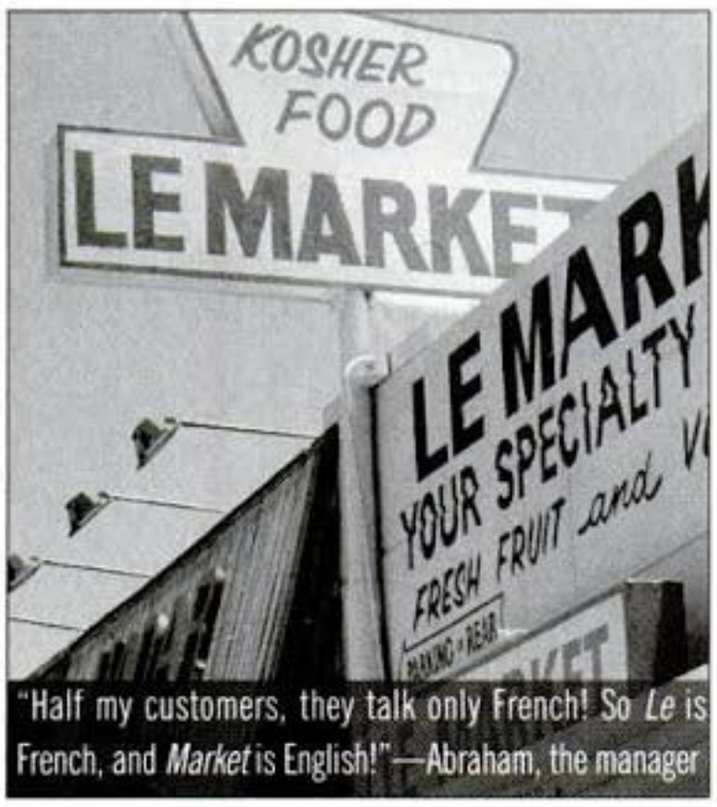
Illustrations by Mark Matcho

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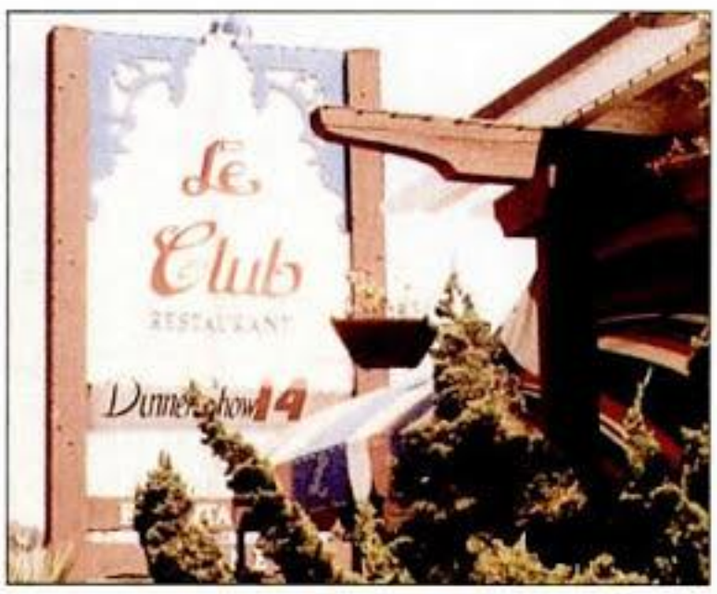
America Le Beautiful

One Man's Secret Obsession

The USA has always prided itself on being a classless society, one uncleft by rigid distinctions of privilege. But deep in the Yankee breast lurks the fear that we're really classless in the other way—which is to say, not very classy. We're a nation afraid that we're going to be caught using the wrong fork at a dinner party. And even though our forefathers rejected the notion of titled nobility, we gravitate toward entertainers with names like *Prince*, *Count* Basie, *Duke* Ellington and Elvis, the *King*. In recent years, Americans have discovered a delightfully easy method of splicing the class gene: the simple application of the French masculine definite article to any product or service. Everybody understands *le*. It's just like *the*, only classier. With just two letters, you can—as they say in the fashion trade—walk your whole look upstairs. Like all great things American, *le*-mania has spread to Britain. But the true home of the trend is right here, the center of what I like to think of as Le World. It's becoming a pretty classy place. —*Harry Shearer*



"Half my customers, they talk only French! So *Le* is French, and *Market* is English!"—Abraham, the manager





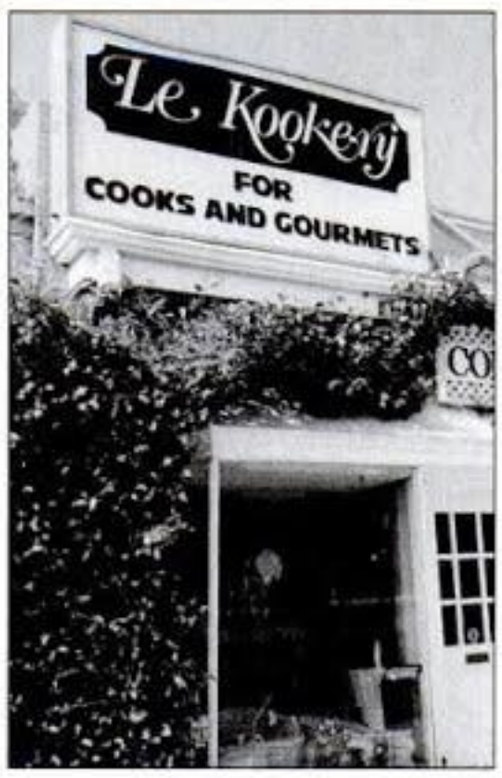


This establishment, which consists of "private rooms with hot tubs," was recently renamed Splash, explains Ruth, the manager. However, she agrees that the erstwhile *Le* added "a touch of class."



"We have a nice, classy tuxedo shop. *L-e* is for men in French."—a salesman



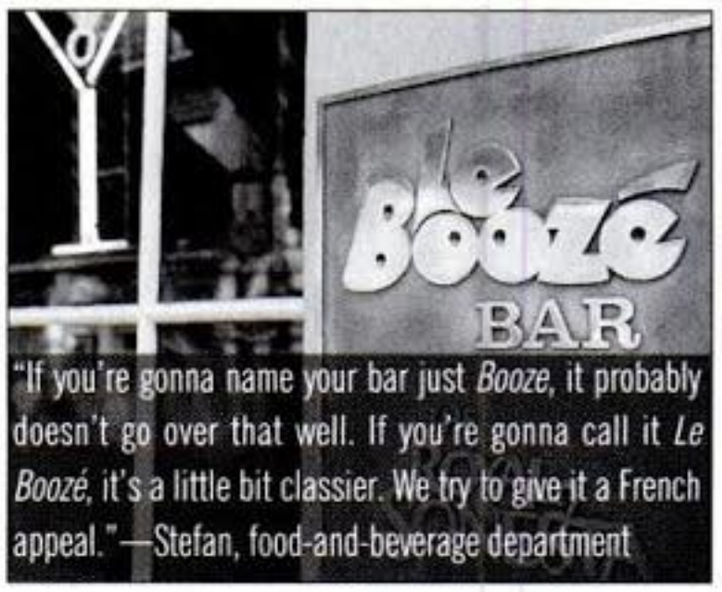






"We're a tanning *resort*, and we wanted a European flavor. We're an upscale salon."—Tessa, the manager



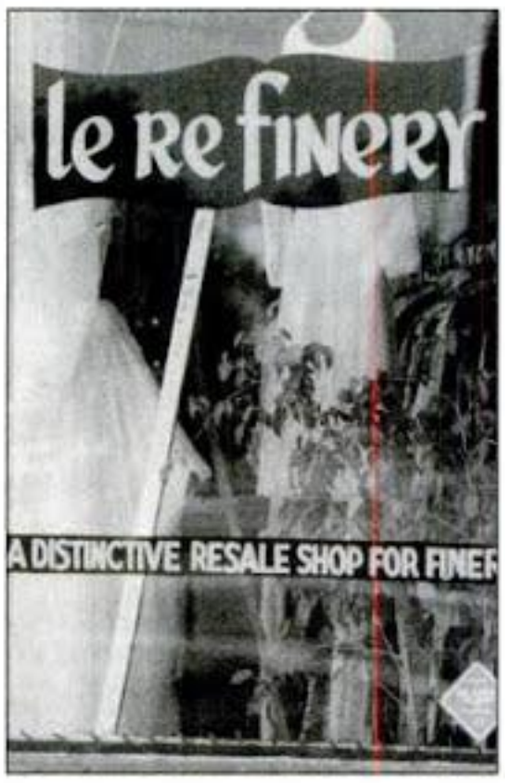


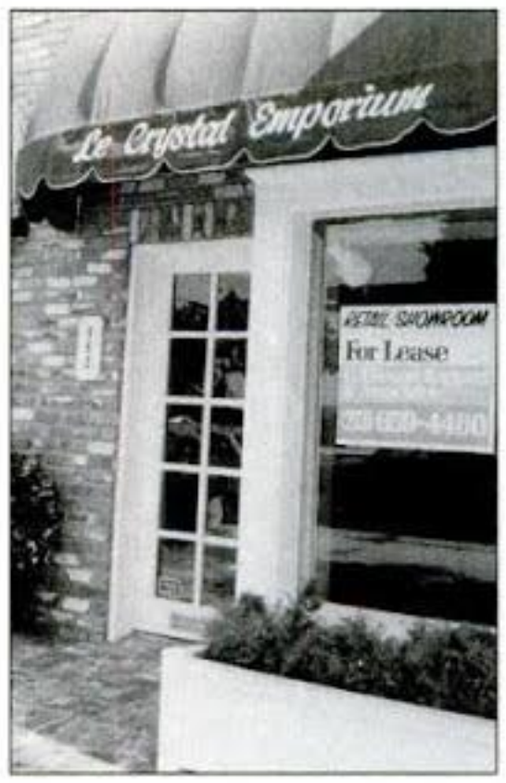
"If you're gonna name your bar just *Booze*, it probably doesn't go over that well. If you're gonna call it *Le Boozé*, it's a little bit classier. We try to give it a French appeal."—Stefan, food-and-beverage department

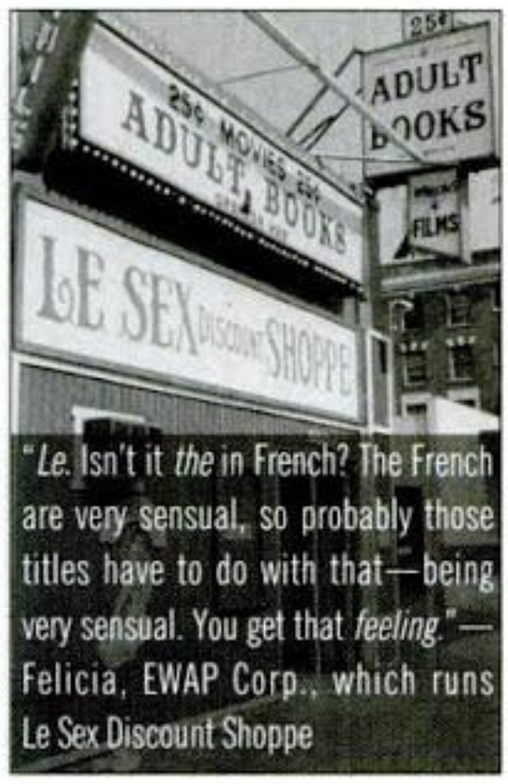
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"Le house was a package—it was more than just the house."—Eric Elder, real estate salesman

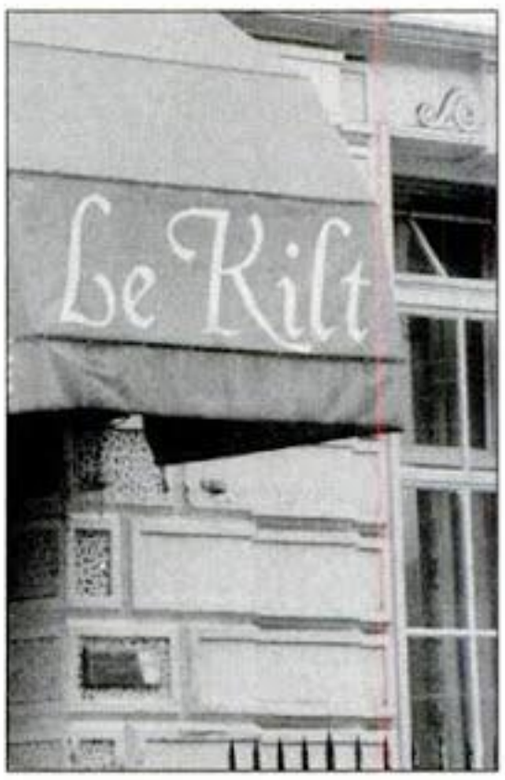


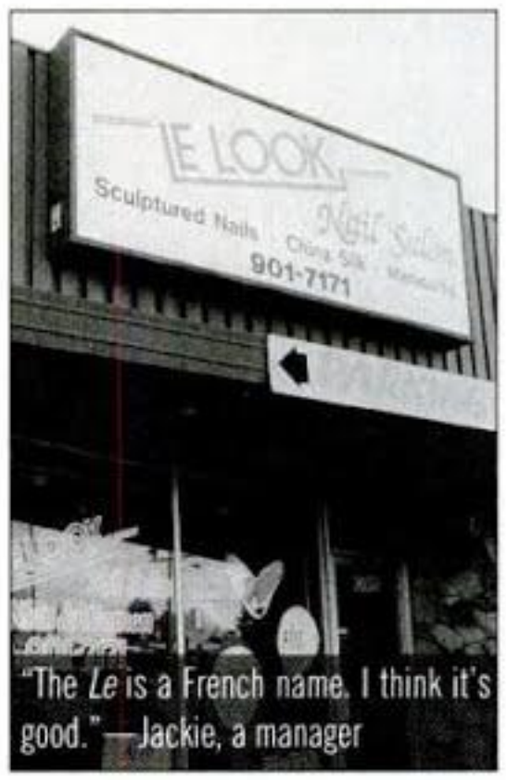




"*Le.* Isn't it *the* in French? The French are very sensual, so probably those titles have to do with that—being very sensual. You get that *feeling*."—Felicia, EWAP Corp., which runs Le Sex Discount Shoppe





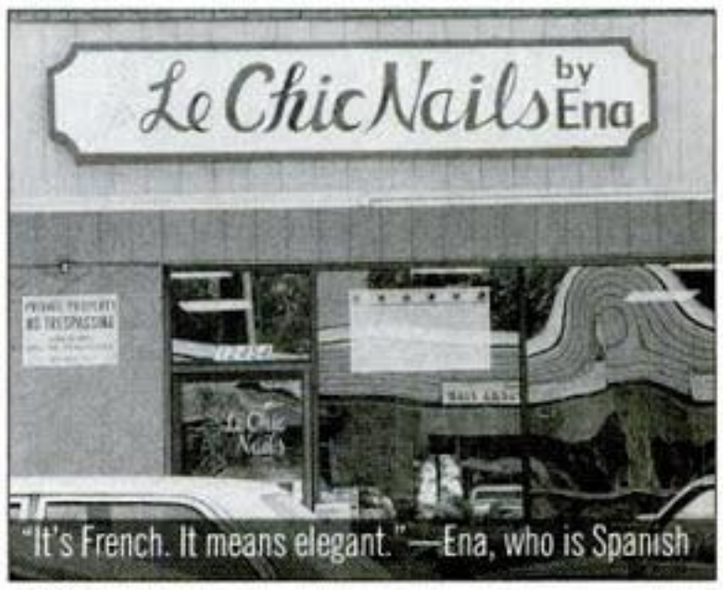


"The *Le* is a French name. I think it's good."—Jackie, a manager





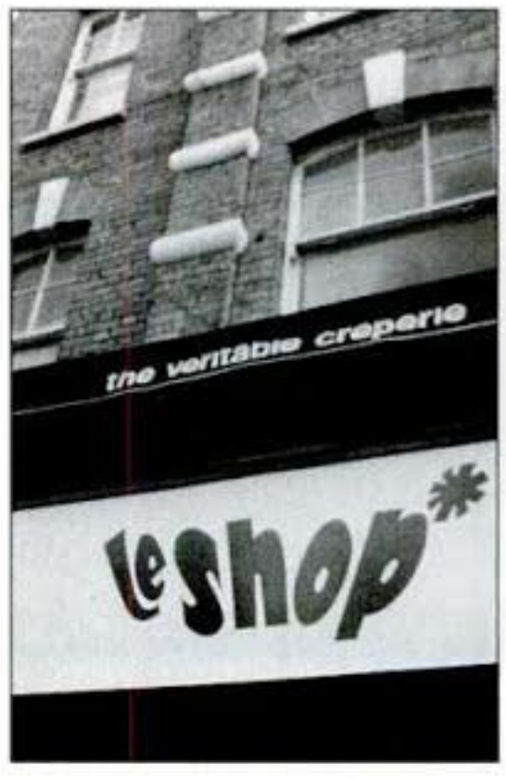




"It's French. It means elegant."—Ena, who is Spanish









Like Le Hot Tub Club, this shop was renamed, and "it's doing much better as Pet Time."—Ray, the manager

Photographs by Harry Shearer

Research assistance by Aimée Bell

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Separated at Birth?



Chita Rivera...



and Marlo Thomas?



Rod Steiger...



and Gertrude Stein?



Jamie Farr...



and Alice B. Toklas?



Mick Fleetwood...



and the Shroud of Turin?



k. d. lang...



and Greg Louganis?

Meet the Nobelists!

This Month's Question: What do you think of the American League's designated-hitter rule?



Dr. William Fowler, 1983 Nobel Prize in Physics: "I would say, in general, I am opposed to it. I just have the old-fashioned view that a team is made up of nine players on the field and the pitcher should bat like everyone else....When I was a boy, going back to Forbes Field (in Pittsburgh) with my father, there were very few substitutions. In fact, pitchers in general pitched nine innings. Now the pitcher pitches five or six innings, just enough to get fitted for a win. And if his team's winning, why, out he comes and in comes someone else."

Dr. James M. Buchanan, 1986 Nobel Prize in Economics: "As a professional economist, I think baseball, of all games, has a capital value in maintaining the same rules, more or less, through time. All the statistics and everything are based on that, and if you change the structure of the game, you destroy the capital value. So I think it was very bad for the American League to put that in there.

"Talking about baseball, there is one thing I want to complain about. I think they have nearly destroyed the game by putting those goddamn big television screens out in the center field....I'm sure it must affect the players too."

Dr. Herbert Hauptman, 1985 Nobel Prize in Chemistry: "Not only am I *not* an expert in the field of baseball, but I believe I am most ignorant....I don't think I've ever watched a baseball game in my whole life....It seems to me that if pitchers are such bad hitters, letting someone else hit for them is a brilliant idea! But is it right? Well, it seems to me that a rule is a rule. If it's applied evenly throughout, then I have no objection to it. But if it were up to me to decide the rules, I would not include it.

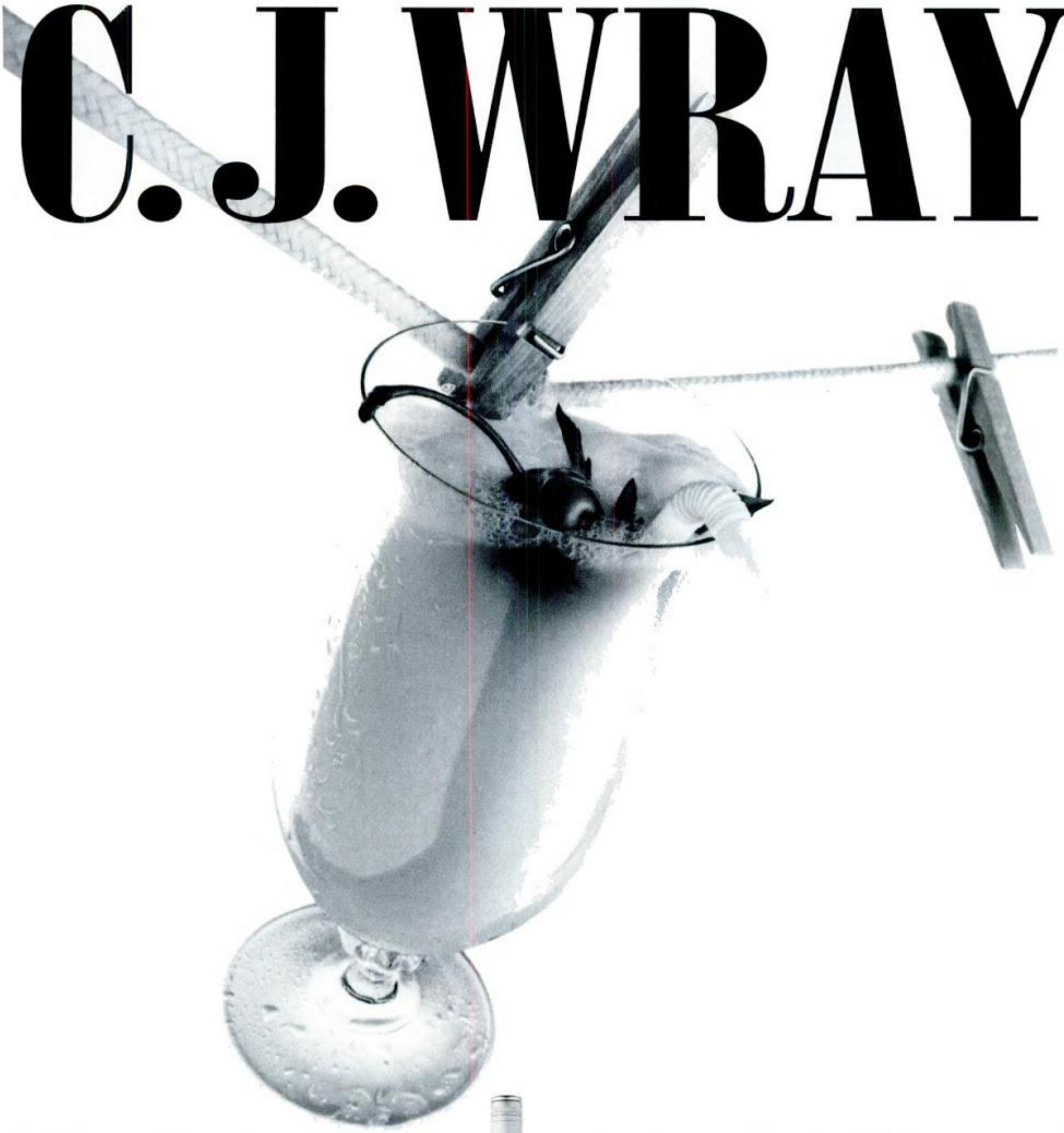
"In scientific research, which is my game, we have a situation that might be a scientific-research equivalent to baseball's designated-hitter rule: A senior investigator and a graduate student might be working together on a problem, and the graduate student might make the major contribution to a spectacular discovery. If an award were given, the senior investigator would get the prize, and the student would get no recognition at all. Is this analogous?"

—Gregg Stebben

Illustration by David Cowles

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C.J. WRAY



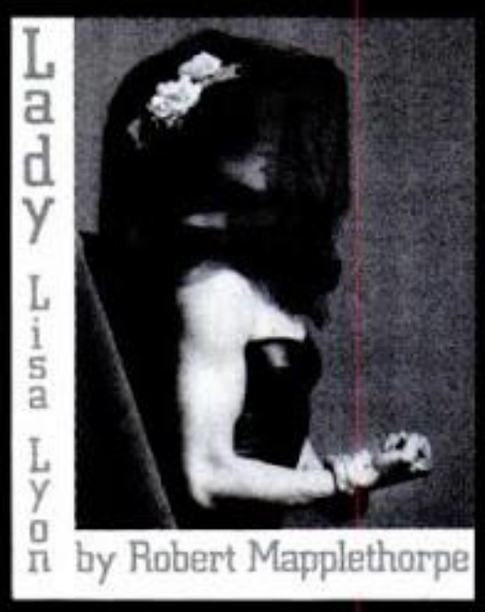
DRY RUM

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Little Miss Danger



MEET LISA LYON. HOW, IN ONE LIFETIME, SHE COULD BE THE FEMALE SCHWARZENEGGER, THE DRUGGY MUSE (AND GIRLFRIEND) OF ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE, THE NATIONAL SWEETHEART OF JAPAN AND THE ADOPTIVE DAUGHTER (AND GIRLFRIEND) OF THE FAMOUS, DRUGGY SCIENTIST WHO TALKS TO DOLPHINS. IN OTHER WORDS, HOW THE SEVENTIES BECAME THE EIGHTIES, AND THE EIGHTIES BECAME THE NINETIES.

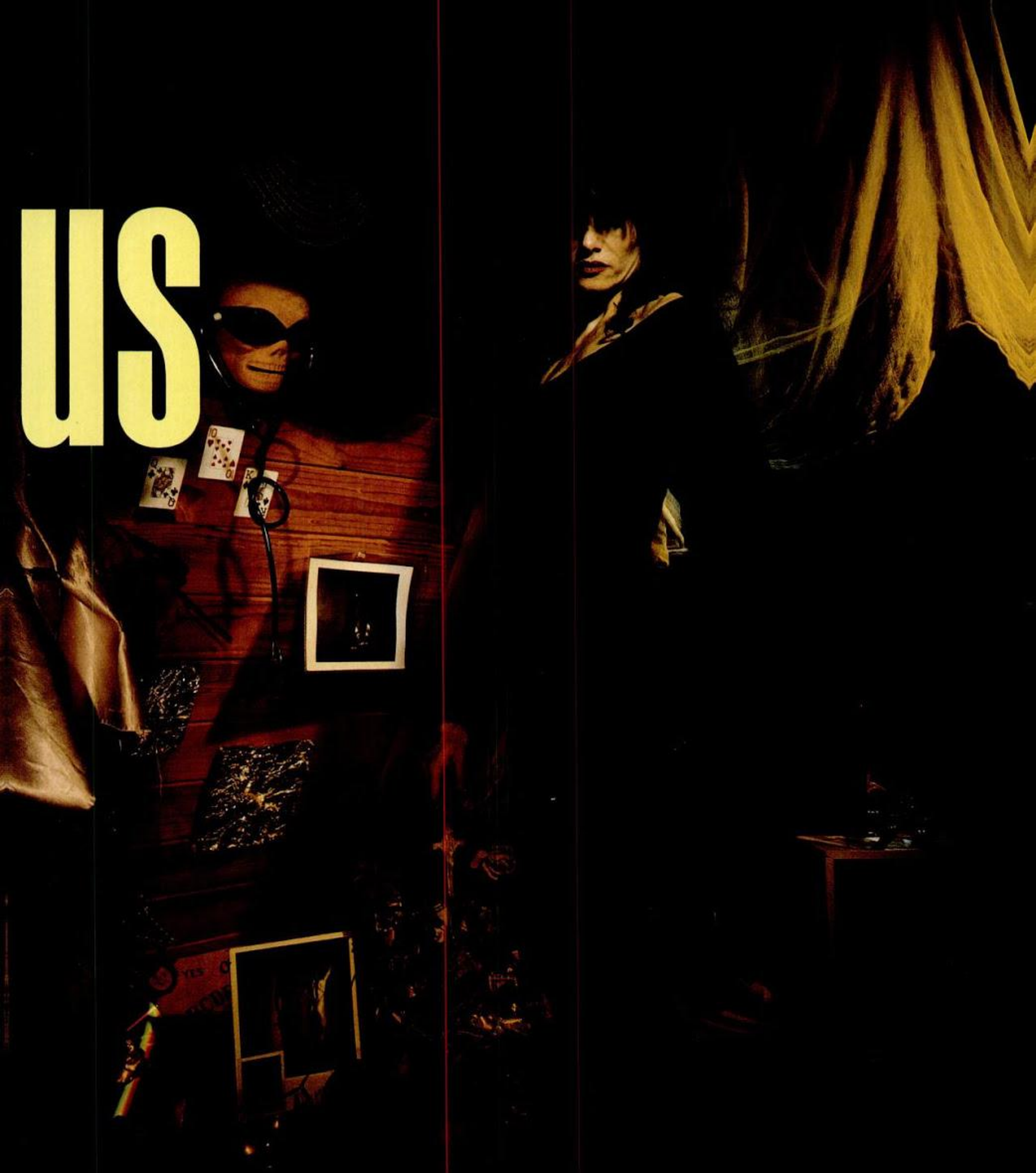
JOHN LOMBARDI EXPLAINS

NONE OF HER FRIENDS HAVE SEEN LISA LYON IN WEEKS. NOT GREGORY POE, THE custom-clothing entrepreneur from Tokyo via Westwood, with his blond Armani crop, brown Armani tan and the cosmetic blue coating on his tongue ("Picks up my eyes, don't you think?"); not Brian Murphy, the Dean Stockwell–style Sensitive who runs BAM Construction in Santa Monica and designed Lisa's first loft to look like the Kill Course at the Rangers' school in Fort Benning (chain-mesh prison doors, razor accordion wire curled along the ceiling, knife-throwing pit with human-size dummies); not Carol Rosin, a former space-and-missile consultant for GE and IBM who now runs an outfit dedicated to befriending those folks who may exist beyond the planet Uranus...."Since she got involved with Dr. John Lilly," Poe says incredulously, "Lisa's become even more exotic than us! I mean,

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR *SPY* BY MOJGAN B. AZIMI

Makeup and hair by Jasmine Manders for Cèl Destine, L.A.

us



Gnostic Rustication:
Lisa at home in her
totem-packed boudoir

she's in *Gnostic rustication* out there."

"Out there" is 20 miles up the coast from Sunset Boulevard, along Route 1, past the seedy glamour of the Malibu Colony's mini-mall, past Pepperdine U. and Paradise Cove, where Topanga Charlie Manson used to drive his busload of lethal hippie chicklets to skinny-dip in the Pacific before they went to work at night. Lisa's place is out on the spit of land called Point Dume, a sort of moor favored by southern California artists and eccentrics—Bob Dylan lives just down the road.

You park on Wandermere and push the buzzer in the high wooden fence surrounding the "ranch" where Lisa rents an A-frame. She doesn't answer, as she'd warned she might not, even though it's 3:00 p.m.: "I keep vampire hours," she'd purred in her feline basso. You go around through the blue door at the side, as directed, and enter a maze-like grid of tiny stalls filled with full-grown horses. The effect is surreal, a zoological miniature-golf course designed by Lewis Carroll. An old hunting dog makes a palsied show of force, barking inaudibly, then gives up. Another high wooden fence, with Tibetan cowbells on the gate and a sign: BY APPOINTMENT ONLY! The deck is rotted through. So is the rope hammock.

A sliding door is partly open, wind chimes *bringling*, and whoops, whoops, it's 1976 again—languorous plants, portentous beads, a profusion of candles and hex signs and books. But not Tolkien, no Gurdjieff—hip literacy has moved on, and Lisa's floor-to-ceiling shelves groan with *Politics of the Family*, *Portable Jung*, Wittgenstein, Nietzsche and all the works of Dr. John Lilly: *Simulations of God*, *The Center of the Cyclone*, *The Deep Self*....

Except for the *bringling* there's no sound. A waterbed has been exorcised and its frame converted into a capsule office. Every inch is covered with memos and letters and newspaper clippings, tapes, pill vials and hot photographs of Lisa Lyon by Helmut Newton, Robert Mapplethorpe and Marcus Leatherdale: Lisa sprawled on a couch wearing only a motorcycle jacket, dominatrix boots and the faraway look of the sexually sated; Lisa standing up, back turned, cheeks cocked, legs stopped only by the floor.

A corkscrew staircase leads to her bedroom. A mattress focuses the eye in a kind of nave, hundreds of photos and drawings flapping like bats in the mild sea breeze, mostly "religious": the Virgin of Guadeloupe, a rabbit on a cross, Krishnamurti, cosmic cheesecake....

She's lying on her side, a baby bottle near her breast, her arm stretched over a *New York Times* story about the saturation bombing of Iraq.

"Lisa."

She doesn't move.

"Lisa?"

She groans and flinches, looking as small as a child, L.A.'s palest flower.

"Lisa, you all right?"

Nothing.

Above her, scrawled into the headboard, it says, "This is my flesh which I give you as a token of myself."

"Lisa. Lisa!"

She doesn't wake up.

EIGHT YEARS AGO LISA LYON WAS A MEDIA PHENOMENON, FLEXING HER torso and enigmatic smile in *Vogue*, *Esquire*, *Time* and *Rolling Stone*, trading cracks with Letterman, hefting ex-pal Arnold Schwarzenegger on her shoulders to promote her exercise book, *Body Magic*. When in New York she'd hit the Saint—then ground zero for Manhattan's androgynous night shift—as the muse of Robert Mapplethorpe, the "S&M" photographer who'd immortalized her as a black-leather bride in *Lady*, his first art book and the source of his early fame. The daughter of a Westwood orthodontist-to-the-stars, Lisa had won the first world women's bodybuilding championship in 1979 and subsequently become spokesperson for the sport during four years as an on-camera commentator for NBC. At five foot three, 105 pounds, with rocker hair and cute feminine moves, she'd put a human face on female bodybuilding, which until then had been perceived as an activity for hormone freaks and closet cases. Moreover, working with Ben and Joe Weider, the Sam Goldwyn and L. B. Mayer of men's bodybuilding, she'd turned it into a growth industry, helping invent the Miss Olympia competition along the way. And she'd signed with Barry Frank at Mark McCormack's prestigious IMG sports-management group and was hustling a line of T-shirts and a perfume, LISA, which came in a glass bottle shaped like a fist. She was gorgeous, sexy, verbal, with a fire-hose velocity when she got turned on. The question was, what turned her on?

"She could have been *anything*!" wails Roz, her long-suffering mom, between sips of tea at the quiet Lyon home. "She was cum laude from UCLA—language and anthropology! She could dance, she could *act*. She was such a *shtarker* with that mouth, she could have been a *lawyer*!" "*Genius* is a hard word to play," offers Geordie Hormel, an old friend who looks like a Furry Freak Brother and is an heir to the meat-packing fortune, "but if you used it with her, you wouldn't be wrong." "She's *good*," insists Melrose Sprague, the ex-wife of one of the owners of Gold's Gym, where Lisa's career began, "but she spends a large part of her life fighting demons." "She's about extremes," says photographer Lynn Davis, an intimate friend of the late Mapplethorpe's. "Lisa's time with Robert—which everyone thinks of as Sodom and Gomorrah—was a relatively mild interlude for her. Robert was in love at first, but he couldn't keep up."

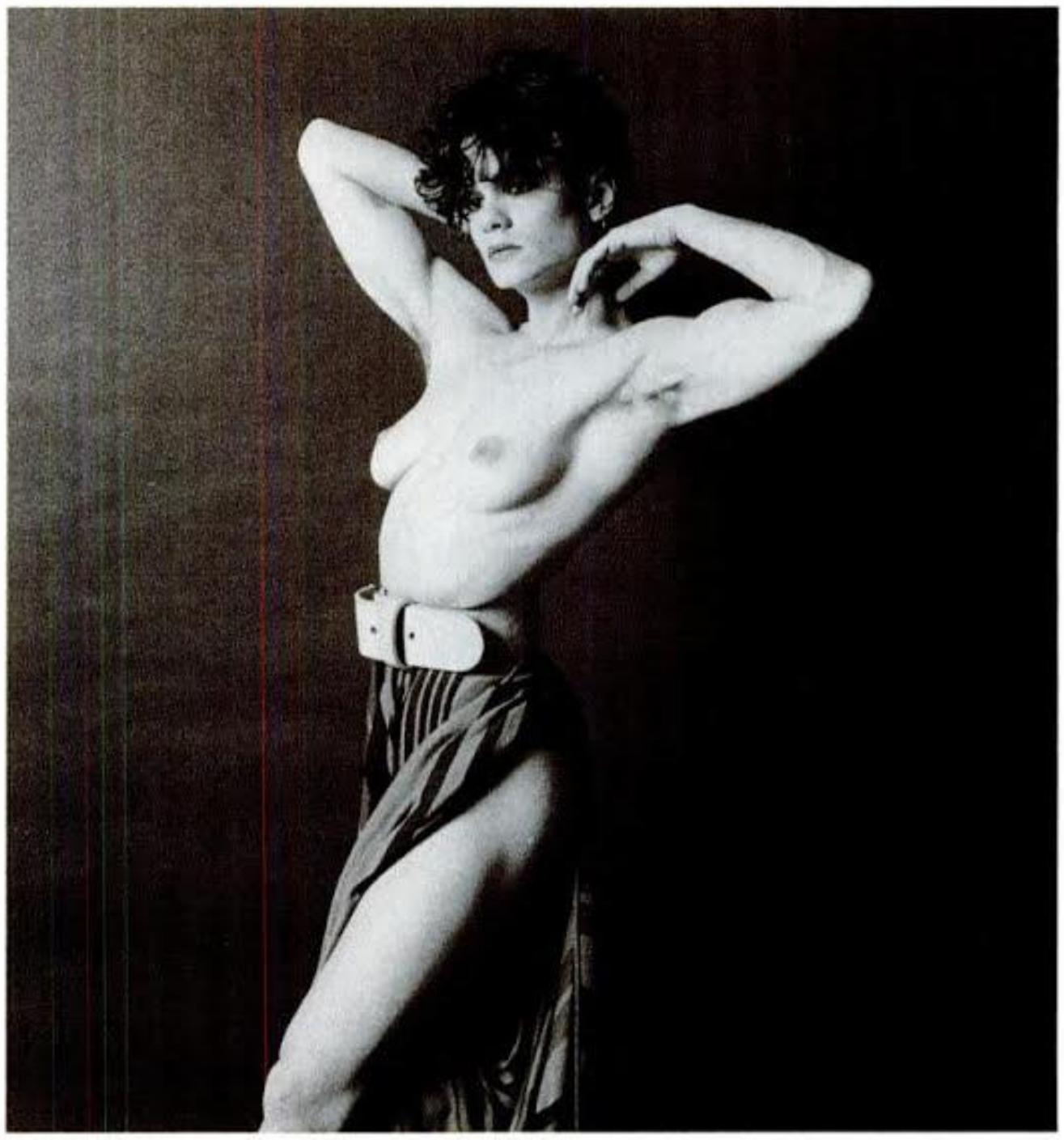
When she was peaking in the eighties, Lisa would breeze into Manhattan, unfurl her lace-and-latex wardrobe at Mapplethorpe's Bond Street loft, unpack her "voodoo box" ("Lisa believed in getting power any way she could,"

"She could have been *anything*," wails Roz, Lisa's long-suffering mom

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smiles Marcus Leatherdale), snort some coke, smoke some PCP and hit the phones. There were strategy sessions with Susan Kaiser Vogel, Timothy Leary's girlfriend and the director of Lisa's living-art nude-sculpture installation at UC Irvine; there were ongoing wrangles with Roz, who supported her daughter's extravagant "experimental life-style" with a seemingly bottomless trust fund; there was her social schedule to set up with photographer Marcia Resnick, an East Coast kindred spirit who loved bad boys and drugs, too.

Together, Lisa and Marcia were a daunting sight: they'd rendezvous at Resnick's infamous Canal Street loft, where on any given night you might run into the late guitarist Johnny Thunders with his destructo crew of biker-junkies, or the late John Belushi, on the third day of a coke run, wearing a PLO terrorist mask and a T-shirt that said EAT THE RICH. "Sure, we were both JAPs," Marcia laughs now, "but *smart* JAPs. We saw the potential in the scene. We weren't just—you know—*crazy*." Leatherdale recalls the two "women in black" slanting effortlessly through the hard-ticket door at the Mudd Club when that was world hip HQ. "They looked like the Weird Sisters," says Leatherdale, who is known below Houston Street as "Mapplethorpe's last white boyfriend," "but *attractive*, especially Lisa. She had that square, strong jaw, like Grace Kelly in *High Noon*."





Lisa models a portion of an ensemble by Issey Miyake, 1983, *top*, and, *bottom*, her own fashion-forward design—snap-on tail with cowboy boots.

Her look, like Twiggy's before her (in fact, it was a reaction to Twiggy), seemed to embody something that was in the air as the seventies became the eighties: feminist ideas about strength and independence overcoming the neurasthenic, nearly starved ideal, and reconciled with pure narcissism—the wily, old-fashioned kind that knew the worth of a pound of flesh. "A pretty girl," Lisa once told *The Washington Post*, "can sell anything." "You should have seen her with the NBC execs," Frank remembers. "She absolutely charmed them, jiggling around in her little black tights and microskirts and with the super rap. But Lisa lacked focus. She was all over the map. I used to get the weirdest calls from her at two o'clock in the morning. She'd go on for *hours*."

Frank is a bright, aggressive man who prides himself on understanding the vagaries of the marketplace, but his new client was unclassifiable. It was as if she'd resurrected the sexual clout of Marilyn Monroe, stoned it on sixties drugs, cross-dressed it as Aldous Huxley, then muscled through the doors of perception into the Media Eighties. Writers like Bruce Chatwin and Susan Sontag struggled to define her as "a sculptor whose raw material is her own body," and an example of "the eros of photography"; critics like Richard Howard and Ingrid Sischy argued that she "subvert[ed] the conventions of female iconography" and embodied "articulate contradiction itself": muscles and nipples, in short; intellect and ass, Madonna ten years early and 85 IQ points smarter. Unfortunately, Lisa couldn't sing.

Other people who'd worked the same turf—Bowie, Nureyev, even Patti Smith—had at least been marketing something tangible: a record, a season of performances, a book of poetry. Lisa simply showed up nude, unannounced, in a cloud of cerise smoke on a Los Angeles college stage, or in faraway Tokyo, or (clothed) as a network commentator for a sport she increasingly found "boring" and "limiting." She was willing to hustle, but it was essence she was about—a little late as a hippie, far too wild as a yuppie, Franny Glass on acid.

A transitional figure, then, something like Warhol—a Concorde ride between the immediate past, when culture still required content, and the electronic present, where images are real. Placed in the position of defending her women's bodybuilding championship, she refused, outraged a little that people failed to see the redundancy; booked on *Donahue* and expected to flirt with Dom DeLuise, she couldn't conceal her physical revulsion; asked by Mapplethorpe why she didn't simply "become a movie star," she dropped her Grace Kelly jaw, finally comprehending the distance between them.

It was as if she'd married true, libidinous rebellion to talk-show flackery, realized her mistake and opted for divorce. But by then it was too late: she'd

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already been subsumed by intellectuals and hacks into America's dream loop, which at the moment of her emergence was equating muscles with corporate feminism, muscles with retooled patriotism, muscles with everything desirable. Worse, other female icons (Jane Fonda) began calling up, asking for marketing advice on their *own* "exercise" projects; physical movie stars (Richard Gere) began sniffing around, going on about "women warriors" ("I was the last stop for a lot of guys who were—uh—*finding* themselves"); burnt-out gurus looking for a pit stop (Tim Leary, Allen Ginsberg) drafted her as leader of "the Next Wave of American Women"; and her couplings and uncouplings with pop culture's great and near-great (Dennis Hopper, Mapplethorpe, Huey Newton and finally Dr. John Lilly, a radical scientist whose ideas on drug use made Leary and Ken Kesey look like Disney guides) only complicated matters. Lisa was afraid that her higher aspirations were being ignored just because she was easily bored, that she was beginning to be seen as some kind of RoboSlut—part Hecate, the Hebrew Demiurge; part Brigitte Nielsen, the Vampire of Holmby Hills.

Richard Gere began sniffing around. "I was the last stop for a lot of guys who were—uh—*finding* themselves," says Lisa.

MOVIE DIRECTOR BOB RAFELSON met Lisa Lyon at a Hollywood party thrown by Bert Schneider, then key man in the ultraliberal social network that moved the town in the late 1970s. He remembers her "dancing on the level above me," and glancing up to feel a jolt like a stun gun—"This knockout girl, she must have been 19, gave me the longest wink I'd ever seen! I mean, I'd never been *winked at* like that before." "He told me I was the greatest white fuck he'd ever had," Lyon says now, dryly.

Lisa pursued the men who interested her, always smart hitters, in the classic Hollywood manner: Harry Dean Stanton, whom she picked up on Santa Monica Pier and nursed through numerous drinking jags; Jack Nicholson (through Stanton), who was so smitten that he used to send his limo to UCLA to pick her up after class; Rafelson, through Nicholson; Schwarzenegger, through Rafelson (though she claims they were "just friends," people who knew them both laugh at that description: "Schwarzenegger's a *horse*," says a fellow actor. "She used to call him *Trigger*").

"Arnold was an incredibly straight guy then, taking business courses at UCLA, wearing awful sport shirts and Sperry Top-Siders," Lisa purrs now. "He'd just done *Stay Hungry* with Bob, and though I'd danced and studied kendo [Japanese bamboo-sword fighting], I was pretty weak and unsure of myself. After we met, I watched him work out at the World Gym, saw what you could do with force of will, and *bingo*."

Actually, Lisa had been working out at the UCLA gym with Richard Keeling, a music-ethnology teacher whom she briefly wed. But Roz felt her daughter had married beneath her, and when Richard was busted for selling singer Tim Buckley the bag of heroin that killed him in 1975, Lisa left: "I went into [the marriage] for the sense of danger, sort of knowing he'd get me into trouble, but I couldn't *stay* with him."

By now she'd discovered PCP, an animal tranquilizer popular in a debased form called angel dust in south-central L.A., where the Crips and Bloods used it to fire up their fighting spirit. Lisa claimed it had the opposite effect on her: "I'd been diagnosed as manic when I was 16, so PCP would calm me down. Everyone's biochemistry is different." Lisa used PCP, sometimes sparingly, sometimes in binges, for the next nine years.

"What's fabulous," says Gregory Poe, "is that all during this period when she was winning the bodybuilding championship and representing California sunshine and vitamins on TV, she was *absolutely whacked* on dust, or acid, or cocaine! And she was stunningly beautiful anyway! The network people and the judges had no idea!"

THE SCENE AT GOLD'S GYM, THEN LOCATED AT 2ND AND BROADWAY IN Santa Monica, was arcane, a formalization of the open-air road show that had been playing on Muscle Beach since World War II, but supplemented with steroids and other postmodern condiments. Ken Sprague, a handsome bodybuilder and sometime gay-porn star, managed the place ambitiously, however, determined to lift it out of the gay ghetto the way Bette Midler had lifted camp cabaret singing out of the bathhouses. In addition to the anonymous beef queens pumping up, oiling and admiring one another, Gold's boasted Lou Ferrigno and Arnold himself, both Mr. Universe title holders destined for greater things. But Lisa was the first woman in the place. When she appeared in 1977, the men dismissed her as a groupie or a fag hag, but Lisa quickly developed an aesthetic of the body that left Chief Jay Strongbow, Don "Ripper Savage" Ross and other ordinary musclemen standing around with their towels flapping. Lisa wasn't just a bodybuilder—she was, she said, "creating a new standard of beauty," an "evolution of the concept of femininity." Why, she demanded, "should muscles be considered masculine? If you see a tiger bounding through the forest, you don't think of it as male or female." Moreover, why shouldn't the body mirror the spirit?

Ken Sprague watched Lisa's progress as avidly as Fagin watched Oliver Twist's. After months of obsessive work she could dead-lift 265 pounds and squat 285, nearly a record and definitely box office. Although never ripped or even ridged like subsequent bodybuilders Rachel McLish and Gladys Portugues, she did possess wonderful trapezius muscles and quadriceps and projected a feline sexiness just scary enough to be provocative. Sprague persuaded bodybuilder Tony Pearson to let Lisa make a "guest appearance" with him at the Mr. Los Angeles contest of 1978. Other appearances around town fol-

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lowed, with Schwarzenegger pushing press and forcing doors open. The following year culminated in her winning the first women's bodybuilding championship. A year later Sprague sold Gold's for a reported $5 million and fled north before the fitness fad fizzled.





***Giddyap! Top*, Lisa takes Arnold for a ride back when he was a nerd; *bottom*, Lisa the artist being slathered in graphite under the supervision of her surprisingly normal-looking mentor, Susan Kaiser Vogel**

NOW LISA WAS IN NEW YORK A LOT, A PLACE SHE'D SHUNNED BEFORE BEcause "I wanted to arrive *working*—I didn't want to be just another person trying to make it." Lisa met Mapplethorpe at a party Marcia Resnick took her to in SoHo. "Robert didn't know what to expect when I told him about this crazy girl from L.A.," says Marcus Leatherdale. "I guess he thought he was going to meet the bearded lady or something." And when he heard she was with Resnick, he almost canceled, because "Robert and Sam [Wagstaff, Mapplethorpe's ex-lover and patron, also deceased] were embarrassingly anti-Semitic. I mean, they both said the *worst* things."

Mapplethorpe would make an exception for Lisa: "It was the first time I'd seen a form like that," he told an interviewer. "It was hard to believe this little girl could have this form." Rande Ouchi, now an art consultant for Mitsubishi, then an intimate of Mapplethorpe's and a business associate of Lisa's, describes their connection as "mythical": "You might say they used sex as the raw material of art." They went on legendary drug binges as a way of breaking down the barriers that kept their "sexual selves prisoner." "At Robert's, it was runny eggs and cocaine, instant coffee and MDA," laughs Leatherdale.

To see them together was to watch a kind of alchemy. Photographed on the dedication page of *Lady* (which had been published in 1983 to great fanfare in art circles, with exhibitions at the Leo Castelli gallery in New York and the Gagosian in Los Angeles), they even look alike, beyond the bad sunglasses and slouched cool—a consummation of the androgynous dreams of the previous 20 years (as Oscar Wilde and Nijinsky were consummations of earlier romantic decadence). "I am your eternal bride," Lisa wrote to Robert, "your slave and your mistress, your lack of rest, the cold and foamy sea."

But postmodern too, racing around in a black-leather publicity machine, taking the rough downtown scene uptown to titillate Robert's arty connections: dinners at Maxime de la Falaise's East Side aerie; drinks at Carolina and Reinaldo Herrera's; parties with Suzie Frankfurt, the socialite interior designer....Evenings would begin with midnight dinners at Odeon and Indochine, then twist through the Saint, the Anvil, the Mineshaft. Mapplethorpe introduced Lisa to scenes of spectacular degradation but pointed out how willingly the "victims" of fisting, beatings, golden showers and elimination sought out their "tormentors"—"Sexual violence is just working things out in a constructive way," he said. "Besides, the wounds heal fast."

What Lisa found in Robert's rebellion was something like sibling recognition, something like the gothic obsession of *Wuthering Heights*: "With Robert I never had to try. I never had to contrive. I had total trust in him." They did *Lady* as a public version of their nights together, 112 images of the "woman" in the dreams of all the downtown people they knew, a sort of Paul Bowles bestiary, or a private collection by Egon Schiele—the serpent nun, the sadist bride, Aphrodite with .38....

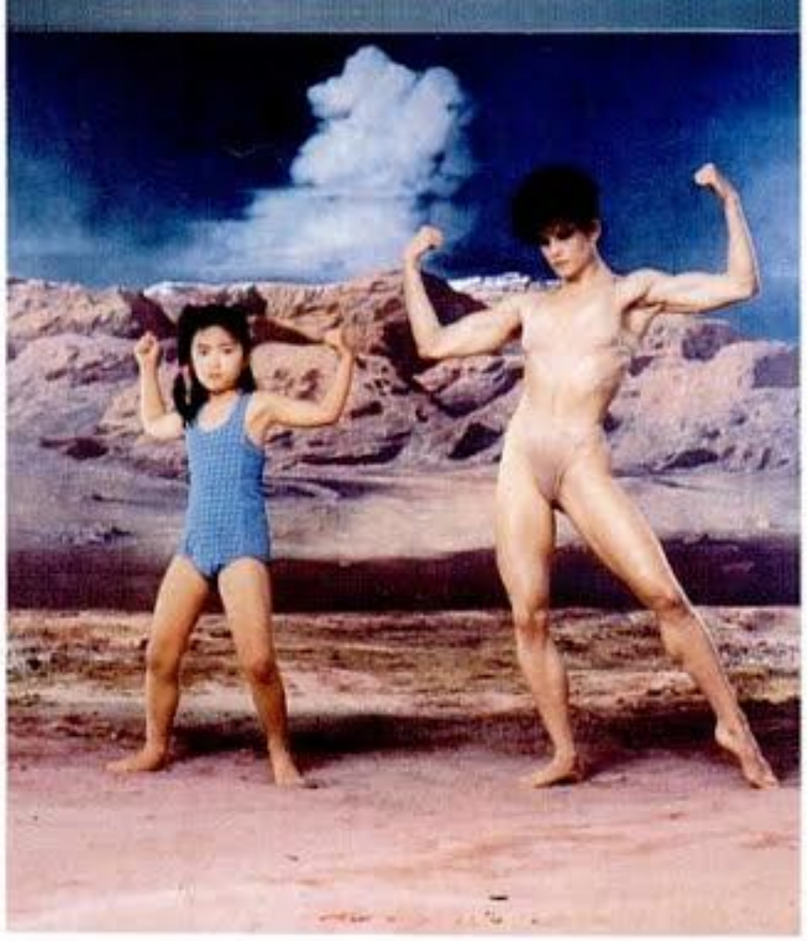
After one such night of hell in San Francisco, where they were touring to promote *Lady*, Lisa remembers Robert telling her that it would be "'a very hip book for the Midwest, where anyone who is slightly perverted will have a great attraction to it.'...You see, we were both interested in the same things—stiff black cocks. One of my boyfriends was Huey Newton, and we came up with the idea of doing some photos or an installation of a bathhouse glory hole with Huey and some of Robert's models from his *Black Book* at the Dokumenta exhibition in Kassel, Germany. There would be this line of penises. I'd be sucking them off."

Robert dropped Lisa off at her hotel that night after "holding my hand. It's my most romantic memory of him."

BY 1983, LISA HAD GRADUATED from bodybuilding, impatient with its "male-dominated competition neurosis" and "blatant commercialism," and found herself living at her mom's again, a depressing circumstance—her dad having died of cancer. Her NBC contract had lapsed, so she tried a disastrous stint as hostess of a Playboy Channel "life-style" program ("Can't you say 'fuck' more?" pleaded executive Jerry Adler. "This isn't sexy enough!"). Eventually she was reduced to doing *Oui* magazine shoots, and consequently her PCP intake increased. She began a crazed affair with Dennis Hopper, who was living at Larry Flynt's Bel Air mansion and shooting a celebrity porn layout for *Hustler*. For a few weeks Lisa helped out, until the party was broken up by the LAPD SWAT team. Then Rande Ouchi called with a fabulous offer to go to Tokyo.

It seemed that designer Issey Mi-

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Gaijin *A-go-go: Above*, Lisa flexes on the cover of a Japanese department-store brochure; *left*, the gold-painted, nude performance art that hit Japan harder than baseball

yake had fallen in love with a Helmut Newton shot of Lisa hanging from a trapeze in her loft. Shozo Tsurumoto, a successful magazine publisher who had a loose arrangement with Miyake, saw her in a Susan Kaiser Vogel "living installation," nude but for a layer of graphite, and immediately offered to be her "manager for Japan." Soon Lisa found herself in a series of art events produced with the Laforet shopping center called "The Next Wave of American Women." She preceded Molissa Fenley, Cindy Sherman and Laurie Anderson; before long she was earning $10,000 a day.

Lisa was nervous going in, so in addition to Ouchi, who spoke fluent Japanese, and Kaiser Vogel, who was directing what would be Lisa's greatest piece, she signed on a character who used the name Frankie Desiderio. Frankie was a Gold's veteran; a drill-master for *Drummer*, a gay-S&M porn magazine; and a convicted felon (dope, prostitution). "He was just what she needed at the time," says Kaiser Vogel wryly.

The Lyon troupe would bivouac at the President Hotel, then proceed to live workouts by Lisa and Frankie, with Mao-size portraits of Lisa as counterpoint. In the evenings, the Laforet performance space would be converted into a minimally elegant set suggesting the tarot and the phases of the moon. The piece was called *Contemporary Alchemy: Evolution Ritual* and was meant to evoke "the endless energy within woman." Staged over several hours in 22 poses that moved as imperceptibly as a glacier while sounds of rain, flapping clothes and random speech wove a "female" mood, it attempted to surpass even the most advanced notions of art: "The whole physical world is in our bodies," Kaiser Vogel explains now, and what Lisa was doing, posing in gold paint, was "integrating" herself by becoming "real" before the audience's eyes, an image, a golden statue, confounding "reality" by *moving*. The perfection of her body, her narcissism, were "traps" where most of the audience got "caught," but these were only "way stations" on a journey to "clarity." "Lisa knew that to really see, you had to confront your own darkness—sexual, emotional and intellectual—and in those days she was fearless. In fact, she's the only person I've ever met—and I was with Tim Leary for five years—who could make darkness visible to everyone who saw her."

For the Japanese the point was moot. Shozo Tsurumoto had a hit on his hands. Lisa Lyon was ubiquity itself through 1984 and '85. She was soon drafted by the Seibu department store as its symbol, appearing flexed and sensual in a series of ads with cute Japanese kids miming her muscles, and as a two-story billboard on the front of Laforet's main building. She had her own TV show. She became the muse and mistress of Tadanori Yokoo, a famous painter who introduced her to serious artists while Tsurumoto fanned the popular press. She commuted from California regularly.

Meanwhile, Frankie was feeling neglected. "He was a nice guy," says Lisa, "but he was really *dumb*." After he learned of Lisa's involvement with Yokoo, he'd bang on her hotel door, wearing only jockey shorts, screaming that she was "a nigger-lover." High on coke, he exposed himself in an elevator to a mild little Tsurumoto assistant, boasting, "You Japs may have won the peace, but we still have the biggest dicks!" After he was caught stealing cash, Mr. Tsuromoto had him escorted to the airport and deported.

His replacement was Carlos Soto, a blond Puerto Rican hairdresser who looked like Billy Idol. When they were in the States, Carlos lived in Lisa's Venice loft and gradually became her assistant, secretary and male nurse. "She had unrealistic expectations about what was happening to her in Japan, about Tadanori Yokoo," says Carlos. "He was *married*, an established figure in Japanese culture—he wasn't going to leave all that for a *gaijin* [foreign barbarian]." "She was seen as sexy, like Alain Delon or Marilyn Monroe, *because* she was so foreign," explains Rande Ouchi. "I don't think the intellectual stuff counted." "Once you're overexposed in Japan," says Kaiser Vogel, "your market-loyalty factor virtually disappears."

Lisa had been careful in the beginning to go easy on her drug use. Japanese narcotics laws are Draconian, even for marijuana, but as her stresses multiplied—"I was in a fight-or-flight state for weeks at a time"—she succumbed. She had a pharmacy of prescription uppers and downers, plus cocaine and PCP, which she crushed into granules and smuggled in with her blue eyeliner. "She'd smoke it before going to bed," remembers Carlos, "blue and sticky dust—she didn't seem to care.

"She wasn't looking good," says Carlos. "She was bloated." Some of the pictures taken in Japan at the time show a matronly Lisa bravely smiling among her Asian fans, but with big dewlaps of flesh spoiling the great jawline. "She was missing meetings, I was speaking for her, signing contracts. But, you know, I couldn't *do it* for her."

Things collapsed in 1986 during the shooting of a Sony-sponsored body-building TV special in Hawaii. "Lisa was getting incoherent," Carlos recalls sadly. "Nobody wanted to go on."

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IT WAS WHILE SHE WAS RECOVERING IN A PRIVATE HOSPITAL CALLED LAS Encinas in Pasadena that Lisa first read *Simulations of God*, by Dr. John Lilly, a radical scientist who holds degrees in biophysics and neurophysiology and who'd worked for the National Institutes of Health, the Navy and the University of Pennsylvania, counting among his colleagues Aldous Huxley, Buckminster Fuller and R. D. Laing. Lilly's family owned a St. Paul bank and Northwest Orient Airlines, so he'd been free to pursue research projects independent of grant-oversight committees, which might not have approved of his methods; these included "humane" brain probes on animals and massive self-administered doses of various kinds of drugs—LSD (which he often got from the Navy), cocaine and later ketamine, a surgical anesthetic similar to PCP. In the 1960s and '70s, Lilly had extended his research to "interspecies communication," principally with dolphins, and his experiments became the basis for the films *Day of the Dolphin* and *Altered States*. In *Simulations*, however, Lilly was speaking utterly seriously about his life as an extraterrestrial: "I am only an extraterrestrial who has come to the planet Earth to inhabit a human body. Every time I leave this body and go back to my own civilization, I am expanded beyond all human imagings...." Lilly was quick to explain that what he was saying applied only to someone in the "expanded" state, and shouldn't be dragged around to the gas station, the dry cleaner and so on; intelligent chemical "tuning," he said, could be accomplished by recording responses set off by drugs manipulating certain "receptor sites" in the brain, and forming patterns of cause and effect. The brain was the hardware of a complicated biocomputer, with circuits, memory chips and the like; the mind was its software; beliefs were programs, manipulated by metaprogrammers—either bad people, like Richard Nixon and J. Edgar Hoover, or good ones, like himself; tripping into what he called the deep self by injecting, say, 150 milligrams of ketamine was just like voyaging into deep space. The "extraterrestrial" analogy was only as symbolic (or only as nutty) as the Catholic myth of transubstantiation, a "learning tool." "Besides," Lilly half joked, "anything you believe either is or eventually becomes true."

For Lisa, sitting in her white underpants while five big attendants hovered in the doorway, "programmed" to think that she might go nuclear on the demon angel dust at any moment, *Simulations* made a lot of sense. Her woman-as-feline-spirit notion from Gold's Gym, her explorations of androgynous darkness with Mapplethorpe, her Golden Woman Evolution Ritual from Tokyo, were all artistic manifestations of Lilly's scientific experiments. They were working toward the same thing! Psychic lifesaving! When Las Encinas sprang her, she dug up his address, sent him some poetry and a couple of killer photos, then followed up with a phone call. They met on September 5, 1986. By May 1987, he'd adopted her as his legal daughter.

A smitten Jack Nicholson used to send his limo to pick Lisa up after class

AS FATHER-DAUGHTER RELATIONSHIPS GO, THOUGH, THIS ONE WAS DEFINITEly incestuous. Lilly had considered marriage—he'd told his friends Lisa had a "steel-trap mind" to go with her "outstanding *latissimus dorsi*" and the "most beautiful neurochemistry I've ever seen," but he'd already been married three times, had had "hundreds" of affairs and had "numerous obligations," including two other young women he'd felt compelled to adopt earlier. He wrote to Roz, asking for a meeting so he could "provide for your daughter in my will."

There was a disastrous dinner in Westwood. Lilly showed up in one of his two jumpsuits—at 71 he no longer bothered with wardrobe—and according to Roz, "he was dirty and smelled pissy." Conversation was difficult, Lilly being given to speculations about the composition of asteroids as light chat while Roz tended to note status indicators and evidence of solvency. Because of all the drugs he has taken, Lilly must urinate frequently and so made many trips to Roz's immaculate powder room. During the course of the evening, Roz was horrified to find that Lilly had been relieving himself in the sink. "He's old—it's not easy for him to undo all those zippers and buckles!," Lisa says in his defense.

"He was a brilliant man, but he'd been turned into a junkie by the government," says Carlos Soto. "When he was younger, they were always sending him things to try, and he believes in experimenting on himself." Lilly would arrive in Venice around midnight and disappear up the steps to Lisa's part of the loft, where "they would begin talking and doing drugs. I know they were shooting 100 milligrams of cocaine and ketamine together [Lisa denies this], and they would go on for *hours*, playing with each other. For her it was sexual—he was impotent, but he could stimulate her, you know? They were pretty loud. She was shooting in the same place on her ass, so she got a big sore there."

Carlos is gay, and he was amused at Lilly's fascination with "crossing." Carlos sometimes "did him up" as Nancy Reagan, in full drag. "They were sort of making a political joke more than doing drag," he says now. "Dr. Lilly was too Anglo, you know? I mean, he couldn't just *go with it*!"

With Lilly it was always a matter of science. Not content with drag, he'd mutilated his chest in an attempt to develop breasts. His body looked like a pincushion. Once, in frustration at his impotence, he inserted a porcupine quill into his urethra. And his intellectual theories matched his physical experiments. It had come to him in one of his extraterrestrial modes that events were being affected by an outfit he called ECCO, or Earth Coincidence Control Office. ECCO agents were forces for universal good and had recruited him and his friends to carry out their missions on Earth. But they were opposed by another network, called SSI, or Solid State Intelligence, computer life-forms bent on ruling all organic creatures, starting with whales and dolphins. At one point

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in 1974, after three weeks of hourly ketamine injections, Lilly flew to the East Coast to warn President Ford and media leaders of an imminent "danger to the human race involving atomic energy and computers." The White House aide who answered his phone call from a New York hotel suite politely stiffed the doctor, so he flew to Dartmouth, his old medical school, to try to explain matters to more sentient listeners. They put him in the Mary Hitchcock Hospital. Lilly subsequently "grounded" himself, but not without reluctance, a sense that he was squeezing himself down into a "limited vehicle too small to contain the passenger." But with Lisa Lyon he'd glimpsed another chance at expansion. "The mind is infinite," he liked to say. "It keeps growing dendrites as you keep learning."

The problem was the body.

CARLOS CAME HOME ONE NIGHT IN 1987 to find the Venice loft dark. He called to Lisa, but there was no answer. She'd been to New York, to Beth Israel Hospital, to see Robert Mapplethorpe, who'd been diagnosed with AIDS. She'd gone to his room, blasted, looked at him, sick "but trying to deny it," and gone into the bathroom to smoke PCP. She'd come out loaded, lipstick smeared all over her face, insisting she hadn't done anything. "She was acting like an absurd child," says Lynn Davis, who was there, "and it became clear to Robert that whatever he was in for, this woman wasn't capable of offering him anything." "Robert was attracted to glamour and liked to see his friends do well," says Rande Ouchi, who was also there. "Lisa was obviously falling apart." She'd slumped against the wall: "I'm a little tired," she'd admitted. "I just have to lie down." She fell asleep for four hours, and Mapplethorpe never spoke to her again.

She'd come home devastated but also terrified of getting AIDS—"Robert warned me never to say that we'd slept together, but *I* knew"—and equally upset that Robert might not get around to signing 112 photos from *Lady* he'd given her as part of their contractual agreement. Signed Mapplethorpes would get up to $55,000 at Christie's three years later, but unsigned ones were problematic. (He eventually signed.)

Since her return she'd been having seizures. At least once a month Carlos would find her having spasms, load her into her Mercedes, call Roz and tell her to meet him at Cedars-Sinai. But this time he found her in the bathroom, blue, her arm in the bowl. Carlos has a nursing certificate, and he got her into bed, put cold compresses on her head and talked her awake. He fed her tea. He told her she was dying, that she'd been "raped by intelligence" and that he wouldn't allow Lilly to come to the loft anymore. "It's him or me," Carlos said, feeling dispensable.

"But they had a weird thing going. I don't pretend to understand it—maybe it's some kind of battle for power. Maybe she's even winning...."

SHE'S UP! THE FLOOR CREAKS SLIGHTLY; THERE IS A TINY PADDING—"*Hellooo*" wafts down from the A-frame loft. "What time is it?"

"After five. The sun's sinking."

"I don't like the sun," she purrs. "Besides the radiation, it does a number on the pesticide they spray along the coast. It actually kills the children. Put some music on, will you?"

For a famous beauty, she spends no time on her toilette. Some lipstick, an artfully ripped T-shirt, which shows her areolae. Proud black tights, rocker boots, a tail that she lashes like a dancer in *Cats*.

She feeds D. D. Puss, her pampered kitty, bumping around in the semidark—"I hate the light"—and makes tea. "Can you conceive of a trillion dollars?" she says. "Do you know the war in the Gulf can generate that much in defense-economy 'optimism'? I mean, it's like tricking! The big-time arms manufacturers and aircraft people get *stimulated* by the action! As corruptionists go, sweetie, Saddam Hussein is a little jerk compared with Bush!"

The plan is to go visit Lilly, whom Lisa calls Dad, up on his mountain, but first she has to field some calls. Adam Trombly, a maverick scientist who specializes in seismography and messages from deep space, has checked in from Spain; Roy Tuckman of KPFK Radio, with whom Lisa has been working, has called from San Francisco; Marisela Norte, the East L.A. Chicana poet, wants to talk about a reading....

"I don't really plan it, but I'm up all night," Lisa says. "I seem to get more done, you know? And at night, you pick up signals."

"Sexual violence is just working things out in a constructive way," Mapplethorpe told Lisa. "Besides, the wounds heal fast."

"Signals?"

"If you've been sensitized like I have, you pick up radio and TV stuff."

"You mean—without turning on the set?"

She takes a baby bottle filled with "lemonade" from the fridge. "You'd better not write that, dear. Ready?"

SHE NEGOTIATES THE BLACKOUT DARKNESS OF ROUTE 1 ABOVE TRANCAS in the European straight-arm racing style, her Saab 900 whipping right on an unmarked roller coaster of a road without guardrails, into the Coast range; the rise and fall is breathless, and so is the velocity; fueled by nips on the baby bottle, her talk soon matches her speed. Lisa is a big-time monologuist, in the awesome league of Neal Cassady and Robin Williams. There is a Formula One quality to her sentences, as if she were afraid the phrase behind might skid and blow out its syntax if she paused: "Your comments are interesting and valuable," she says at one point, fending off an attempt to intrude, "but do let me go on."

What she's going on about at the moment is her Electromagnetic Theory of Psychodynamics, a "synthesis creation" that came out of countless night-

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shift sessions with Lilly and the other hardcore vets of evolutionary science who like to gather at his place for marathon bouts of "verbal intercourse." ETP attempts to get at the basis of universal energy, and how it impacts on your average Saab driver. Energy, Lisa says, doesn't care a damn about anything but itself. Man's notions, positing anthropomorphic centers like God and the Devil, are just gerbil squeaks in the cosmos, irrelevant except to "lower-mind animal brains" scared of every whiff of transcendence. If you *have* to play the polarity game, just think of movement as good, and stasis as evil. (Murky stuff, maybe, but she and Lilly are taken seriously enough to have appeared before a UN environmental subpanel not long ago.) "Hell, man, that's why stimulants are important!" she says. "That's why they're so feared, so bad-mouthed! Anything that wakes you up!"

"But what if evil is movement toward void?"

She gives me a look and sends the car into a power slide up Decker Schoolhouse Lane, where Lilly lives. She suddenly remembers that a lot of bad things have happened on this road: when she was 12, her dad took her for a ride, jammed on the brakes—she taps hers expertly—and knocked out her front teeth; recently some hippie dope dealers were found dead right about *here* (she swerves); and Nina, another of Lilly's adopted daughters and a rival for his affection ("She's *completely* psychotic"), nearly drove off the road *here*; and of course John had his near-fatal bicycle accident *there*....

As we pull into Lilly's drive I'm gripping the upholstery, and Lisa actually laughs.

Lilly is waiting to shake hands in his robe and slippers, sans pajamas. He looks like the Man in the Moon on the Conte Luna spaghetti box—tall, pale, thin, with elongated, slightly sleepy features, as if he'd been stretched by centrifugal force. He leads the way into his kitchen.

"How old?" he says.

"Me? Forty-five."

"Where'dja go to school?"

"Penn. Temple."

"What drugs?"

"Benadryl. Aspirin."

"Read my books?"

"*Programming and Metaprogramming*. And *John Lilly, So Far*...."

"Didn't write the last one. Terrible book. I'm a much better writer." He looks disappointed and shuffles off to find Lisa. A few minutes later he returns, shuffling past a dining table, a jogging machine and a trapeze, and flops on a beat-up couch. He switches on a tape of dolphin sounds. I notice the big sores on his legs as he shows me a recent citation by the AMA.

"Doctor, how would you describe your relationship with Lisa?"

"We're researchers. Communication research." He smiles.

"I mean..."

"Personally? She's my daughter. We don't fool around anymore."

"What about ketamine? PCP?"

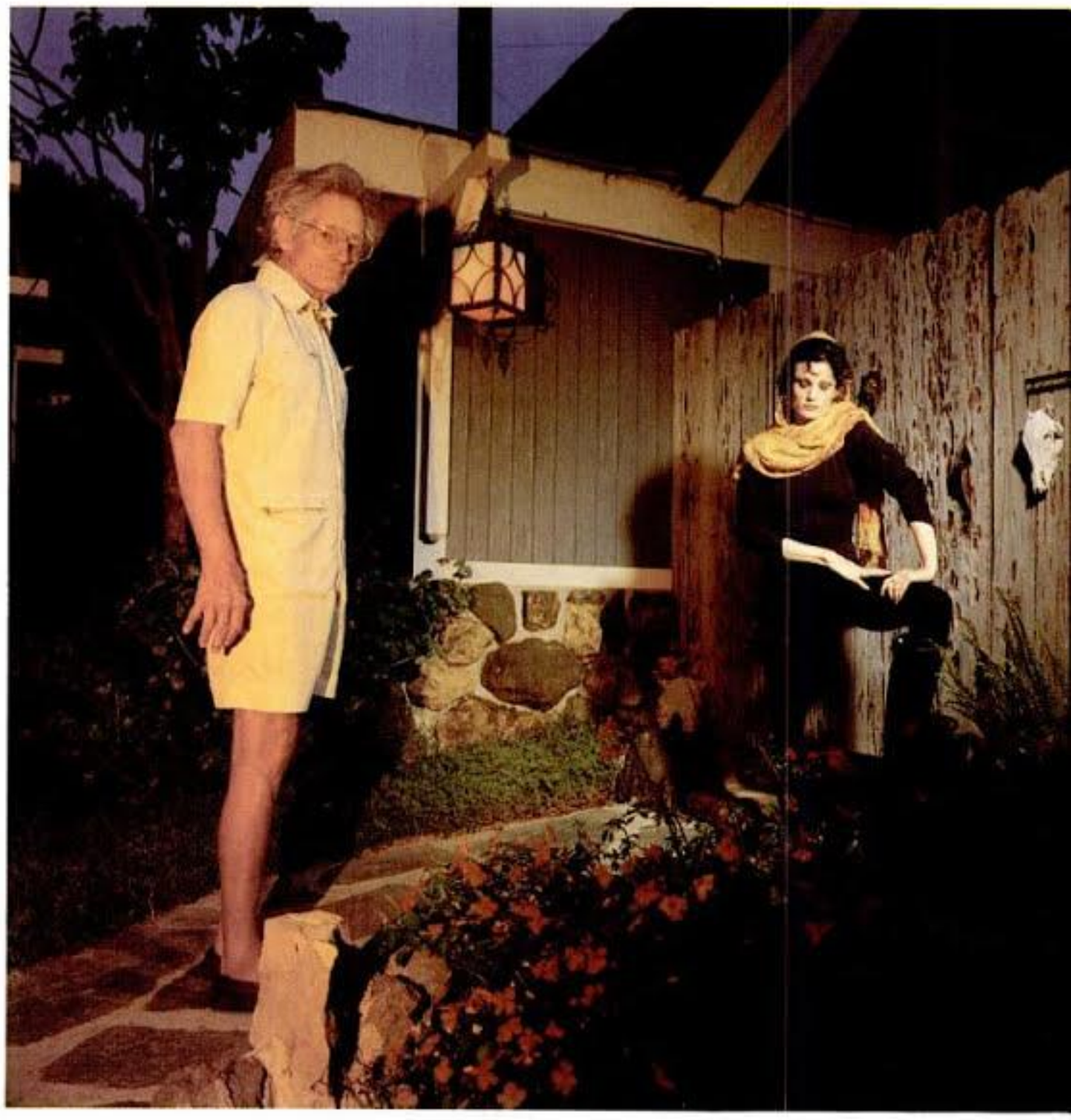
"No more. Sometimes you just come to the end of a drug."

"Do you think you may have hurt yourselves?"

"Absolutely not."

"How do you feel about ECCO and SSI these days?"

"Tooth problems. I was trying to get in touch with my teeth."



Photograph by Mojgan B. Azimi/Retna





Family Portraits, California-Style: **"Dad" and Lisa, *top*; Lisa as the Westwood orthodontist's daughter, *above left*, and as the radical scientist's daughter, *above right***

"What do you think of Lisa's Electromagnetic Theory?"

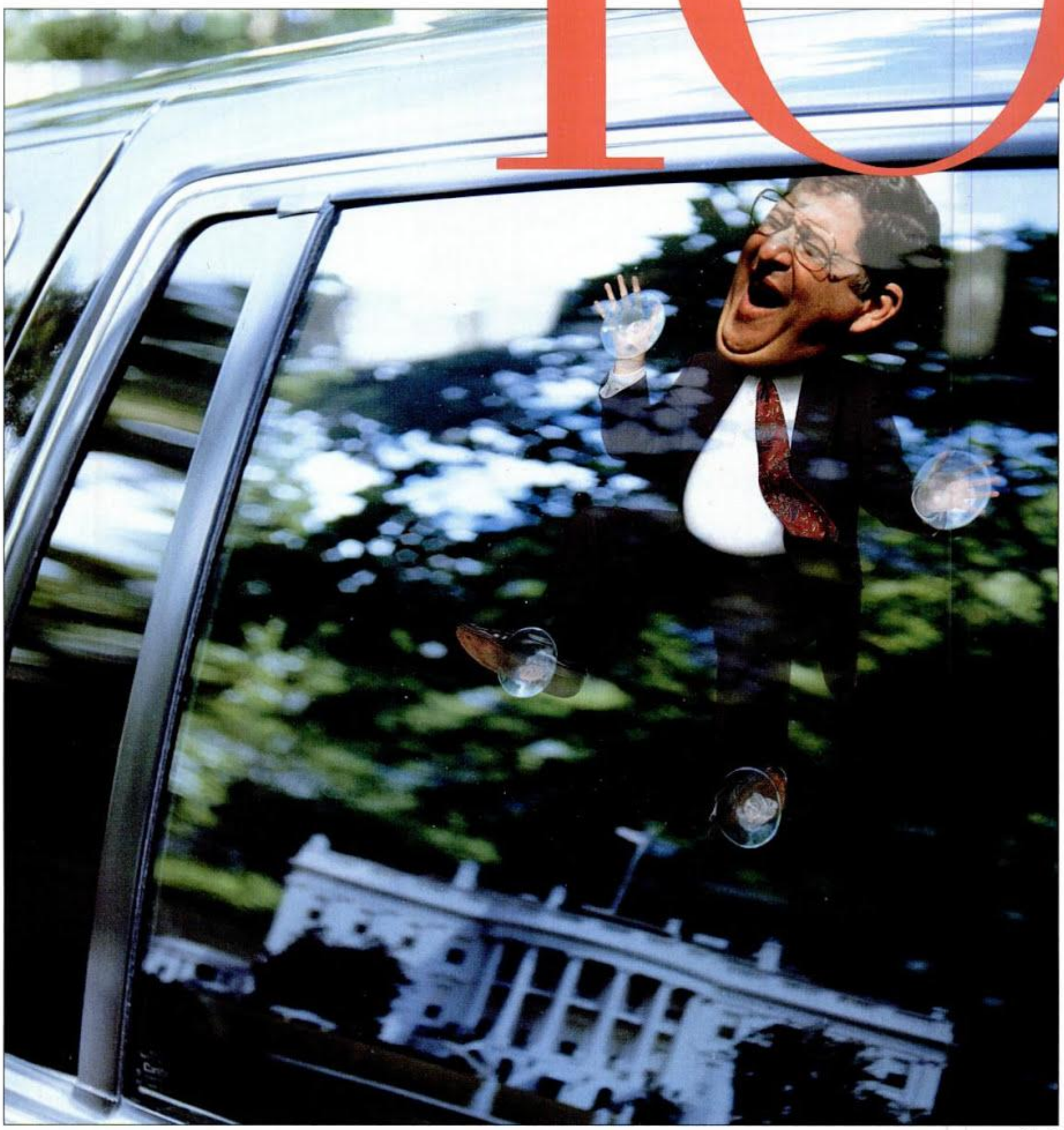
He yawns. "She's a great showman, isn't she? I've written her into my will. I'm 76 years old, you know."

LISA RETURNS FROM LILLY'S PART OF the house, adjusting her ragged T-shirt and musing about how the body seems "increasingly irrelevant" to her. "Fear and sex, those are the great manipulators," she says. She looks at me pointedly, swigging on her baby bottle. "Isn't Dad great?"

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The SPY 10

Our Annual Census of the Most Annoying, Alarming and Appalling People, Places and Things



No. 2

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLYN JONES

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Institutional anniversaries are supposed to be occasions for smug retrospection, forgiveness of old nemeses and boozy utterances of "What a long, strange trip it's been!" But we'll have none of it—here at SPY 100 headquarters, we're just plain *disgusted*. Consider: Last year we chewed on issues like German reunification, the savings-and-loan crisis and the prospect of war in the Persian Gulf. This year we've got a U.S. senator running around pantsless (No. 3, Kennedys Run Amok), a children's entertainer sitting in a movie theater partially pantsless (No. 21, Pee-wee Hysteria) and allegations that an elderly pop singer spent some time in the White House pantsless (see No. 25, Kitty Kelley). Clearly the world has become a tawdrier place in 1991, and that has us family-oriented, multiethnic, eco-conscious people of The Nineties (No. 17) *worried*. At our most recent staff meeting—held, as all such meetings are these days, in the SPY commons over butter cookies and fruit punch—the mood was one of concern. The usual complainers raised the usual sore points (worn-out typewriter ribbons, the chronic shortage of talc at the SPY baby-changing station, the combined .167 softball batting average of the "ringers" hired to be our summer interns), but most of us were bent on figuring out a way to express our indignation at what we think is civilization's full-throttle descent into Sodom-and-Gomorrahism. We hit upon the idea of supplementing The SPY 100—whose order was determined, as always, by feeding raw data into a trusty old analog computer—with a series of special 1991-in-a-nutshell appendices. Therefore, if you desire grisly elaborations on New York as 1975 Theme Park (No. 5) or Thelmas and Louises (No. 11), simply consult Appendix D, "The Ten Most Senseless Murders in New York This Year (So Far)." If you wish to become further enraged at Liz Smith (No. 75) or Steve Ross, CEO of Time Warner (No. 62), take a look at Appendix C, "Who's Overpaid, Who's Underpaid," and learn something about Norman Schwarzkopf (No. 60) and Tom Clancy (No. 277 on the long, unpublished list) along the way. Proud as we are of our innovative appendices, we're sorry to say their presence once again prevents us from expanding, as we had originally planned, to The SPY 1,000. As a result, you'll not have the opportunity to read at length what we have to say about Those Phone-Sex Advertisements on the Ground That Look Like Money (No. 412), Call Waiting (No. 161) and First-Run Syndicated Programs Other Than *Arsenio* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation* (No. 335). Maybe next year.

1 THE NEW WORLD DISORDER



For a few weeks there, we could almost glimpse that copacetic Bushian vision—gradual Soviet democracy, Iraq chastened decisively, the Middle East nudged toward reasonableness. But now the USSR is blowing helter-skelter into ever-smaller angry ethnic strongholds, with no one sure who's in control of the nuclear warheads. The sanitary overthrow of Saddam never quite materialized, and *he* still has bits of nukes, too. The Kurds' uprising, the one we encouraged and then declined to back, only made their problems worse. And the Kuwaiti oil fields burn on.

2 JOHN SUNUNU

A tubby Bush aide named Sununu
Took sleazy trips—ah, but who knew?
Caught yet unchastened,
Sununu then hastened
To buy stamps (and speak ill of Jews too!).

3 KENNEDYS RUN AMOK

From *Camelot* to *Porky's* in three short decades. You'd think that Teddy—with his son and ex-wife just out of treatment and his reputation so shredded that Orrin Hatch, for God's sake, openly implores him to lay off the carousing—might finally chill out. But don't count on it.

4 KEYSTONE KOPS

Time was when the word *policeman* conjured up images of ruddy, Rockwellian men named O'Malley. But in L.A. it now connotes racist Terminators; in Milwaukee, homophobia and investigative incompetence; and in Sarasota, pointless porn-house raids.



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THE SPY 5-24

5 NEW YORK AS 1975 THEME PARK

Homicide marathons. Unthinkable fiscal woe. Thousands of city layoffs. A dorky mayor. **Mitigating Factor:** A hit movie directed by a Van Peebles!

6 THE KIEFER-AND-JULIA BROUHAHA

It's just as well: any marriage with a sea-foam-green color scheme and *Chicago Joe and the Showgirl*'s star as its groom was doomed to failure.

7 THE DEMOCRATS

Tsongas announced; Gore, Gephardt and Rockefeller announced—*not*; Wilder and Robb cannibalized each other. As Casey Stengel once observed about a no-less-sorry collection, "Can't anybody play this game?"

8 BLAMING THE JEWS

Newly released tapes revealed Nixon blamed Jews for the 1968 Chicago-convention melee; Dr. Leonard Jeffries of City College blamed Jews for the existence of a black underclass; Alan Dershowitz blamed Jews for lacking chutzpah. See also No. 2, John Sununu.

9 SADDAM HUSSEIN

Okay, you're George Bush. The question is, do you kill off this terrific villain you've got here, or keep him around in case you want to do a sequel?

10 SAINT GEORGE



Bush's emerging historical profile—war victor, two-termer, foreign-policy BMOC, bonefisherman—may very well make future generations forget that he vetoed civil-rights legislation, cozied up to evil Chinese and Syrian despots and sought to open millions of acres of U.S. wetlands to development.

11 THELMAS AND LOUISES



Well before weenie movie critics started carping that *Thelma and Louise* would incite women to homicide, Pamela Smart arranged for her teenage pupil-lover to eighty-six her husband, and Carolyn Warmus stood trial for the murder of her lover's wife. **Mitigating Factor:** The woman who blew up Rajiv Gandhi died in the explosion.

12 THE MEN'S MOVEMENT

If only the Wild Man within Robert Bly had emerged in, oh, 1975, and killed him.

13 OUTING

So prevalent has it become that even alleged rape victims are being outed—in the *Times,* no less.

14 AL D'AMATO'S BOGUS VINDICATION

15 POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

Suddenly we're somehow nostalgic for the days when the nation's most hateful political extremists were ruddy, overfed fundamentalists from Lynchburg named Earle, not dreadlocked, Birkenstock-wearing white undergraduates staging hunger strikes.

16 THE FIXING OF THE 1980 ELECTION

17 THE NINETIES

If sweetness and sincerity mean so much to us, why are Julia Phillips, Kitty Kelley and P. J. O'Rourke at the top of the best-seller list?



AS FOLKSY REPLACES TRENDY, *WIGWAG* MAGAZINE THRIVES

—New York Times *headline, November 29, 1990*

18 NETWORK DEATH THROES

All you need to know is, the single hit of the year was PBS's *The Civil War.*

19 THE CRUMBLING FINANCIAL INFRASTRUCTURE

First S&L's, now insurers and banks. Call this the Disintegration Decade.

20 SANCTIMONIOUS BACKLASH

When Bush's health scare prompted a welcome new rash of Quayle-fear, the *Times*'s Abe Rosenthal, among others, defended the veep as a savvy public servant. When *60 Minutes* ran an unflattering profile of Al D'Amato, Ed Koch blasted the program. And when *The New Republic* printed a reasonable critique of the publishing industry, scores of literary types wrote wounded, shrill letters defending those criticized in the article. See also No. 25, Kitty Kelley.

21 PEE-WEE HYSTERIA

What started out as a quiet taking-in of a matinee ended up—unfathomably—as global news.

22 TRAGEDY GRIDLOCK

It's sexier, alas, to care about animal rights and rain forests than it is to care about the victims of the anti-Kurd crackdown, the Bangladesh cyclone and the Philippines volcano.

23 GATES-GATE

LAPD chief Daryl Gates's paramilitary reign won't end a moment too soon; CIA director-designate Robert Gates has never adequately accounted for his role in the Iran-contra affair; multibillionaire Microsoft chairman Bill Gates faces an FTC investigation for possible antitrust violations; and historian Henry Louis Gates writes too many *Times* book reviews and opinion pieces.

24 THE BALKANIZATION OF THE BALKANS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY BLITT

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25 KITTY KELLEY

She so overplayed her hand that she became second in loathsomeness only to her subject, Nancy Reagan.

26 ALAN DERSHOWITZ

Like Ed Koch, loudmouthed Dersh has embarrassed American Jewry by appointing himself its spokesman.

27 THE *AMERICAN PSYCHO* CONTROVERSY

28 EXECUTIVE-BRANCH RACISM

The Willie Horton White House now plans to employ a '92 strategy that will stress quotas, Kuwait and crime—*KKK*, in GOP lingo.

29 UNSUCCESSFUL COMEBACKS

Jim Palmer, Mark Spitz, Norman Lear and Sardi's tried, pathetically, to reconstitute their 1970s heydays.

30 SUCCESSFUL COMEBACKS

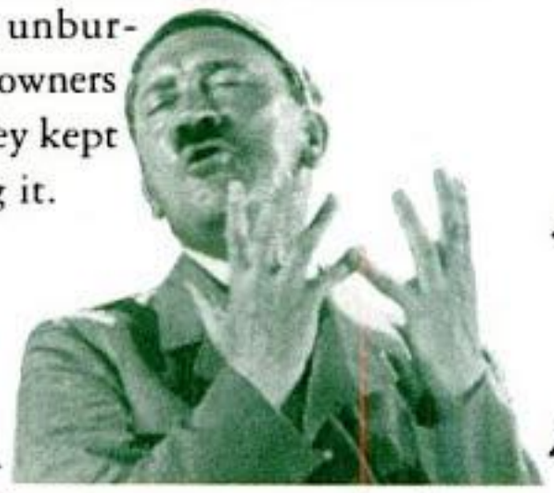
But as luck would have it, cholera, polio, measles, rabies and Burt Reynolds all managed to return to prominence.

31 OUR JAPANESE FRIENDS

Let us not bash them but celebrate their magnanimity: they declined to send troops to the Gulf but still sent a belated financial gift; they unburdened the AT&T Building's owners of property upkeep; and they kept MCA competitive by buying it.

32 THE MADONNA GLUT

33 HITLER'S BACK!



Eastern European skinheadism; "Nazi Bart" T-shirts; the computer game that lets players run concentration camps. Oh, and David Duke.

34 COLLEGE PRESIDENTS RUN AMOK

Stanford's Donald Kennedy resigned amid the furor over his school's overcharging the federal government $1.35 million. Central Florida University's Steve Altman patronized escort services. And the University of South Carolina's James Holderman was convicted of tax violations.

35 THE REVIVALIST RUT

Has Seventh Avenue given up on designing anything that's not retro-sixties and -seventies? Judge for yourself: polyester is back, not as camp but as a "plushy, feel-good"—and couture-expensive—microfiber.

36 BABYWATCH

Pregnancy as publicity ploy: Demi Moore, Annette Bening. Pregnancy as occasion for a visit from a *People* reporter: Deborah Norville, Meredith Vieira, Katie Couric.

37 THE U.VA. DRUG RAID, MAN

38 DUMB, IMITATIVE MOVIE-HOUSE VIOLENCE

39 GULF WAR JINGOISM

The yellow ribbons; the Lee Greenwood sing-alongs; the flag-decorated T-shirts that say THESE COLORS DON'T RUN; the ersatz-1940s conversations about the "heinous dictator" and "our troops overseas."

40 THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT GRACIE MANSION

The only aspect of David Dinkins that reflects confidence and authority is his backhand.

"By next spring, at least one of these Democrats [Cuomo, Gephardt, Wilder, Bradley, Nunn and Kerrey] should be at the starting gate."

—Newsweek, *November 12, 1990*



41 SUPERIORS WHO ABANDON THEIR UNDERLINGS

Simon & Schuster's Dick Snyder blamed his editors for *American Psycho*; Max Frankel took no responsibility for the *Times*'s naming the Palm Beach accuser; and the captain of the ship that sank near South Africa was on one of the first lifeboats.

42 THE END OF HIGH CULTURE

It's not that *Terminator 2* was the summer's highest grosser. It's that Martha Graham, Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland and Robert Motherwell died.

43 ECO-PROFITEERING

Chevron, Texaco and ARCO attached themselves to pro-green groups and ad campaigns. No one was fooled.

44 GROWN MEN CRYING



Mayor Dinkins misted up announcing budget cuts. So did Clarence Thomas (reflecting on his upbringing), Al D'Amato (when let off the hook), Norman Schwarzkopf (when he retired) and George "Here We Go" Bush.

45 CLARK CLIFFORD

It seems appropriate penance for the consummate D.C. fixer to cap his 60-year career with the BCCI scandal.

46 THE *THIRTYSOMETHING* BEAT

The *Times* reported—not in its TV reviews but *as stand-alone news stories*—Gary's death, Nancy's cancer, Michael's resignation and Miles Drentell's management techniques.

47 "REALLY, I *AM* PSYCHOTIC!"

The con man who inspired *Six Degrees of Separation* and a zany Stephen King fan who says she inspired *Misery* want back pay from the authors.

48 *DANCES WITH WOLVES*

One woolly-headed New Age paean to Native Americans doth not an auteur make.

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THE SPY 49–67

49 AMATEUR POLITICIANS

Senator Sonny Bono? Governor Schwarzenegger? Isn't this what England has the House of Lords for?

50 RECYCLED CULTURE

Ninety-nine-cent forgettables by the Bee Gees, ELO and Paul Revere and the Raiders returned in expensive CD "anthologies." And it cost $7.50 to see *Spartacus*.



"We have examined very carefully the data from the Iran-Iraq war, and we are convinced, all 100 of us, military men at the Center, that Iraq is going to be a very powerful and determined foe."

—Rear Admiral Gene La Rocque (ret.), director of the Center for Defense Information, in testimony before the House of Representatives, November 27, 1990

51 BUFFOONERY ON THE BAYOU

Democrat turned Republican Buddy Roemer's failed attempt at political opportunism makes David Duke's chances of becoming governor (of a state with the nation's nuttiest anti-abortion law) that much better.

52 MICHAEL LANDON GRIEF

Little Joe's death of pancreatic cancer at age 54 was a tragedy, but did Landon really deserve more coverage than the Warsaw Pact, which expired the same day? Would that Mike had gone with the quiet dignity of Bert Convy.

53 SERIAL-KILLER MANIA



From nightmarish sociopathy (Jack the Ripper, Son of Sam) to lucrative cottage industry (*The Silence of the Lambs*, *American Psycho*) to nightmarish sociopathy (Jeffrey Dahmer).

54 THE SUPREME COURT

1991 rulings: suspects can be detained for 48 hours without explanation; illegally obtained evidence can be used at trials; federally funded family-planning clinics cannot provide certain family-planning information.

55 ECONOMIC OVEROPTIMISM

Don't worry if you missed the recovery: another one will be along in just a few minutes.

56 ROBERT MAXWELL AS SAVIOR OF THE WORKING MAN





57 NO-BRAINER MONSTER SLEEPERS

The incorrect conclusions derived from the success of *Pretty Woman*, *Ghost* and *Home Alone*: that Julia Roberts is a brilliant actress; that Demi Moore is a bankable actress; that John Hughes is a cinematic genius.

58 SOMEBODY'S KILLING THE REPUBLICANS!

Lee Atwater. John Heinz. John Tower. Frank Rizzo. Is Liddy now working for the other side?

59 THE DANA PLATO FACTOR

It's only a matter of time before Jaleel White (*Family Matters*'s Steve Urkel) opens fire on a McDonald's.

60 SCHWARZKOPF FOR SALE

Norm's okay, but like Bob Hope specials on NBC, there's just too much of him.

61 DYNASTY ROCK

The Nelson boys, Wilson Phillips and Sean Lennon: *literally* derivative of older, better musicians.

62 TIME WARNER

How fearful of Steve Ross should we be when the company he runs is billions in debt and the best he can muster is a coercive rights offering whose transparent desperation drove the stock down?

63 *MISS SAIGON*

Ten million dollars and a helicopter would better serve an Oxfam famine-relief effort than it would a bus-tour group in town to see a musical.

64 VICTOR KIAM

Amusing as it was to read the sports press's solemn condemnations of locker-room penis waving, the New England Patriots' owner bungled the Lisa Olson flap.

65 SMART MEN, FOOLISH THEORIES

An Iowa State professor proposed improving the Earth's climate by reducing the Earth's tilt—by blowing up the moon with nuclear warheads. A New Mexico scientist predicted a calamitous earthquake in Missouri that never happened. The National Research Council called for airplane engines that would spew thick soot into the sky, forming a substitute for missing ozone.

66 MORT ZUCKERMAN

The mousy little city ruiner now wants to build an office park at Thoreau's Walden. **Mitigating Factor:** His plans have pissed off Don Henley.

67 MAJOR LEAGUE SCHMUCKS

Lenny Dykstra car-crashed himself out of the Phillies' lineup. Jose Canseco, Albert Belle and Rob Dibble attacked fans. Darryl Strawberry affected religiosity.

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68 EXXON VS. EARTH

Exxon's $1.1 billion settlement with the state of Alaska collapsed; now begins what promises to be an eternal, monstrously expensive legal battle.

69 UNSEEMLY TELEVISION VERITÉ

Televised executions, exorcisms, gallbladder operations—when will Geraldo show the Danbury quasi-rape video?

70 SALOMON BROTHERS

Gee, and we thought *Liar's Poker* was just a metaphor.

71 OUT, DAMNED FAT

Dietary alchemy continues: McLean, Spam Lite and a Boston biophysicist's recipe for homemade lean beef.

72 VANILLA ICE



Some have called him the Elvis of rap. But Elvis had talent to go with the demented sneer.

73 CNN'S EGO TRIP

For five minutes CNN was Murrow on the Philco, and the world was in popover-faced Peter Arnett's thrall. Then it became boring old CNN again.

74 DONALD TRUMP, ONE CLASSY GUY

Like a Duraflame log, the synthetically good-looking deadbeat is more colorful going down in flames than he was sitting on top of the heap. He finally divorced himself from Ivana, but not without staging a public settlement-check presentation at which he took potshots at the mother of his children. He remains a visionary: no previous owner had thought of taking The Plaza condo.

75 LIZ SMITH

"I let people tell their own versions of their history," the overcompensated former scab said. "What difference does it make?"

76 NEEDLESS EXHUMATIONS

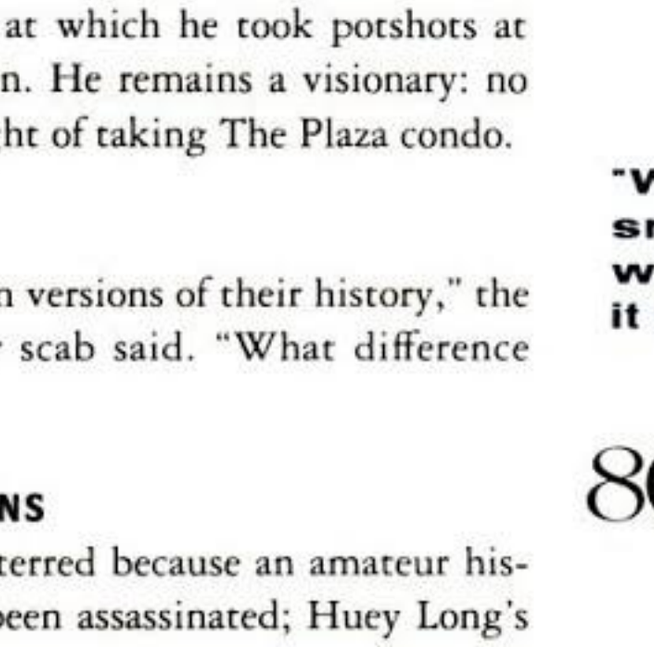
Zachary Taylor was disinterred because an amateur historian suspected he had been assassinated; Huey Long's killer will be dug up so that Louisiana prosecutors can gain insight into his possible motives; and Farrah and Ryan were briefly returned to prime time by CBS.

77 MICHELE CASSONE

This year's Jessica Hahn/Sukhreet Gabel, who had the good taste to profiteer off an acquaintance's alleged rape.

78 CELEBRITY PUGILISTS

Has-been assholes Mickey Rourke, Robert Conrad and Mark Gastineau claimed to be boxers.



79 NEVER-ENDING STORIES

The reversed or reduced sentences of 1980s villains Oliver North, Mario Biaggi, Dennis Levine and John Mulheren. Robert Gates–inspired reinvestigations of Iran-contra. The return of Drexel Burnham Lambert.

80 BACKSEAT DRIVER OF THE FREE WORLD

Of her handpicked successor, John Major, Margaret Thatcher said, "He stands for nothing....He has no ideas."

81 THE SCOURGE OF PAY-PER-VIEW



James Brown's televised comeback concert cost the home viewer $19.95. The Tyson-Ruddock fight? $39.95. Will Jerry make us pay to watch the telethon?

82 SEAN YOUNG

Looks like herbal tea and relaxation techniques just aren't doing the job.

83 AUTOIMMUNE DEFICIENCIES

The First Spaniel and the First Thyroid don't need this kind of aggravation.

84 THE DISNEY REGIME

Think about it: they commission their own architecture, rely heavily on iconography, issue dictatorial manifestos and bully the people who could be their greatest assets (Peggy Lee, Henson Associates, screenwriters).

85 SPORTS OVEREXPANSION

Padres and *Jazz* were awful enough, but the *new* teams' names—Tampa Bay Lightning (NHL), Sacramento Surge (WLAF), Orlando Magic (NBA)—are inexcusable.

"Whatever trampling of feet and sneering, whatever slogans, whatever jeering from squares, it won't knock me off the rails."

—then–Soviet president Mikhail Gorbachev at a meeting with striking miners, April 1991



86 ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S NUPTIALS

White-trash groom, met in rehab. Michael Jackson giving away the bride. If it didn't exist, the *Enquirer* and the *Star* would have to invent it.

87 THE TABLOIDIFICATION OF THE *TIMES*

Naming a rape victim! Plugging Kitty Kelley! User-friendly sports! Garry Trudeau on Op-Ed! *Koo-ky!*

88 WINNIE MANDELA

Her Sinatra-esque retinue of thug bodyguards nearly threw a wrench into the process on whose behalf her husband spent a quarter century in jail.

89 LYCRA MADNESS

Too many people wearing bicycle shorts who shouldn't, and looking like wursts squeezing out of their casings.

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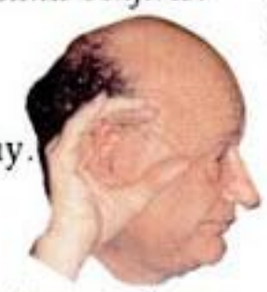
THE SPY 90–100

90 *THE DOORS*

"We all feel the sixties are coming back," said Oliver Stone, assuming we, like him, define *the sixties* as *an awesome rock concert where naked babes dance around bonfires.*

91 ED KOCH

We no longer *care* how you're doing, big guy.



92 PITCHING IN!

Thirty thousand New York building-service workers strike; 30,000 human-interest stories detail how Blaine Trump and Pat Buckley take out their own garbage.



93 DAN QUAYLE

What was he worried about when he had the pipes in his house checked for lead? *Brain damage?*

94 EDITH CRESSON

France's John Silber–ish new prime minister and rumored Mitterand hose monkey likened the Japanese to ants and British men to women.

95 INFOMERCIALS

They're weirdly addictive and scary, especially when it's 3:15 a.m. and Richard Simmons is crying.

96 SAY IT AIN'T SO, HULK

Steroids? We're *shocked*—we thought pro wrestlers and football players just drank lots of milk.

97 NICOL WILLIAMSON

The *I Hate Hamlet* star may be the first actor to have been a more ruinous critic of his own play than Frank Rich.

98 NEITHER RAIN NOR SNOW NOR COMPETENCE . . .

We'd just as soon have paid 30 cents a stamp last winter. Now it looks like we will.

99 GOATEES

Springsteen. Willis. Depp. Stipe. Pee-wee. *Why?*



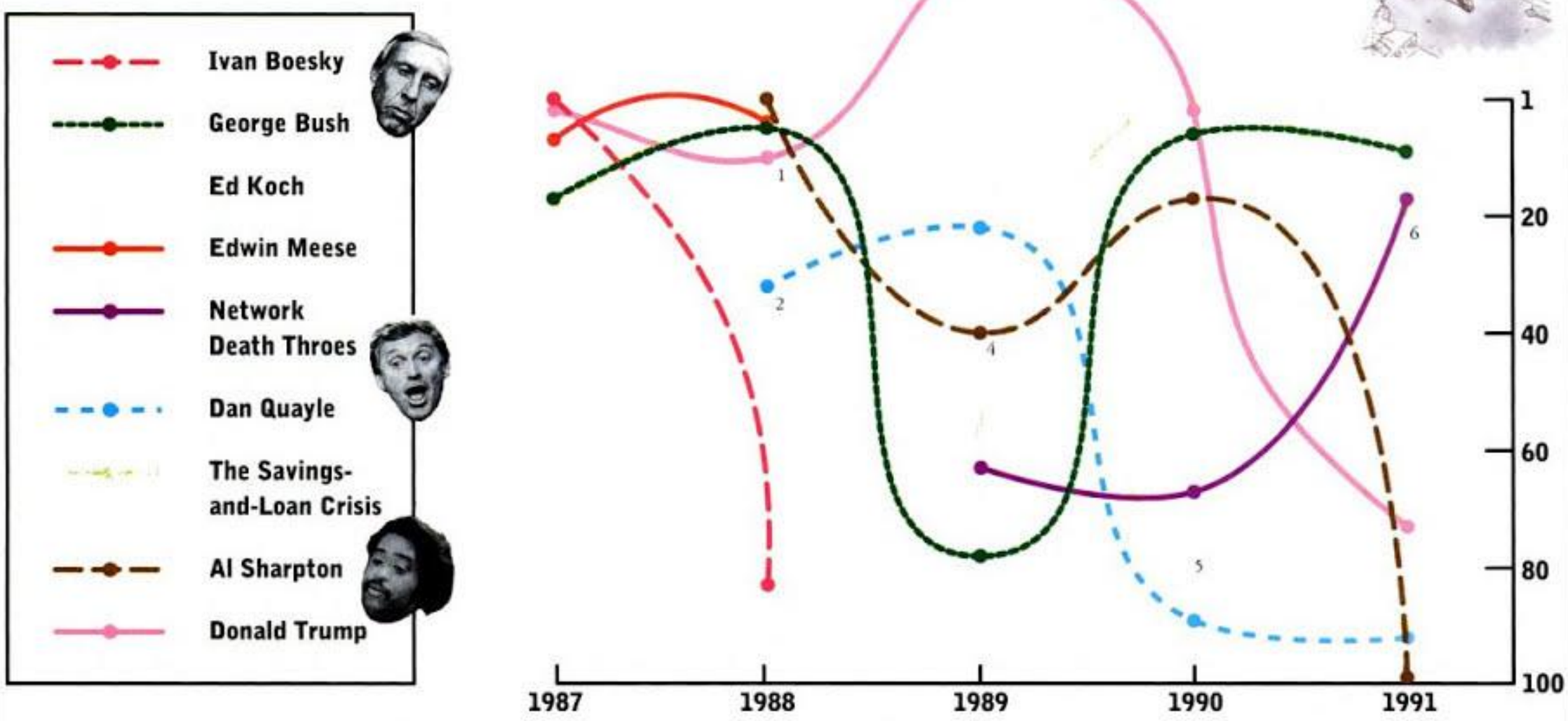
100 AL SHARPTON

TO: John Landis. RE: Movie proposal. PLOT SUMMARY: Portly activist-minister (Fred Berry, Rerun on *What's Happening!!*) junkets to England, where, trailed by reporters from the *Sun* and *Daily Mail* (Bob Hoskins and Rowan Atkinson), he accuses the queen (Maggie Smith) of sitting atop a "racist empire." Bedlam ensues.



APPENDIX A The SPY 100: The First Five Years

The graph below illustrates how a few select individuals and events have placed in The SPY 100 over the course of the survey's history, and demonstrates the accuracy of The SPY 100 as an empirical gauge of the Zeitgeist.



1. Trump charted five times; his highest ranking in the 1988 survey, Donald Trump, Candidate (No. 10), is used here. He also appeared as D.T., Acquirer (No. 14); D.T., Boxing Promoter (No. 21); D.T., Author (No. 26); and D.T., Fixer of Things We'd Almost Rather See Broken (No. 30).
2. Quayle appeared with Lloyd Bentsen in the entry Running Mates.
3. In 1989, every SPY 100 entry was given its own TrumpScore™, reflecting the degree to which it was related to Trump or his ethos.
4. Sharpton appeared as part of the entry The Brawley Bunch.
5. Koch appeared only in the entry Ex-Pols as Mouths for Hire.
6. S&L's chart as part of The Crumbling Financial Infrastructure.

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APPENDIX B The Ten Greatest Lawsuits of 1991 (In No Particular Order)

FRANK MANCUSO V. PARAMOUNT COMMUNICATIONS INC.

Mancuso, who ran Paramount Pictures for seven years, sued the studio's parent company, Paramount Communications, for breach of contract after he was fired in March. In May, Mancuso settled out of court for an undisclosed amount, believed to be about half the $45-million he had originally sought.

BLACK & DECKER V. 20TH CENTURY FOX

Black & Decker sued Fox in December for negligent misrepresentation and breach of contract on the grounds that Fox had promised to place a Black & Decker Univolt drill in Bruce Willis's hand during one of the key action scenes of *Die Hard II: Die Harder*. The scene was filmed but did not make the movie's final cut. Black & Decker sought $150,000, and settled for an undisclosed amount in January.

MRS. RODNEY KING V. CITY OF LOS ANGELES

Mrs. King, the wife of the motorist whose videotaped police beating made headlines, sued the city in March for $2 million in compensatory damages, in part because her husband's beating allegedly left him unable to perform sexually.

MICHAEL AND WILLIAM RANDALL V. BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

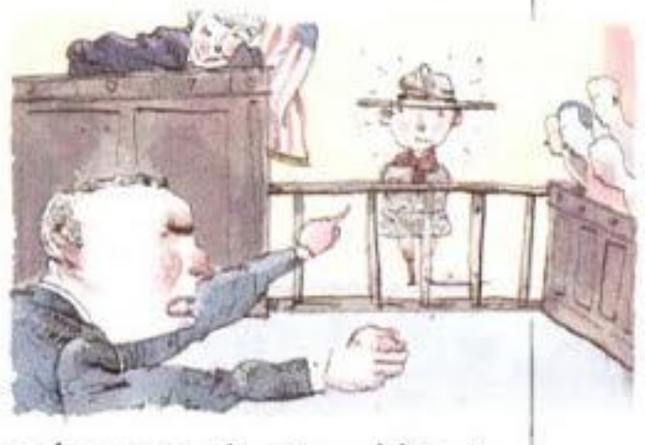
The Randalls, nine-year-old twins from Anaheim Hills, California, sued the Scouts in February for reinstatement after they were asked to leave their Cub Scout pack for refusing to invoke the name of God in the Scout oath. In other Scouts-on-the-dockets news, a California judge ruled against a man who sued for reinstatement as a Scout leader after he was dismissed for taking a male date to his senior prom, and the Miami Circuit Court ruled against an eight-year-old girl who sued to attend an all-male Cub Scouts summer camp.

MGM V. PINK PANTHER PATROL



The defendant, a New York group formed to combat antigay violence, was sued by the studio in January for trademark infringement. MGM, producer of the *Pink Panther* films and animated Saturday-morning series, said that while it supported the rights of all minorities, it had no choice but to defend its trademark. MGM seeks damages of $300,000.

STEVEN ADLER V. GUNS N' ROSES



Adler, Guns n' Roses's original drummer, sued the band in July for unspecified damages, claiming the other members of the group encouraged him to become a heroin addict in keeping with the band's bad-boy image and then fired him despite his attempts to rehabilitate himself. Guns n' Roses is also being sued by Contemporary Productions, promoters of the band's July show in Maryland Heights, Missouri, for violating a contractual agreement to refrain from "provocative" or "dangerous" behavior.

ROBERT MAXWELL V. THE INDEPENDENT

In July, Maxwell filed a libel suit against the publisher of *The Independent*, a newspaper of which he is part owner, after the paper reported that Maxwell Communications was $2.14 billion in debt.

PILLSBURY V. SUNSHINE BISCUITS

Pillsbury sued Sunshine in July for trademark infringement, claiming that Sunshine's Drox character, used to promote Hydrox cookies, was too similar in appearance to the Pillsbury Doughboy. In the suit, Pillsbury accused Drox of being "a two-legged, puffy, white voiced [*sic*] character." Sunshine, while not admitting to any wrongdoing, agreed to change the appearance of its character.

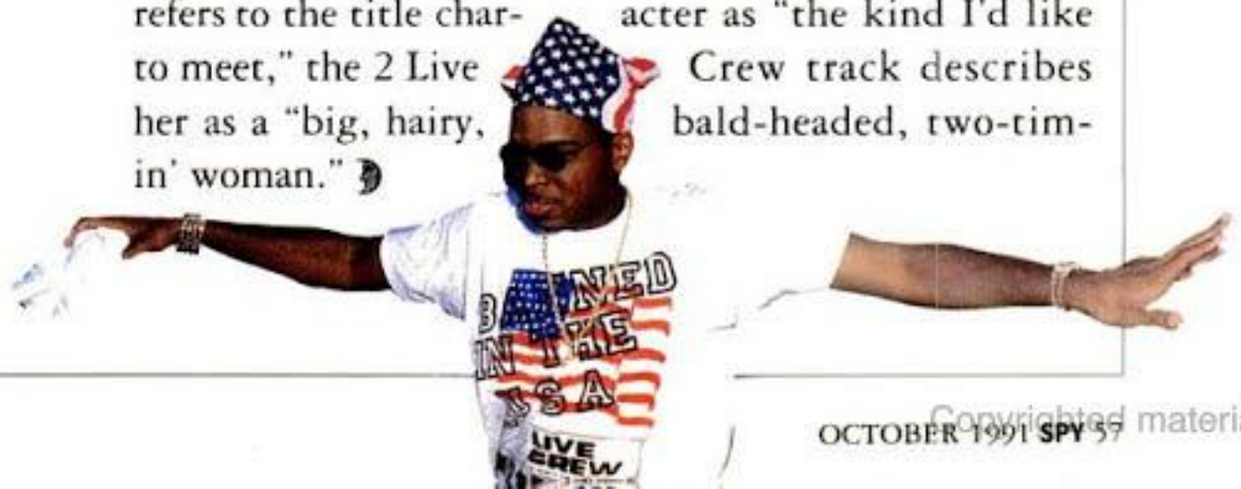


EVEREADY BATTERY CO. V. COORS BREWING CO.

Eveready filed suit in May, seeking to ban a Coors television advertisement from the airwaves. The advertisement, a parody of Eveready's Energizer campaign, featured actor Leslie Nielsen dressed in the familiar pink ears and tail of the Eveready rabbit. A judge in Chicago ruled in favor of Coors, noting that Coors's imitation was "far from excessive" and that "Mr. Nielsen is not a toy (mechanical or otherwise), does not run on batteries, is not 15 inches tall, is not predominantly pink [and] does not wear sunglasses or beach thongs."

ACUFF ROSE MUSIC V. 2 LIVE CREW

Acuff Rose sued 2 Live Crew for copyright violations, claiming that the rappers' song "Pretty Woman" was too similar to the Roy Orbison song "Oh, Pretty Woman," the rights of which are administered by the plaintiff. A federal district judge ruled against Acuff Rose in January, noting that while Orbison's song refers to the title character as "the kind I'd like to meet," the 2 Live Crew track describes her as a "big, hairy, bald-headed, two-timin' woman."



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APPENDIX C Who's Overpaid, Who's Underpaid



These being the nineties, people no longer ooh and aah at salaries like Time Warner's Steve Ross's ($78-million): they get mad. With the list below we join in this angry populist outcry.

OVERPAID	UNDERPAID
Jim Davis, creator of bad, predictable comic strips *Garfield* and *U.S. Acres*: **$11 million** a year from syndication, merchandising rights and endorsements	**Korean artist** at Akom Studio in Seoul, which executes the animation for *The Simpsons*: **$24,000** a year
Paul Harvey, grating, possibly senile right-wing radio personality: **$7 million** a year	**Nina Totenberg**, correspondent for National Public Radio: **$65,000** a year (estimated)
Siskel and Ebert, improbably telegenic movie critics: **$2 million** a year (combined)	**George Odom**, star of Matty Rich's *Straight Out of Brooklyn*: **$5,000**
Teri Shields, stage mother: **$120,000** to be an "executive consultant" on her daughter Brooke's long-delayed film *Brenda Starr*	**Mother Teresa**, Calcutta-based altruist: **no salary**; room and board covered by donations
Liz Smith, deranged, factually inaccurate *Newsday* gossipeuse: **$500,000** a year (estimated)	**Anna Quindlen**, talented, factually accurate *Times* columnist: **$100,000** a year (estimated)
 **Tom Clancy**, red-bashing novelist: a reported **$50 million** for four books	**Mikhail Gorbachev**, increasingly moot post-Communist Soviet leader: **$30,000** a year
Gus Bevona, president of Service Employees International Union and leader of doormen's strike: **$412,000** a year	**Carlos Guzman**, porter in Manhattan residential building: **less than $25,000** a year
Arnold Schwarzenegger, good guy in fictional, futuristic shoot-'em-up epic: **$12 million** for *Terminator 2*	 **General Norman Schwarzkopf**, good guy in real, present-day shoot-'em-up epic: **$103,928** a year
Johnny Carson, three-hours-a-week, 37-weeks-a-year performer: **$18 million** a year	**NRBQ**, several-hours-a-night, 125-gigs-a-year rock band: **$4,000–$10,000** per gig, spread over four members and a manager
Martin Davis, chairman of Paramount Communications, which earned $23-million in profits in 1990: **$11.3 million**	**David Glass,** CEO of Wal-Mart, which earned $1.3-billion in profits in 1990: **$880,000**

APPENDIX D The Ten Most Senseless Murders in New York City This Year (So Far)



January 10: Quran Horton of Bushwick was shot in the chest by a stranger. Why? The guy wanted Horton's leather "eight ball" jacket.

January 25: George Gibson, a doorman at a Chelsea club, was shot by a group of club patrons. Why? They resented his request that they check their coats.

March 6: Pamela and Shakota Andrews of Brooklyn, a mother and daughter distraught over Pamela's recent miscarriage, invited over their friend Raquel Montano and allegedly bludgeoned her to death, tossed her into a shopping cart, doused her with nail-polish remover and set her on fire. Then they kidnapped Montano's baby. Why? Pamela wanted to present a newborn to her boyfriend as her own.





March 29: Joseph Celso and some associates spotted a graffitist at work near an area of Queens called Spaghetti Park. They allegedly chased the man for 16 blocks, doused him with a fire extinguisher and bludgeoned him to death with baseball bats. Why? "This was graffiti-motivated," said Sergeant Michael Ciravolo. "They took exception to [the man's] marking up the walls."

April 10: In Staten Island three men attempted to mug two Mexican immigrants, shooting both and killing one, Miguel Almazo. Why? *El no hablaba inglés.*

April 19: Seventeen-year-old Carlos Geraud of Queens was shot in the chest while walking his German shepherd. Why? His murderers were angry at him for standing up to their taunts about his dog.

May 14: Mehmet Ljikovic walked upstairs to the apartment of his Queens condo board's chairman and allegedly pumped several 9mm rounds into the chairman's gut. Why? The condo board had sent Ljikovic a complaint about the noise his children were making, police say.

July 20: Francisco Crisafulli was showing his son around the Bronx factory where he worked when two men appeared at the door asking for jobs. One of them fired at least three shots from a .38, killing Crisafulli. Why? No jobs were available.

August 2: Julian Cowell allegedly stabbed his Washington Heights roommate, Deborah Bowling, to death, dismembered her with a circular saw and burned all identifiable features off her face. Why? She'd told him he was taking too long in the shower.

August 6: Marc Haynes, a 15-year-old from Flatbush, was playing basketball in a park when a teammate suddenly stabbed him to death. Why? He'd refused to pass the ball.

—Cynthia Cotts

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APPENDIX E Alleged Plagiarists and Their Excuses



It's been said that 1991 has been a banner year for plagiarism. More truthfully, 1991 has been a banner year for self-righteous finger-pointers who revel in discovering instances of plagiarism. Below, a brief survey of the excuses made by those who've been caught, and/or the punishments they've received.

ALLEGED OFFENSE	EXCUSE	PUNISHMENT
Stanford University lecturer Richard Tanner Pascale lifted portions of his book *Managing on the Edge—How the Smartest Companies Use Conflict to Stay Ahead* nearly verbatim, without quotation marks, from a 1986 *Washington Monthly* article by Gregg Easterbrook.	Pascale claimed innocence, saying he had cited Easterbrook's article in 20 footnotes and adding, "I thought very highly of Easterbrook's writing, and I used it as a guideline."	Stanford's academic committee has begun an investigation into Pascale's methods; Simon & Schuster will correct future editions.
George Carpozi Jr., author of *Poison Pen: The Unauthorized Biography of Kitty Kelley*, purchased an article from a bureau chief of his employer, the *Star*, for $100 and resold it as his own work to the London edition of *Penthouse* for £750. 	Carpozi admitted he had done it to make a buck.	Carpozi was suspended from the *Star*.
University of Massachusetts–Amherst historian Stephen Oates plagiarized portions of his best-selling biography *With Malice Toward None: The Life of Abraham Lincoln* from the 1952 book *Abraham Lincoln*.	Oates denied any plagiarism and responded with a 200-page, point-by-point refutation sent to 34 eminent historians.	Twenty-two of the historians have announced they support Oates, but the American Historical Association has begun an investigation.
H. Joachim Maitre, dean of Boston University's College of Communication, delivered a commencement address whose content was largely lifted from an article by film critic Michael Medved.	Maitre said he'd distributed copies of the article before giving the address, proving no plagiarism was intended; of not crediting Medved during the speech, Maitre said he "must have slipped into a black hole."	Maitre was forced to resign as dean but remains on the faculty.
New York Times reporter Fox Butterfield lifted parts of his account of Maitre's plagiarism from *The Boston Globe*.	None given, though a *Times* correction said Butterfield's story had been "improperly dependent" on the *Globe*'s.	Butterfield was suspended for one week. 
University of Tennessee graduate students Peggy Potter, Charles Hill and Dennis Faulkner, all of whom have NASA or U.S. military jobs, copied parts of their professor's master's and doctoral theses in exchange for promising the professor, Walter Frost, future NASA and military contracts.	Faulkner claimed it had all been the professor's idea.	Potter was forced to return her master's degree and was demoted and disciplined by NASA; Faulkner was forced to return his doctorate; Frost resigned; action against Hill is still pending.
In reporting on Florida's mosquito problem, *Washington Post* Miami-bureau chief Laura Parker borrowed heavily from a series of *Miami Herald* articles.	None given; Parker would say only, "My integrity and ethics have never been questioned in my 16 years in journalism."	Parker was fired; the *Post* apologized to the *Herald*.
Hidetoshi Okada, a senior writer for Kyodo News Service, Japan's largest news agency, plagiarized 51 articles from a series published 17 years earlier in a Japanese newspaper. 	None given.	Okada was dismissed; Kyodo's managing editor was relieved of his duties; four other senior editors lost their titles or took pay cuts; president Shinji Sakai took a 10 percent pay cut, then announced his resignation; an in-house commission was appointed to investigate the scandal.

The 1991 SPY 100 Task Force: Robinson Everett, David Hyatt, Timothy Long, Laura Spivak, Sam Whitehead

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They're creepy and they're kooky,
Mysterious and spooky,
They inherited a vastly wealthy and powerful art gallery that secretly sold paintings to Hitler and Göring and other Nazis during the war,
They're altogether ooky, they're

The Wildenstein family

by Jonathan Napack

THE SECRET LIVES OF THE DEALERS WHO RUN THE MASTERPIECE MARKET

If you walk down upper Fifth Avenue on one of those perfect, iris-blue October afternoons when Manhattan is at its best—on a day when the air has that glassy autumn coolness and clarity, and the sidewalks are as golden as wheat in the slightly muted autumn sun; on a day when the new season for opera, parties, fashion and everything else has quickened, and your fellow pedestrians seem like the best-looking, best-dressed people anywhere—you will pass the Metropolitan Museum of Art and, 12 blocks south, the small, flawless Frick Collection. Maybe you will stop in one or both museums to look at a Rembrandt or a Poussin or a Boucher, and you will think that New York is a wonderful place.

Probably, you won't be thinking about Hermann Göring. You probably won't be thinking about French Jews who collaborated with the Nazis and may have profited by selling the Germans exquisite paintings by the likes of Rembrandt, Poussin and Boucher. You won't be thinking about the ironies of twentieth-century civilization, with its weird mix of butchery and enlightenment. Actually, as you leave the delirious Boucher room at the Frick and walk alongside Central Park, with its arched trees that meet the avenue like a reddish cresting wave, you will be thinking that on this afternoon, twentieth-century civilization is giving a pretty darn good account of itself.

If you continue walking for about five minutes and take a few steps off Fifth down 64th Street, you will come to Wildenstein & Co. Founded in Paris in 1875 and headquartered in New York since World War II (with other branches in London, Tokyo and Buenos Aires), it is by far the richest and most powerful art dealer in the world. The vault beneath the gallery stores thousands of pieces worth hundreds of millions of dollars. At one time the inventory included 400 Italian primitives, 2 Botticellis, 8 paintings each by Rembrandt and Rubens, 3 Velázquezes, 9 El Grecos, 5 Tintorettos, 79 Fragonards and 7 Watteaus. As a rule, the gallery never holds fewer than 10 Cézannes, 20 Renoirs, 15 Pissarros, 10 Van Goghs, 10 Gauguins, 10 Corots, 25 Courbets. The inventory represents one of the greatest collections of art in the world, private *or* public. When museums wish to buy or bid on an Old Master, they almost inevitably turn to the Wildensteins. Altogether, the Wildenstein family's wealth is probably about $5 billion. It has interests in racehorses,

ADORATION OF THE FLUNKIES: Daniel Wildenstein, *center*, and his sons, Alec, *left*, and Guy, with devoted staff

ILLUSTRATION BY ROB DAY

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Japan's Seibu Department Stores (a huge company that invests heavily in art) and real estate, including a fiefdom in Kenya protected by armed guards. The family itself—which includes the current patriarch, Mr. Daniel, as he is known, and his two sons, Mr. Alec and Mr. Guy—is extremely proud; Prince Charles is the godfather of one of Mr. Guy's sons. It is also secretive, feudal and eccentric. The staff may be minding Titians one moment and diapering pet monkeys the next.

As a class, art dealers aren't exactly known for their fine scruples. Constant exposure to beautiful objects, it turns out, does nothing for the soul. The Wildensteins, however, have a particularly gruesome chapter in their past that probably befits art dealers of their prominence. According to recently declassified OSS documents obtained by SPY, Georges Wildenstein—the son of the gallery's founder, and Mr. Daniel's father—met secretly with one Karl Haberstock at the Hotel du Roy René in Aix-en-Provence in November 1940. When the Germans were overrunning France a few months earlier, Mr. Georges had placed 302 of his best pieces on a ship bound for America and fled to the Midi, in the Unoccupied Zone. Alas, a German U-boat intercepted the Wildensteins' cargo and forced it into a port in Bordeaux. Haberstock was a Berlin art dealer who had been loudly anti-Semitic in the 1920s. He was the most prominent dealer in Germany, and had worked closely with the Wildensteins before the war. He had come to Paris as Hitler's personal agent to acquire works for the new museum in Linz, Hitler's pet project. Over the course of four days of negotiations in Aix, the Jew and the Nazi made a deal.

The German policy toward Jewish-owned art—all art, in fact—was neither consistent nor very comprehensible during the Occupation. At times the Nazis would simply confiscate paintings; at other times they'd arrange complicated, pseudolegal forced sales; and sometimes they'd make legitimate purchases—often with confiscated money. In the case of the Wildenstein collection, the 302 pieces on board the boat had been seized by the Einsatzstab Reichsleiter Rosenberg (ERR) and taken to Paris. Another 87 pieces, in storage in the country at the Château de Sourches, were to be seized by the ERR at any moment. An elite group under the command of anti-Semitic dreamer Alfred Rosenberg, the ERR was charged with collecting materials for a future academy where the young would be indoctrinated in anti-Semitism, anti-Masonry and so on. Much to Rosenberg's frustration, the ERR was often manipulated by Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring, who used it as a pretext to seize Jewish-owned art for his personal collection.

Göring also sometimes put his own desires before even Hitler's, taking paintings that were earmarked for the Führer. In Haberstock (working primarily for Hitler), Göring (working primarily for himself) and the ERR (working solely for its ideals), Georges Wildenstein was lucky enough to have three sets of Nazis vying for his collection. Given the legal murk of France in 1940, this gave him some bargaining power.

Art historian Douglas Cooper wrote the newly declassified "Wildenstein & Cie. Report" for the OSS in August 1945. Cooper was not a callow academic—he'd had long experience interrogating German prisoners in North Africa. The report was in part the product of intensive interrogations of Haberstock and describes the meetings at Aix in detail. According to Haberstock, Mr. Georges was "very eager to do business." He first proposed to exchange a large Tiepolo and unspecified other pieces for (presumably confiscated) Impressionist paintings; he knew that the Nazis considered such paintings *entartete Kunst*, "degenerate art," and would part with them painlessly. As Cooper's report has it, "The Tiepolo was said to be unsalable in the USA, whereas the Impressionists would bring a high price." For reasons Cooper does not state, it was impossible to carry out this trade. Haberstock claimed that Mr. Georges then tried to persuade him to release the Wildenstein collection to the third man present at these negotiations, Roger Dequoy. Dequoy had recently returned from working for Georges Wildenstein in New York, and was an old friend of Haberstock's. They had traveled to Provence together to meet with Mr. Georges (having first met with the director of the planned museum in Linz, who was visiting Paris). Dequoy would carry on the business of the gallery, always giving Haberstock the first chance to buy a work, Mr. Georges proposed. This Haberstock



GUYS AND DOLL: ***Left to right*****, railbirds Daniel, Guy and Alec at the track;** ***below*****, Sylvia, Mr. Daniel's second wife, awarded the Prix de Scary Frenchwoman**

During four days of negotiations in Aix-en-Provence in 1940, the Jew and the Nazi made a deal

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accepted. In Haberstock's presence, Mr. Georges gave Dequoy "full authority" to manage the collection, to sell anything to the Germans and to "make it his business to discover important collections... the Germans would be interested in acquiring."

According to Cooper, both parties were satisfied by the negotiations. Mr. Georges made his way to Portugal and set sail for New York, which now became his base. On their return to Paris, his two Nazi partners decided to use Haberstock's influence to "Aryanize" the gallery. The Nazis frowned on this practice, whereby Jewish businesses were transferred to non-Jewish ownership and thus protected from confiscation, but with Germanic consistency, they respected such a transfer once it had taken place. The ERR was furious when it learned the Wildenstein collection had been Aryanized, and a member immediately telephoned Göring in Berlin. The Reichsmarschall simply said that if the gallery had been Aryanized, the ERR's right to Jewish property was superseded, and the works belonged to the new owner. After all, grotesque genocidal regulations are grotesque genocidal regulations.

Having won for Hitler first choice of the collection, Haberstock personally informed Göring that he would be offered "everything which was not wanted by the Führer."

During the Occupation, Dequoy sold in "fairly large quantities" to most German dealers and museums. Art historian Theodore Rousseau Jr. describes him in his "Göring Report"—also prepared for the OSS—as "probably the worst of the collaborators among the dealers." Particularly eerie were those words about discovering important collections. Who knows what vulnerable collectors Dequoy led the Germans to, using the Wildensteins' vast files and archives? We can say that in April 1942 he engineered the sale of two major Rembrandts, *The Portrait of Titus* and *Landscape With Castle*, to Haberstock from Étienne Nicolas, a Paris wine merchant. In August 1942, Dequoy attempted to buy the enormous collection of a Jewish family named Schloss for Haberstock. He lost the collection to another dealer, but the Schloss collection was sold to Hitler for the museum in Linz around the time Dequoy visited the family. This was the second-most significant acquisition that Hitler made, and although legally a purchase, the sale was forced, the payment a sham. The Schloss family received nothing for their paintings. Dequoy sold Haberstock paintings by Lorrain, Poussin, Boucher, Courbet and others for the Linz museum. He sold an entire ceiling painted by Boucher to Göring's personal art adviser. He smuggled paintings directly to Göring through a Swiss dealer, and he even allowed the Germans to use the Wildenstein premises as a transshipment point for looted art. Exchanges involving modern pictures were highly profitable. Although Göring liked some moderns—he had a soft spot for Van Gogh—Nazi ideology demanded that they be discarded. He therefore often paid dealers with modern pictures in lieu of cash.



THE MAÎTRE D': Mr. Daniel is a master of that classic Gallic sales technique—contempt. From a Frenchman, most people can't get enough of it.

Since it is unclear how Georges communicated with him during the war, it would seem Roger Dequoy was the real collaborator. Haberstock, however, told his interrogator that the considerable profits

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"THAT RAPHAEL IS AROUND HERE *SOME*PLACE": Daniel searches the vault. *Inset*, Caravaggio's *Lute Player*. Note beautiful still life. Also, it's worth $12 million.

Even in 1945, an OSS document indicates, Mr. Georges and a Nazi were in business together

accrued during the Occupation were deposited in a special account at Georges Wildenstein's disposal after the war. Even as Haberstock and Cooper spoke in 1945, and as Mr. Georges sat on 64th Street, Haberstock and Mr. Georges were technically in business together. Haberstock told Cooper that he and Georges Wildenstein had half interests in a Pissarro and that Wildenstein was holding the painting in New York. Douglas Cooper says that once the gallery was established under his name, Dequoy "set to work to carry out the rest of his chief's wishes." Dequoy's chief was Georges Wildenstein.

We must ask, then, what were the profits Haberstock says Dequoy kept in an account for Georges Wildenstein? Which Cézannes or Pissarros or other "degenerate" paintings obtained through Dequoy's efforts—if any—went into Wildenstein's vaults after the war? Given the position of Jews in France in 1940, would it be possible to say that Georges was a victim? What would have been the condition of the business if a faithful caretaker had not tended to it? What would be the condition of the family's wealth today?

THE WILDENSTEINS HAVE NEVER acknowledged that while others lost everything, Georges made a bargain with the Germans that allowed them to prosper. When an ex-employee using the pseudonym Frank McDonald wrote a novel, *Provenance*, in 1979 that was clearly based on the Wildensteins and alluded heavily to their activities during the war, they made no public response. (The family also may have been the inspiration for Joseph Losey's *Mr. Klein*.) They denied SPY's request for an interview. And why should they address their past? After all, until now the only public version of their story was a small footnote in the files of the UN War Crimes Commission: "[The Nazis] transferred the Wildenstein collection in May 1941 from the Château de Sourches to Germany."

Furthermore, Georges Wildenstein discussed the gallery's dealings with the Nazis in a 1943 article he wrote for a pro–Free French journal on whose editorial board he served that was printed in New York during the war:

> As for the paintings which belonged to me, stored for safe-keeping in the castle of Sourches, as well as my property of Seine-et-Oise [a Wildenstein residence], they were seized nearly simultaneously, and this did not fail to be followed by all the usual procedures to make the seizure appear like an outright sale.

According to this account, Georges Wildenstein suffered the same fate scores of others did—confiscation and, sometimes, mock sales to satisfy Germanic legalism. Unfortunately, after hiding behind a footnote all these years, the Wildensteins must now confront the report of a thorough investigation aimed directly at Mr. Georges's wartime dealings. After examining files, letters, receipts and other documents and questioning Haberstock closely, Cooper concluded that the paintings at the Château de Sourches were not seized and treated in the usual fashion: they were returned to Paris under an agreement to which Mr. Georges himself was a party, and one that would ultimately benefit him.

After describing the fate of his own paintings, Mr. Georges bitterly condemns certain practices that will be familiar to those who have read the OSS reports on Wildenstein & Cie., and one is tempted to treat his outburst almost as an inverted confession:

> Certain obliging dealers, more voracious than collaborationists, together with German and Italian dealers who rushed to Paris to pur-

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chase all that they could find, did their shameful deeds in the same manner there where legal theft could not be freely accomplished. They purchased for Hitler and for his Museum in Linz, for Hermann Göring, for all Germans and all collaborationists whose purchasing lust rose the more their confidence in a Nazi victory fell.

Haven't we heard all this before? Perhaps this passage is not the work of Mr. Georges's guilt-ridden unconscious but merely a case of unsurpassable hypocrisy. In any event, no one could have more eloquently expressed disgust at the actions of galleries like Mr. Georges's than Mr. Georges himself.

WERE IT NOT FOR ANTI-SEMITISM, the Wildensteins wouldn't be named Wildenstein. When Napoléon ordered that all the Jews in Alsace adopt Christian surnames, one family took the name Wildenstein from its village. In the 1870s, Nathan Wildenstein sold draperies in the provinces, but by the turn of the century, he had founded the gallery in Paris and become one of the great international art dealers. On his death in 1934, Nathan left the business to his son, Mr. Georges; Mr. Georges died in 1963, leaving the gallery to his son Daniel, now 74. Since the war, the family has continued to operate in a grand style tinged with menace; more recently, however, their occasionally farcical behavior has resembled that of another rich, somewhat perverse family—the Addamses. Augmenting our sense of this eerie likeness, of course, is the fact that the Wildensteins' townhouse is just like a museum.

The Louis Seize townhouse on 64th Street was built for the Wildensteins in 1932 by Horace Trumbauer. The entryway has 30-foot ceilings. French portraits stare solemnly, a tapestry after Boucher hangs over the grand staircase, an impressive floral arrangement sits on a marble table. Vladimir Visson, the former director of exhibitions, once compared the gallery to "a

WHEN PEOPLE COME TO SEE 'EM

A Visit to Wildenstein & Co.

At ten o'clock one bright morning, two SPY employees arrive at Wildenstein & Co. for a viewing appointment. They hope to be brought to the famous Third Floor before they are discovered as poseurs, and at the recommendation of experts, they have prepared by reading up on the Barbizon School, the French landscape painters of the mid-1800s. Previously, the word *Barbizon* connoted to one of the pair only a women's hotel and to the other a brand of shaving cream. A solitary guard sitting at a graceful little desk informs them that the salesman will be with them shortly. They idly study the chandelier and the portraits in the entryway. The periodicals neatly aligned on a marble-topped side table include the *Daily Racing Form*. The French salesman arrives—he is 60-ish, bald, small of stature and a bit round, wearing a dapper gray suit. He has nine fingers. He is cheerful and shows them into a small office. They chat about the Long Island Rail Road and Manhattan's landmark-preservation laws. The salesman says that for 50 years, the gallery has tried to shed its image of stuffiness.

Finally he says, "Let's go upstairs. I have some $10 million paintings I want to show you." He is jesting. One of the visitors, in a similar vein, taps his jacket breast and says, "Well, I brought my checkbook!" (He *has* brought his checkbook.) The salesman becomes serious. "You should never, never do that," he says. They take a wood-paneled elevator with a ten-foot ceiling to...the Third Floor.



The viewing room is among the strangest places the visitors have ever seen. It is dark and large; the floor is covered in dark-red wall-to-wall carpet, dark-red curtains hang before the windows, and the walls are completely covered in dark-red velvet. Four Louis Quatorze chairs, covered in the same velvet, face two stands that have been placed against a wall illuminated by small spotlights. The stands are completely covered in dark-red velvet, too. The room is like an enormous red cuff-link box. The salesman takes the names and addresses of his visitors, saying the gallery will keep a record of everything they see (such meticulousness seems so very...Germanic). Stock boys in suits bring in paintings and drawings and rest them on the velvet stands. A little, astonishingly beautiful oil study by Rousseau is $250,000. "It's very lovely," the salesman says, "but I wouldn't sell it to you. You don't marry a girl on the first date." He offers to show them a Corot priced at $3.5 million. "Who knows, in ten years I'll be gone, but you may want to buy it from us." He runs out several times in response to the beeper on his belt.

After the long presentation, the salesman asks, astonishingly, "Do you have time? I'd like to show you the fourth and fifth floors." He leads the visitors through elegant rooms hung with Millet drawings, a drawing by Fragonard, old-master drawings, a tiny Pissarro. On the fifth floor, where there are offices, the salesman takes them into a small, mirrored room whose shelves are filled with eighteenth-century terra-cotta figures.

Two hours after their arrival, the visitors prepare to leave. In response to a question, the salesman explains that the only living artist the Wildensteins favor is an Argentine woman who paints horses. When asked if he likes horses, the salesman says, "Ahem...uh...before I answer that—do you know Daniel Wildenstein?"

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HORSEPLAY: *Top*, a typical afternoon at the French country place; *above left*, the swimming pool at Chantilly—now, how about some backstroke?; *above right*, après-polo with Diana, Guy and Charles

pretentious Italian funeral parlor."

The silken atmosphere may sometimes suffer a tear. "One salesman was showing Frans Hals's *Laughing Cavalier*—worth at least $750,000—to a client," remembers a former Wildenstein employee. "The stock boy brought the painting up from the vault and set it on the easel. As the salesman started to gesticulate wildly about the glories of Frans Hals, the painting started to tip forward. The stock boy lunged, but he was too late: the painting had tumbled to the floor." Another time, a stock boy put his foot through a Van Gogh. Regardless of such mishaps, the setting has its intended effect on customers. As Visson said, "They come. They look. They pay."

The family lives at "No. 11," a luxurious townhouse next door to the gallery. The adults have separate apartments; the rest of the house is held in common. The children of both Mr. Alec and Mr. Guy live together on the top floor. There is a "game room," commemorating Kenyan adventures with stuffed kills. Down below ground there is a large swimming pool; "You can smell the chlorine in the [gallery's] basement," says one Wildenstein worker. The pool has inlaid mosaics of sea animals and is lined with tanks of tropical fish. Alas, the family no longer seems to keep pet monkeys, but they have more recently maintained some sort of wild cat. "It looked sort of like a small tiger," says a former associate. "It was too big to be any kind of domestic cat, about the size of a medium-size dog. They had to carry it around for some reason."

Personal relations fit into a strict, feudal hierarchy. Though Mr. Guy is effectively the gallery's manager—since his rumpled older brother prefers the racetrack to running the business—he suffers in the regime. While Mr. Alec has his own office, Mr. Guy is allotted only a small desk in the corner of Mr. Daniel's office. Even the antique brass coat hooks in the coatroom are embossed with the Wildensteins' initials in order of seniority.

With their staff, the Wildensteins alternate between paternalism and cruelty—in the old-world fashion. Mr. Daniel, paying a visit to the packing room, once noticed writing on some boxes. *Who has such beautiful handwriting?* he exclaimed. *Give that man a raise immediately!* Members of the staff receive "shirt money" for dry cleaning, and one suit ritually purchased every year at Brooks Brothers. But retribution can be swift. An elevator man was promptly sacked after asking Sylvester Stallone for an autograph. Also, the family sometimes displays a princely arbitrariness in its demands: Mr. Alec simply announced one day that all prices must be raised 10 percent. When he took his son on a fishing trip once, he returned to the gallery with dozens of bluefish and ordered the men downstairs to gut and clean them.

As for the salesmen, they tend to be old-fashioned characters rather than art-world technocrats. Former president Louis Goldenberg "memorized which years of Monet, for example, were good," says an ex-colleague. "This style worked quite well with some people." Two of the current salesmen started in the packing room, poor Italian immigrants. When one of them works on a customer in the viewing room, the client probably assumes his salesman is an Italian count.

IF WITH THEIR LOVE OF LUXURY, their animals and their underlings the Wildensteins remind one of a Bond villain, their globe-encircling intrigues also recall the machinations of some arch-foe set to take over the world. Because secrecy is so important to them, the Wildensteins keep a private transportation service with a truck and planes.

The gallery also has an extensive

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intelligence network. In France, for example, the position of *notaire*—literally "notary," but more like a small-town clerk in the U.S.—is passed down from father to son in many towns and villages. The *notaires* take care of birth certificates, wills, deaths and the like. In other words, they're in an ideal position to know everything that happens in a small town. Some of them have relationships with the Wildensteins dating back generations. If a *notaire* learns Madame X owns a certain painting, he informs the Wildensteins, who duly note it in their files. They may send a dealer to buy it, without using the Wildenstein name. Failing that, when Madame X dies, the local *notaire* will be among the first to know, and a Wildenstein agent will appear before anyone else even learns of the painting's existence. Madame X's family will certainly welcome a chance to raise cash to pay her inheritance taxes.

In the most public postwar scandal that involved the family, the Wildensteins were accused in 1955 of bugging the phone of a competitor, M. Knoedler & Co. A Wildenstein employee admitted to paying a private investigator to do just this. (The employee was another interesting character—Jay Rousuck, the dealer whom Mary McCarthy portrayed in her 1942 story "Rogue's Gallery.") The gallery settled the suit brought by Knoedler out of court.

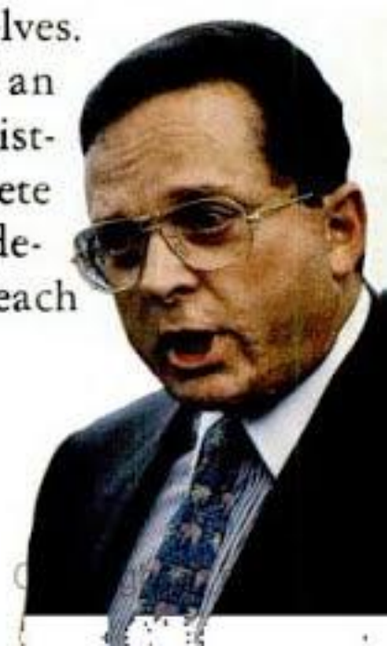
While not necessarily dishonorable, the gallery's dealings with the Metropolitan Museum of Art have often been...ah...complicated. As a registrar at the museum once said, "There was always something cooking with Wildenstein." In the fifties, the Wildensteins sold the museum a Georges de la Tour that was exported from France under controversial circumstances. Another strange case began in November 1970, when the Wildensteins purchased *Juan de Pareja*, by Velázquez, at auction. The price was the most ever paid for a painting—$5.5 million. Afterward, Mr. Alec declared that the painting was not for sale: "It's a painting my great-grandfather Nathan wanted 80 years ago." Indeed, Mr. Georges had gone every year to petition the seventh Earl of Radner to sell the painting. A vicious anti-Semite, the Earl would keep Mr. Georges waiting in the anteroom, refusing to see him; one time, the butler returned with Mr. Georges's personal check in shreds on a silver platter.

However, a few months after the purchase, Thomas Hoving, the Met's director, and C. Douglas Dillon, its president, disclosed that the painting had been bought on behalf of the museum. Hoving told SPY that Louis Goldenberg had mistakenly agreed to buy the painting for the Met, while Mr. Daniel wanted it for the gallery. Hoving and Mr. Daniel had worked out a bidding system whereby either the gallery or the museum could top a bid, depending on where other bidders pushed the price. If the resulting price of $5.5 million required that the painting go to the museum, however, it is still a mystery why Mr. Alec announced that the gallery would never let the painting out of its hands.

More recently the Wildensteins were involved in another convoluted affair with the Met. In 1989 the gallery reached a tentative agreement with the Met to sell the museum a painting from the school of Caravaggio for $300,000. The Met sent the painting, then assumed to be a copy of *The Lute Player*, which is currently in the Hermitage, to Sir Denis Mahon at Sotheby's for a look. Mahon, the leading expert on early-seventeenth-century Italian art, promptly pronounced this painting an authentic Caravaggio. The Wildensteins, obviously delighted, generously increased their price to $12-million, which the Met refused to pay. They then offered to sell it to *New York Times* publisher and Met director Punch Sulzberger at a $4-million discount if he'd agree to leave it to the museum in his will. Sulzberger declined, so, in the end, the Wildensteins lent the painting indefinitely to the Met. Meanwhile, after asking Mahon how he could express his thanks, Mr. Daniel donated $250,000 on Mahon's behalf to the National Gallery in London for the restoration of two cartoons by Agostino and Annibale Carracci. With the Wildensteins, nothing is ever simple.

THE GIFT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY raises a sticky question about the Wildensteins: given the potential for abuse of their position, what power does their commercial gallery hold over scholarship? Hypothetically, a gallery seeking higher prices for its wares could pay off art historians who attributed questionable paintings to a master rather than to his pupils or imitators. (Bernard Berenson's reputation was ruined by evidence he had accepted just this kind of bribe.) No art historian could authenticate outright fakes and retain the respect of his profession, but attribution of plausible works ultimately rests on a scholar's judgment. Others may disagree, but attributions can always be defended. In addition to money, the Wildensteins have their archives to entice or punish art historians. Their holdings easily compare with those of many national libraries, and scholars fear losing access to such a resource. Finally, the family owns *La gazette de beaux arts*, France's most prestigious and oldest scholarly art journal, and *Arts*, a weekly newspaper.

What is truly extraordinary about the Wildensteins' position, however, is that in many cases they don't need anyone else to authenticate paintings: they have already done so themselves. A catalogue raisonné is an exhaustive, annotated listing of an artist's complete works. It includes a detailed provenance for each



GREAT WHITE LIMO HUNTER: Alec not dressed for Kenya

Instead of pet monkeys, the family now maintains some sort of wild cat

piece, and buyers regard the catalogue raisonné as the final word on a painting's origins. How convenient for a gallery selling paintings, then, that the catalogues raisonnés on Chardin, Ingres and Fragonard, among others, were written by the son of its founder, and that the catalogues raisonnés for Monet and two volumes on Manet were written by his grandson. (Although some admire his Monet scholarship, Daniel Wildenstein is said to rely heavily on assistants. An elderly European collector says, "Daniel Wildenstein couldn't write a *postcard*." When SPY told a prominent art historian that Daniel Wildenstein listed his occupation in *Who's Who in France* as "*historien d'art*," he grimaced and muttered, "That's disgusting.")

Alec and Guy roam the world in a fleet of jets, each with the Wildenstein insignia—a horseshoe—painted on the tail

The case of Mr. Georges's Gauguin catalogue raisonné is a vivid example of an attempt by the Wildensteins to control the process by which works are approved or discarded. On August 19, 1965, a withering attack on the catalog appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement*. It was written by none other than Karl Haberstock's interrogator, Douglas Cooper. In his review Cooper writes, "Pedigrees and quotations have been juggled to suit private needs; and...Gauguin's *oeuvre* has been shorn of some authentic works and adulterated with others that do not belong." *Private needs?* Later in his review, Cooper asks the appropriate rhetorical question: "Is a dealer capable of the scientific detachment necessary to enable him to judge things impartially?"

This, among other things, prompted the Wildensteins to sue Cooper, but eventually the two sides reached a settlement: the Wildensteins would pay Cooper to rewrite the Gauguin catalogue raisonné himself. This would prove to occupy the rest of his life. When he died in 1984, he'd left the catalogue raisonné unfinished, and the manuscripts remained in the possession of the Fondation Wildenstein in Paris. The Wildensteins claimed that the work was far from completed. A young woman is apparently working on the project. "The lacunae I found," remarked one who has seen the work, "indicated to me that they found something in Cooper's manuscript deeply problematic." More than seven years after his death, there is no indication that Cooper's Gauguin catalogue raisonné will emerge anytime soon.

FOR ALL THEIR WEALTH AND INFLUENCE, the Wildensteins' future contains some clouds. What has damaged the gallery more than the rise of the auction houses—Sotheby's and Christie's—is the gradual loss of artworks to museums. Formerly, collectors established long-term relationships with their dealers. When a collector died, or his taste changed, the paintings were often returned to the original dealer; dealers thereby replenished their stock. One Toulouse-Lautrec of a dancer was owned five times by the Wildensteins between 1923 and 1955, rising in price from $1,800 to $275,000. The gallery currently does half its business with museums, and when a painting is sold to a museum, it passes permanently from the market. "They will wipe us dealers out by buying everything," Mr. Daniel told *ARTnews*, "and there will be no way to replace what they buy."

The quality of the family members may be deteriorating along with the business environment. Mr. Georges very early on recognized the value of the Postimpressionists. Mr. Daniel declares, "I am a great admirer of Andrew Wyeth." He says his eye is on Argentina, Australia and Japan as new sources of art. He devotes a great deal of attention to the family's stables in Chantilly, where the horses enjoy a heated swimming pool, among other amenities. According to *Town & Country*, "At no time does his voice throb with more emotion than when he speaks of his greatest dream...'I want to win the Kentucky Derby.'"

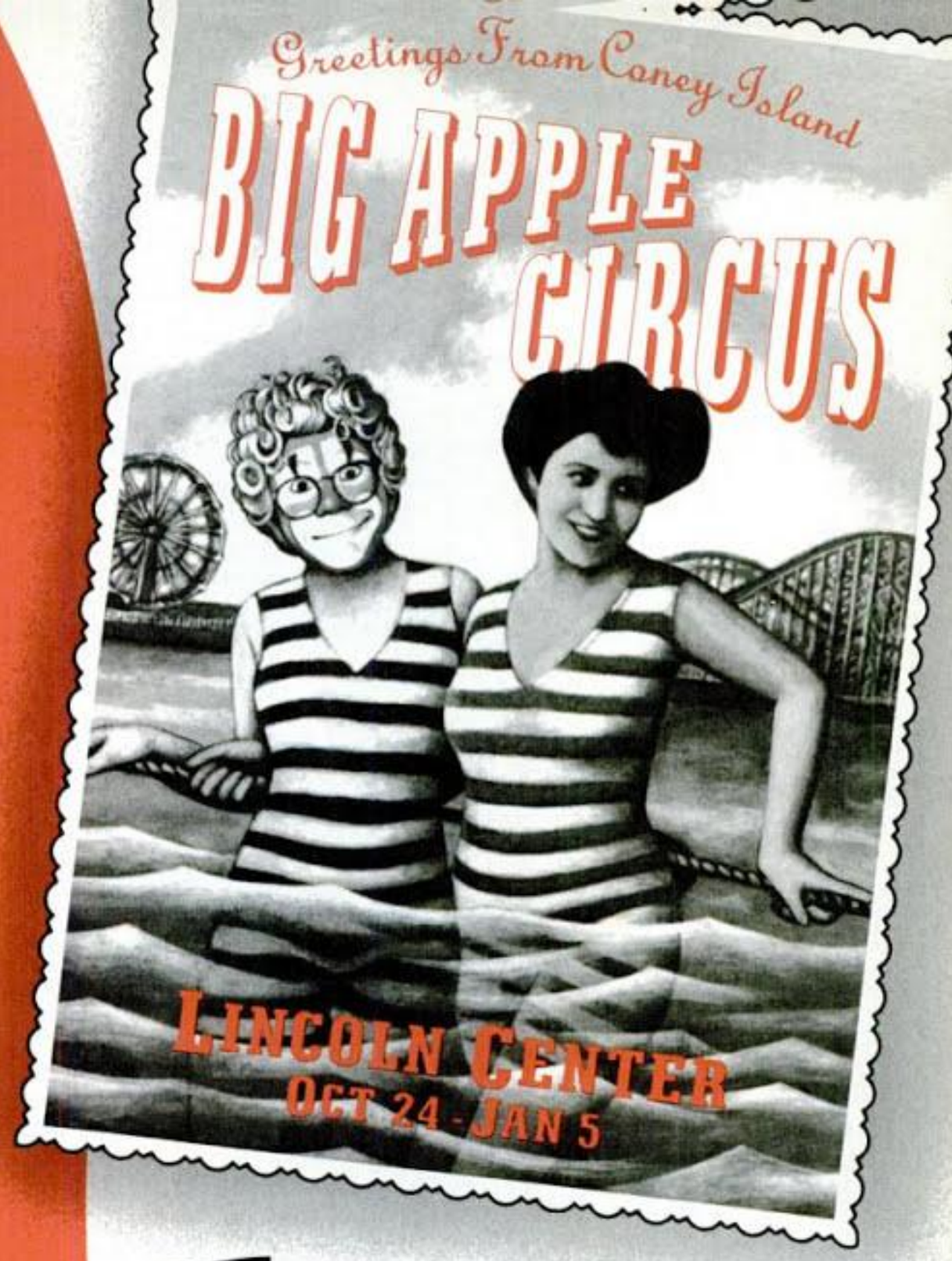
"Everyone always hopes that the next generation will be better, but they end up regretting the passing generation," says an elderly European collector. As Mr. Daniel ages, his sons prepare to take over.

Mr. Alec and Mr. Guy roam the world in a fleet of jets, each with the Wildenstein insignia—a horseshoe—painted on the tail. Mr. Guy spends his time on his Caribbean island when he isn't in Florida playing polo with Prince Charles. Mr. Alec has his land in Kenya, and there the family entertains swells from the art world and beyond. Each night is devoted to a different theme: for example, Thursday might be "tiger night," and everything down to the salt shakers will be decorated in a tiger motif. Mr. Alec once enjoyed hunting in Kenya by helicopter and would play videos of his kills as he cruised around Manhattan in a limousine.

"I think art dealers are an endangered species," Mr. Daniel remarked in 1978. "In my grandfather's time there were probably 20 really top painting dealers. Even in 1939, there were still perhaps a dozen. Now we are standing like a dinosaur. And I don't think it is very healthy to be left alone." Standing alone with a few billion dollars' worth of art is not a position many would find worrisome, and Mr. Daniel does have reason to be optimistic. The auction houses have come down in the world, and the opening of the virtually bankrupt Soviet Union should bring to market hundreds of lost Old Masters and Impressionists. No one is in a better position to exploit this new supply than the Wildensteins, and they should be capable of maintaining their position for some time. Still, if things keep going as they have—if that elderly European collector is right—the Wildensteins may not have many generations left. ❸

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6. No substitutions or transfer of prizes permitted. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

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Trees are cool.

I think Joyce Kilmer said so.

But we chop down rainforests.

Making lots of animals and people extinct.

Poking holes in the sky

so our grandkids melt.

Pretty stupid, huh?

THE Bazar

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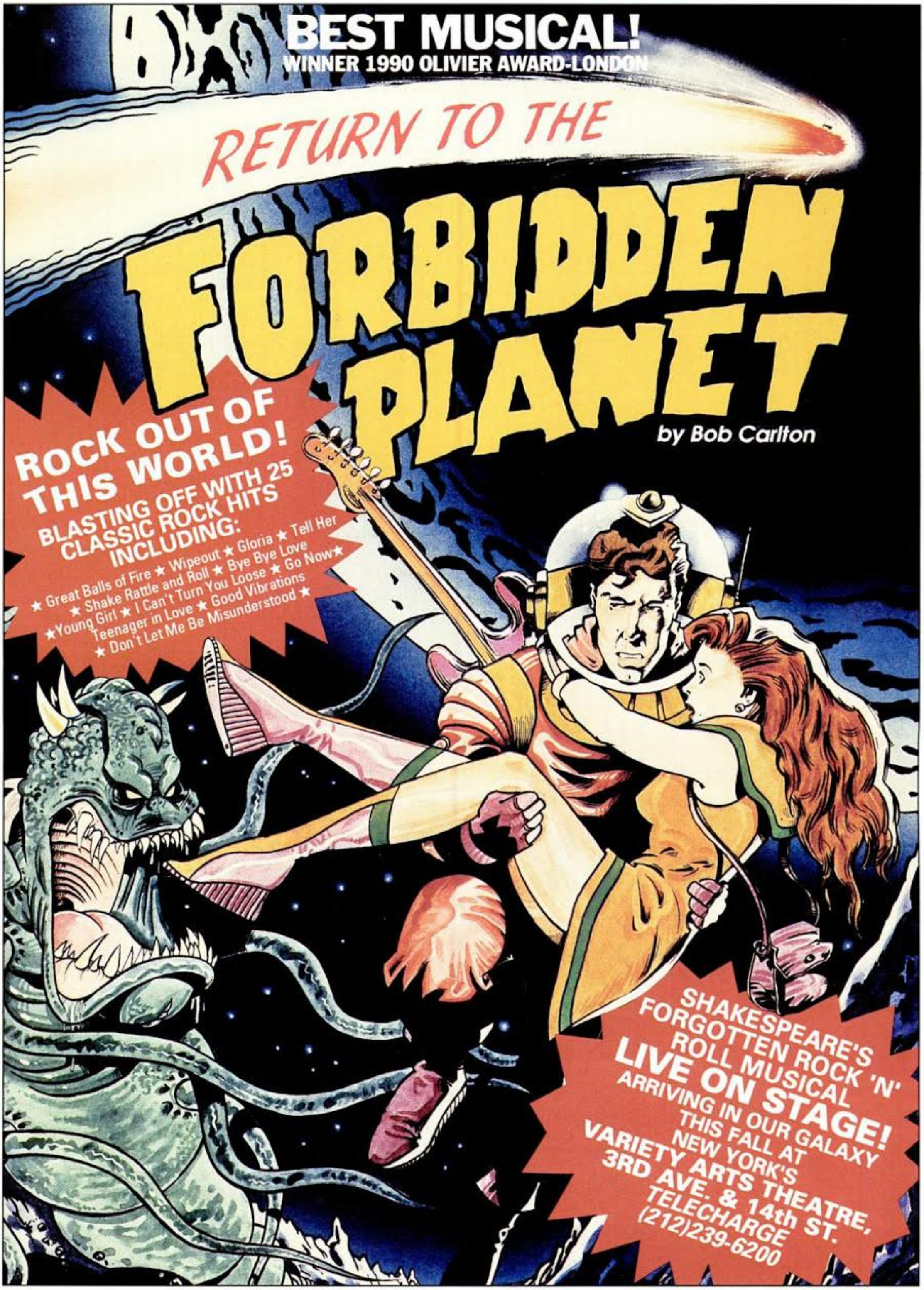
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MAKE WAY FOR THE CUDDLIEST, TOOTHIEST, GET-WHATEVER-THEY-WANTIEST BABIES YET!!

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Just An Everyday Nursery Till You Meet The Babies Who Live There— The Kennedy Babies!

TEDDY'S COOTIE HUNT!

HUH? WHO PUT THAT WALL THERE?

YOW! JOAN!

BAD! YOU'VE BEEN A BAD DOLLY!

TELL US ABOUT YOUR NEW FILM. IT MUST HAVE BEEN SO WONDERFUL WORKING WITH KEN.

MARIA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT DO YOU THINK, CAROLINE? PRACTICING TO BE A TV STAR.

SAY JOURNALIST, MARIA!

HEY-- VAHT VUN ARE YOU?

RORY, RORY KENNEDY. I'M--

WHO?

RURIK TYLER

WRITING: BRUCE HANDY DRAWING AND COLORING: RURIK TYLER LETTERING: JOHN COSTANZA

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I HAVE TO RUN AN ERRAND, BABIES. DON'T GET INTO *TOO* MUCH TROUBLE.

WE PROMISE, NANNY!

HEY, BRAINIAC. LET US HAVE A CONTEST TO SEE WHO CAN HIT THE SOFTEST.

WHAT IS THE SOUND OF ONE HAND CLAPPING?

ARE YOU PICKING ON EDDIE AGAIN?

NEIN. HE LIKES IT. DON'T YOU, EDDIE?

DOES ANYBODY *REALLY* KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?

HEY, JOHN-JOHN -- WANNA GO DOWN TO THE PLAYGROUND AND CATCH COOTIES?

CATCH COOTIES, BABY TEDDY? HOW?

STUDY GUIDE

WITH *THESE!*

WHOA!

BEAT IT, BABY TEDDY. JOHN-JOHN HAS TO STUDY. IF HE FAILS HIS TEST AGAIN, NANNY'S GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE A BIG DONATION TO COLLEGIATE.

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GO PLAY WITH KIDS YOUR *OWN* AGE.

BEAT IT

BEAT IT

BEAT IT

BEAT IT

BEAT IT, TEDDY.

WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH BLOCKS -- *LITTLE BOY.*

YEAH. AM-SCRAY, CLYDE.

OR RUN FOR CONGRESS OR SOMETHING.

I SAY, HAS ANYONE SEEN MY APPLE JUICE?

AS SEEN IN "CAMELOT KIDS" NO. 12 -- ED.

ANGIE! MARILYN! ANGIE! MARILYN!...

AWWWWW!

BUM LUCK, OLD MAN.

HAW HAW!

DON'T MOPE, BABY TEDDY. I'LL JOIN YOU YOU FOR A COOTIE HUNT...

... AND I'LL BRING MY *JUNIOR DOCTOR KIT!*

DR. WILLIE

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YESSIRREE! TIME TO WRITE ANOTHER PAGE IN MY COOTIE BOOK.

HEY-- BABY TEDDY!

ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

IS WILLIE WITH BABY TEDDY?

JA. I TINK SO.

BAD, NAUGHTY DOLL!

OH, NO! BABY TEDDY'S GOING TO GET HIM IN TROUBLE FOR SURE! WE BETTER FIND THEM BEFORE NANNY GETS BACK!

MAYBE THEY WENT UP HERE.

VAHT VUN ARE YOU?

SOPHIA SHRIVER.

ACH! DIESE LEUTE, WERFEN WIE KARNICKEL!

WOW! LOOK AT ALL THIS COOL OLD STUFF!

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I WONDER WHAT THIS IS?

37765
November 8 19 60
$ 100,000
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Richard Daley
One hundred thousand DOLLARS
MEMO Votes, Illinois The Kennedys

PHONE BILLS! AND LOOK AT THESE FUNNY BOOKS WITH LOCKS!

DIARY

PHONE BILLS

" DEAR DIARY, JACK PROMISED ME TODAY DAT DE DIVORCE WOULT BE FINAL IN JUST ANUDDER WEEK OR TWO... "

WHY WOULD ANYONE SAVE A COUPLE OF OLD MEATBALLS?

HEY-- WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE?

L.B.J.

BOBBY

JOE JR

DAD

JACK

ACH! SO IT'S TRUE...

THE KENNEDYS

THE POPE

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MEANWHILE...

URP!

UH-OH.

DID YOU BOYS EAT MY PIE?

UH... I DON'T KNOW. THAT IS, I'M NOT AWARE OF ANY PIE. AND I'M SURE THAT WHEN ALL THE FACTS ARE IN --

YOU'VE GOT BLUEBERRY SMEARED ALL OVER YOUR FACE.

OH, I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT *THAT PARTICULAR* PIE.

WOW! FAST THINKING!

HEY--WHO PUT THAT AIR THERE?

THERE THEY ARE!

SO, DID YOU EAT THE PIE?

I CANNOT TELL A LIE... *NO.*

WHY, I... OKAY.

BUT NANNY-- LOOK AT THE EVIDENCE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE EVIDENCE, BABIES. THAT'S WHAT YOU HAVE FRIENDS FOR. NOW COME ON, IT'S NAP TIME.

WHAT CAN I SAY? IT'S A LIVING.

THE END

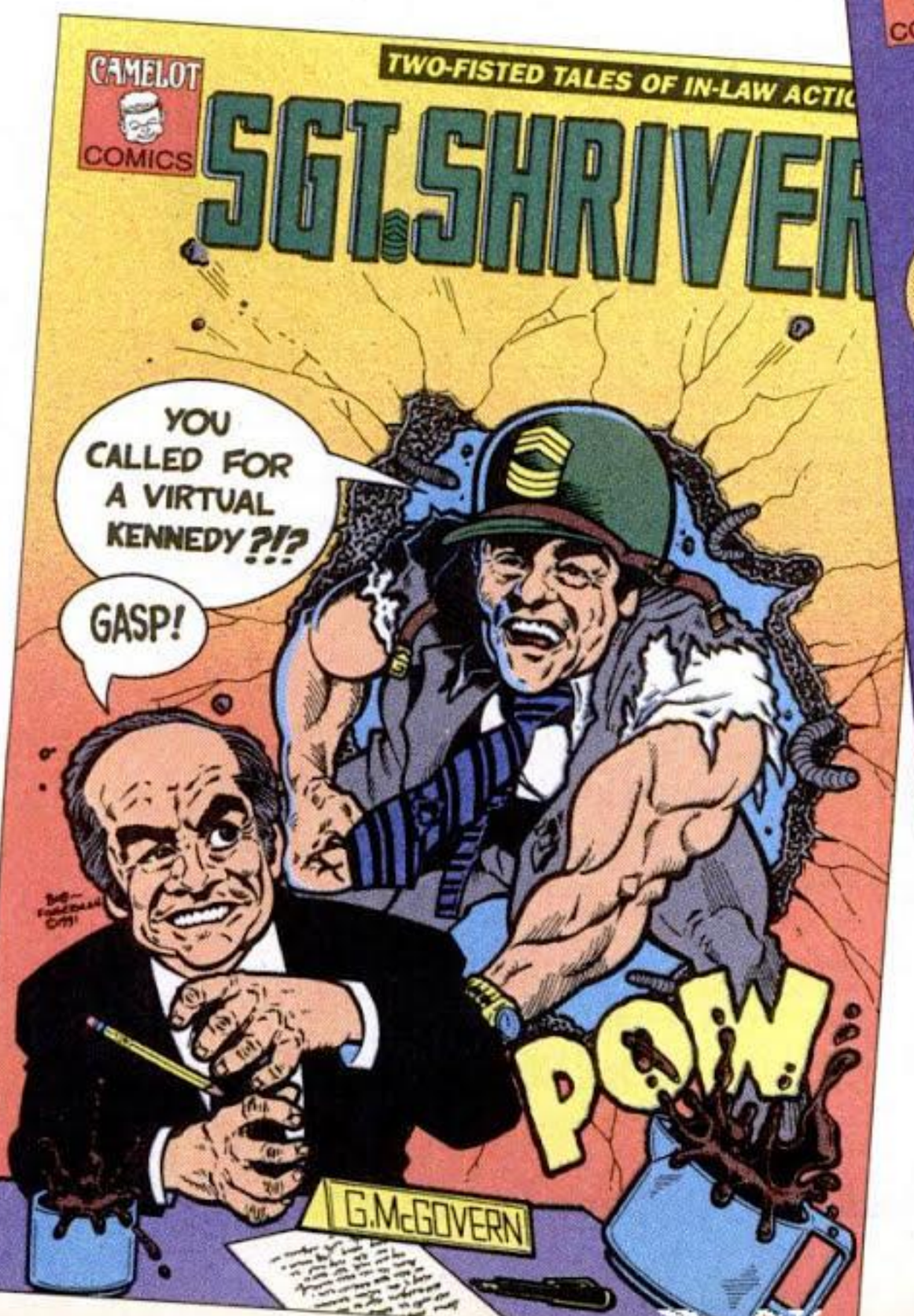
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KIDS!

DON'T MISS THESE OTHER GREAT TITLES FROM

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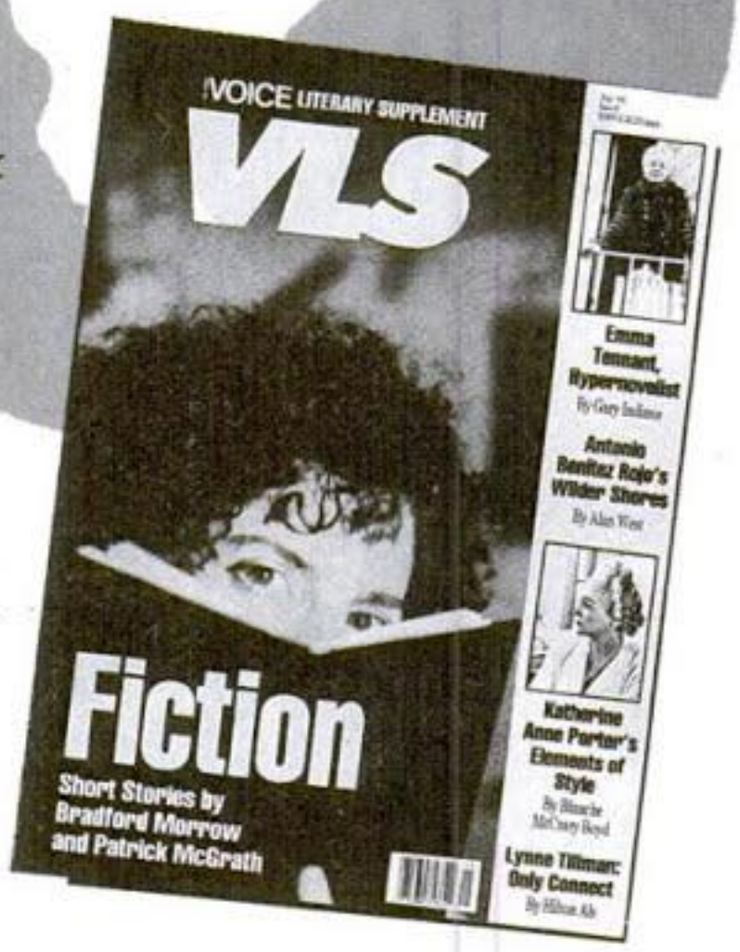
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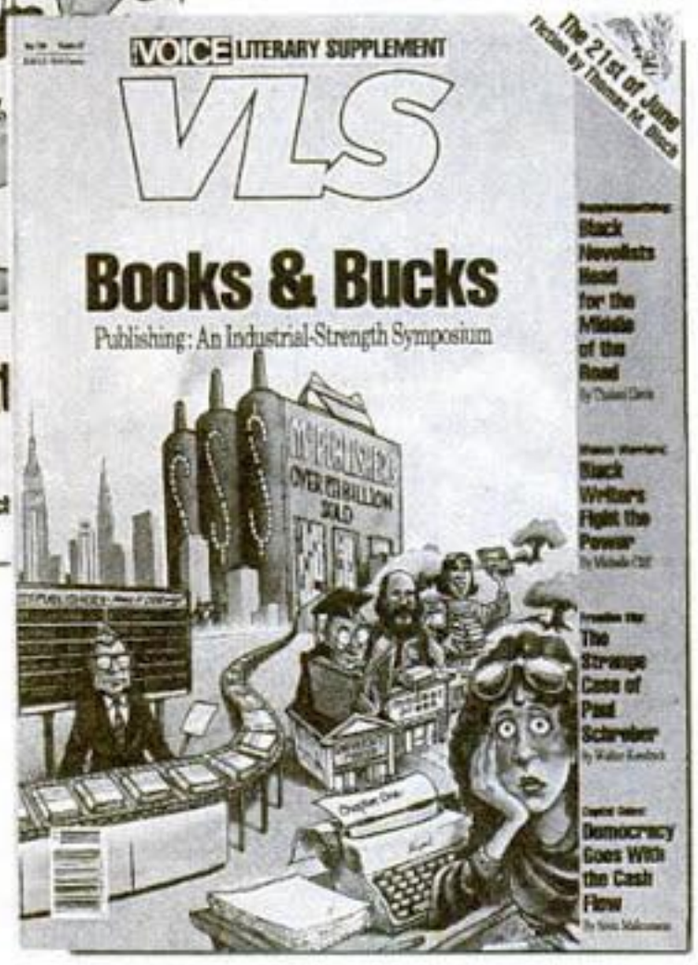
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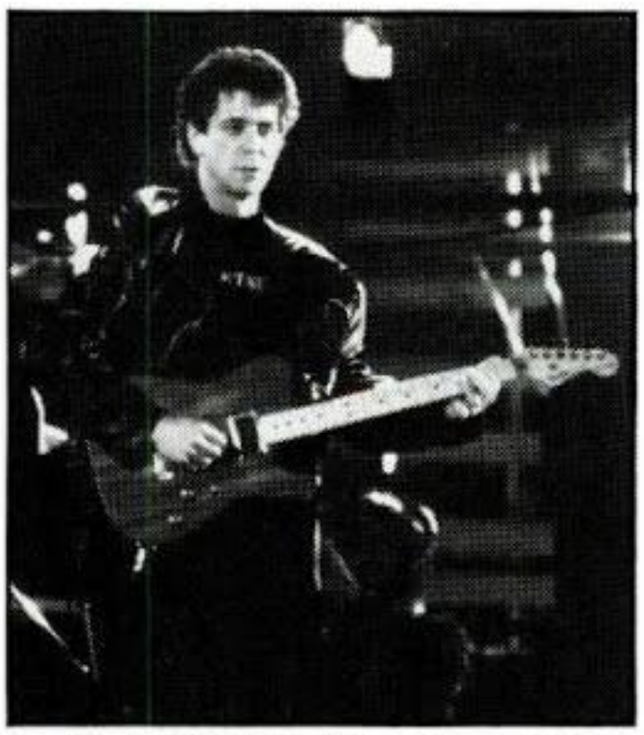
you should've been there.



R.E.M. at CMJ Music Marathon, 1985.



James Brown at CMJ Music Marathon, 1983.



Lou Reed at CMJ Music Marathon, 1989.



Billy Bragg and Sinead O'Connor
at CMJ Music Marathon, 1988.



Living Colour at CMJ Music Marathon, 1989.

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Review of Reviewers

Can't Stop the Music Critics

Ed Sullivan Bets With Belushi; the *Voice*'s Hepcatfight; Benchley=Toklas

by Humphrey Greddon

I'm not quite sure what to make of this line from Stephanie Mansfield's *GQ* profile of Kevin Costner on the set of *Robin Hood*: "In chocolate-brown moleskin breeches, rakish suede boots and a partial wig of unkempt brown hair, Costner looks every bit the scruffy twelfth-century outlaw." First of all, those moleskin breeches were more espresso-brown than chocolate-brown, I think, and second, this being *GQ*, why are no prices or stores provided for them or for the suede boots (the bow and arrow, I think, are Abercrombie & Fitch)? I also can't help wondering how Mansfield can speak of scruffy twelfth-century outlaws with such familiarity. Okay, men's fashion is men's fashion, but this is ridiculous.

Writing about jazz—and personally, I *love* jazz—Gary Giddins can be a wonderful critic, and so he shouldn't have let a recent letter to *The Village Voice* unnerve him so. In his *Voice* column, Giddins called the 1964 Burt Bacharach classic "A House Is Not a Home" "an inferior pop song" and observed that when jazz musicians play such works, they often transmute mediocrity into something beautiful. On East 3rd Street, Giddins's Philistinism didn't play well. John Zorn, the smarty-pants downtown saxophonist whom college-boy critics like *The New York Times*'s Peter Watrous consider the Duke Ellington of our day, wrote an angry letter in which he called Giddins's comments "ludicrous and insulting" and said "it's exactly this kind of xenophobic, hierarchical thinking where one genre of music is considered better than another, that keeps...critics like Giddins from understanding what's going on today." Bacharach, said Zorn, is a genius. Well, like some square dad, Giddins rose to the bait, replying angrily that Zorn was a "cultural fascist."

Yes, passions often run high at the mere mention of Burt Bacharach's name, but only in *The Village Voice* could he generate such bitterness. This dispute concerns the *Voice*-ian question, sensitive as a blister, of whether John Zorn is cooler than Gary Giddins. One cool cat, Zorn made his reputation playing the scores, years after the fact, that Ennio Morricone wrote for Sergio Leone's movies. More than a decade after a love of Brazil '66 *and* Eddie Cochran *and* serialism became required of all young bohemians, Zorn apparently must still show off his eclectic musical tastes like a tiresome card-trick performer, turning Anton Bruckner into Sam the Sham. An avant-garde sax player who seriously loves "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on



Illustration by Michael Witte

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My Head"? *Cool*—until 1981, maybe. And as for Giddins, his conventional views and the utter humorlessness and self-righteousness of his response to Zorn suggest that he's either very uncool or very, very, *very* cool. Burt Bacharach, meanwhile, is merely rich and happy—although he is getting divorced from Carole Bayer Sager. Which is very, very sad.

'Allo, 'allo, 'allo—wot's oll this then, aye? Why, it's a paragraph from Glenn Collins's On Stage, and Off column in the *Times*:

> So much news, so little space. Where to begin? Perhaps in 1938, guv'nah, wi' a lit'l song an' a lit'l dance on the sidewalks of London. Oh no, you're thinking, another rilly big English musical import is coming to Broadway. But no-o-o-o-o-o: it's a big American musical about England, and it'll star Tommy Tune. The show's called "Busker Alley," a two-acter about buskers—strolling entertainers. And guv'nah, that Mr. Tune, 'e's got 'opes tha' lit'l show'll brike yer 'art.

I guess I understand the reasons for the Eliza Doolittle routine—and it did break my heart—but as far as I know, Ed Sullivan ("rilly big") never played Higgins, nor John Belushi ("but no-o-o-o-o-o") Colonel Pickering.

Elsewhere in the *Times*, Bernard Holland (no relation, as far as I know, to my predecessor, Henry "Dutch" Holland; not that I would soften my criticism even if they were brothers—to the contrary) sped through several metaphors at a record pace as he wrote about the movement to revive and authentically perform early music—and personally, I *love* early music:

> History is flat, as anti-Columbian as that sounds. Early musickers, like everyone else, are dealing with the length and breadth of the now. Depth is an illusion. Still, they keep thinking that if they throw their bucket far enough down that well, they'll eventually dredge up the way things really were. Why none of this archeological digging before? New tools make it easier, but anyone could have picked up old instruments, put two and two together and explained how they were played and written for.

From the shape of history to Columbus on the high seas to a bucket dropped down a well—by the way, *what* well?—to dredging to an archaeological dig to new tools and old instruments to putting two and two together, all in half a dozen sentences. The mix here is as harmonious as a bold tartan jacket with a candy-striped shirt and a $3 flowered tie. (Come to think of it, the Holland family resemblance is unmistakable.)

Writing the Critical Reflections column in *ArtForum*, Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom brought good news: "In the passage between then and now, an irreversible metamorphosis has occurred to the body of interpretation. No, it did not awake one morning to find itself transformed into a giant insect." *Thank God.*

We were not going to discuss David Denby, *New York*'s movie critic (and National Magazine Award–winning stereo-equipment reviewer), this month. Really. We weren't. We'd promised ourselves. But we could not let some remarks Denby made in *Entertainment Weekly* go by without comment. In a very brief item about the new composite blurbs for ads that studios make out of several different reviews, identifying the sources of the phrases and words in footnotes, Denby was quoted as saying, "If you open a newspaper, it looks like movies are a succession of masterpieces." He seems to recall a golden age that the rest of us missed, when movie ads included blurbs like "'Insipid tripe'—Pauline Kael."

Try as we may to distinguish ourselves, all Americans look the same to the English. How else can we explain the confusion on the part of *The Economist*—that London-based international-finance "newspaper," as it calls itself, that I have taken for years and read most often in public—between a protohippie, absurdist lesbian expatriate and a woman whose greatest passions were cocktails and little dogs? "Dorothy Parker said it of Los Angeles," *The Economist* wrote. "There isn't any there there." Actually, Gertrude Stein said this, about Oakland, her hometown. Parker did write that funny poem, though, about her beloved giving her not a limousine but "one perfect rose," and Stein had that thing about a rose, too, so there you go.

Passions often run high at the mere mention of Burt Bacharach's name

Enough. A year ago I expressed admiration for the genuinely likable Ralph Novak of *People* when he wrote his review of *Presumed Innocent*, a courtroom drama, in the form of a courtroom drama. Then I praised Craig Tomashoff and John Simon for adapting this innovation. Now things have "come almost eerily full circle," as John Swenson said recently of the Allman Brothers Band in *Rolling Stone*. In the *Times*, Stephen Drucker wrote an appreciation of an *L.A. Law* marathon: "Objection.... Reasonable doubt exists that even a hardened *L.A. Law* devotee would stay home to watch nine hours of reruns and commercials...."

You get the idea.

Finally, Mel Gussow—and personally, I *love* Mel Gussow—may not be a protohippie or a lesbian expatriate, but he does seem to have become an absurdist. In a theater review for the *Times* not long ago he wrote, "If all the [numbers] were on the level of this one, the show would be a showstopper."

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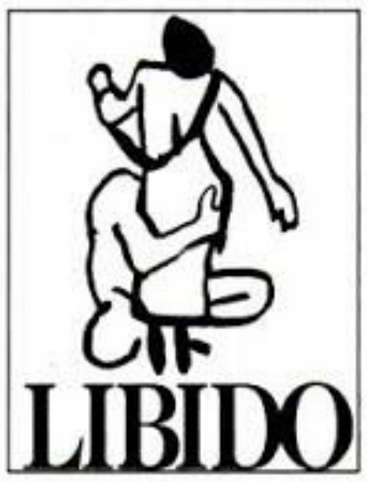
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Eating

Dead Meat

Or, How I Learned to Stop Playing With My Food

by Ann Hodgman



When I was 16, I spent the summer with a family in Corsica—I wouldn't mention this unless I had to—in an apartment across the street from a slaughterhouse. This slaughterhouse was such a landmark that it had a bus stop named for it. It gave me quite a frisson (as you can see, the language-learning part of the trip really paid off) to climb onto the bus and chirp out, "One to the slaughterhouse, please." Some nights, as I lay in bed wondering when my sunburn would start turning into a tan, I could hear the bellowing of a new shipload of cattle that had just arrived. By morning the slaughterhouse was always quiet again. I ended up getting a really great tan.

Most meat eaters don't pay much attention to the way animals turn into meat. Presumably they realize the steak they're grilling didn't Cryovac itself and leap into the grocery cart, but it makes them edgy to think about how it actually got there. It makes me edgy, too. I have seesawed, loudly and tiresomely, on the whole meat-eating issue for years. Right now I feel that, at the very least, we owe it to animals to understand what they go through being turned into our hamburgers.

To that end, I recently took a tour of New York's wholesale-meat district, where "Watch your back!" means that a 300-pound headless calf corpse—its hide still attached—is about to knock you down. But I found that headlessness combined with extreme sanitation robs animal corpses of their shock value. The lockers I visited were so glacially immaculate that it was impossible to associate them with death, or even blood (although I did see a huge jar of Defibrinated Edible Beef Blood sitting on a table—"for Puerto Ricans," my tour guide mysteriously explained), or anything more alarming than an old *Starsky and Hutch* episode whose villain operates out of a meat locker.

Meat lockers having failed to weigh me down sufficiently, I subscribed to some meat-industry magazines. Neither *Meat & Poultry* nor its rival, *Meat Business*, is specifically designed to gross out readers, of course. There's plenty of positive stuff: announcements about butter-flavored pork seasonings (*Mom, this pork chop isn't* buttery *enough!*) and an automatic tail-feather puller for turkeys; an interview with a CEO who states, "I think we have lots of opportunity in blood." There is also rich, beautiful philosophy: "Like life itself, the meat and poultry industry has an ebb and flow."

And how rarely in general-interest magazines does one come across reviews of slaughterhouses! "The kill floor...will have an airy, open feeling, where workers will be able to walk between lines without having to watch constantly for moving carcasses or stepping between them," raves a *Meat & Poultry* article about a new beef operation in Nebraska. "The openness will make the kill easier to supervise."

Despite such points of interest, truth eluded me still. I decided to follow around a couple of slaughterers—old-time butchers—and see exactly what they did.

"I couldn't stay a meat eater if I watched something like that," one friend told me reprovingly. "I guess I'm just sensitive that way."

I guess I'm just not.

I did have to beam my emotions to another planet when I watched a butcher named Phil Gargan slaughter six lambs in my friend Natalie's barn. If animals must be dispatched by someone, I can't think of a better person than Phil, a saintly, white-haired man who's been butchering since his youth in Ireland. You almost wouldn't mind sending your dog in to him.

Two lamb corpses were cooling on the barn floor when I arrived on the appointed day. (What kind of person is *late* to a slaughtering?) "Excuse me," I murmured when I accidentally kicked one of them. Right away I could see that sheep are disinclined to be caught by butchers. One six-month-old ewe lamb managed to hurl herself through the slats of her pen into an adjoining one. As Phil patiently retrieved her, a young ram, perhaps her brother, stamped a front hoof in anxious protest from a far corner of the stall. Like most rams, he didn't have much in the way of facial expressions; the best he could muster was a mild "Oh, dear."

The next second, Phil had stuck his knife into the lamb's throat, sliced it open, broken her neck against his knee with an audible crunch and let her fall to the ground. Dead now, the lamb grunted and flopped around a little. Blood coursed into the straw as if from a sliced-open bag; she was drained in seconds. The ram, meanwhile, had begun eating again.

Illustration by Eric Hanson

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"Do you ever get used to it?," I asked in a falsely matter-of-fact voice. He smiled gently. "It gets harder every day," he answered.

Maybe it did bother me a *little*.

Not quite in the way I'd expected, though. The lamb's main problem had clearly been not wanting Phil to pick her up ("The only thing they know is there's someone different around them, and it upsets their routine"). Nor did I have to waste any pity on her doomed companions, who didn't spare her a glance as Phil began to skin her. ("This is where many butchers lose their lives," he mentioned casually: the first cut into the skin sometimes slices the butcher's femoral artery.) If the ram thought about his sister anymore, it was only to say, "Whew! Glad it's not *me*!"

Skinning a lamb makes a sound like duct tape tearing off the roll

Besides, a weathered old barn takes the edge off anything that happens inside it. As Phil skinned the lamb (it made a sound like duct tape tearing off the roll), Natalie came out to see how things were going. Her old black dog lapped up a little blood as though he felt it was expected of him. "Sebastian, don't *do* that," Natalie scolded him without heat. On her way back to the house, she called out, "Does anyone want any cranberry juice?"

I went home congratulating myself on what a trouper I'd been. Whenever any actual memories broke through, I quickly congratulated myself again. But as the evening progressed, my own skin began to seem rather tenuously attached.

I'd believed myself immune to the guts part of the procedure. Hadn't I watched *The Civil War*? Wasn't it fascinating to see raw sweetbreads growing right on the tree? Of *course* the lambs' heads had to come off; we don't *eat* lambs' heads, do we?

And so on, until I went outside to get my cat's water dish and saw a dead slug floating in it. I'm sorry to say that I overreacted rather badly.

"Lock your door," my cabbie said as he bore me away from everything nice. I had come to the city to visit the East 112th Street Live Poultry Market, and I was beginning to realize that it wouldn't be much like Natalie's barn.

It wasn't. As I entered, juggling my briefcase and a bag of champagne truffles, I was greeted by a maniacally crowing rooster and the silent stares of every employee. A dark, fetid, garagelike barracks, the market was filled floor-to-ceiling with cages. The floor was plastered with wet feathers and other reminders that birds were on the premises.

Crammed into the cages—so tightly that many had raw-looking bare patches where their stressed-out companions had plucked them—were dozens of chickens, ducks and guinea hens doing whatever the opposite of cavorting is. One cage held rabbits, another half a dozen ring-necked pheasants. The rabbits were the only silent occupants besides the employees; the birds murmured ceaselessly except when the cage door was opened, at which point they screamed.

Can a chicken look tragic? Okay, I'm anthropomorphizing. But chickens, by their nature, were never meant to *wait*. They were meant to bustle around, pecking at bits of stuff on the ground and looking pointlessly busy. Surely I'm not reading too much into their tiny psyches to feel convinced that these birds knew this wasn't what they had planned to do with their lives. Shuffling their feet in this damp, dreary spot, they had the dignity of the condemned.

My taxi driver had decided to keep me company: "I am a butcher myself!" he had explained cheerfully on the way uptown. It was he who stepped in to rescue me when—torturing myself in the name of research by picking the most beautiful species in the shop—I said I wanted to buy a pheasant. The clerk reached into the pheasants' cage, grabbed the nearest bird by the feet and held it, writhing and squawking, out to me. "No! *Muerto! Muerto!*" my driver exclaimed. Turning to me, he added, "You want it dead, right?"

Yes, I wanted it dead. Or, rather, I didn't, but wasn't that the point of this exercise?

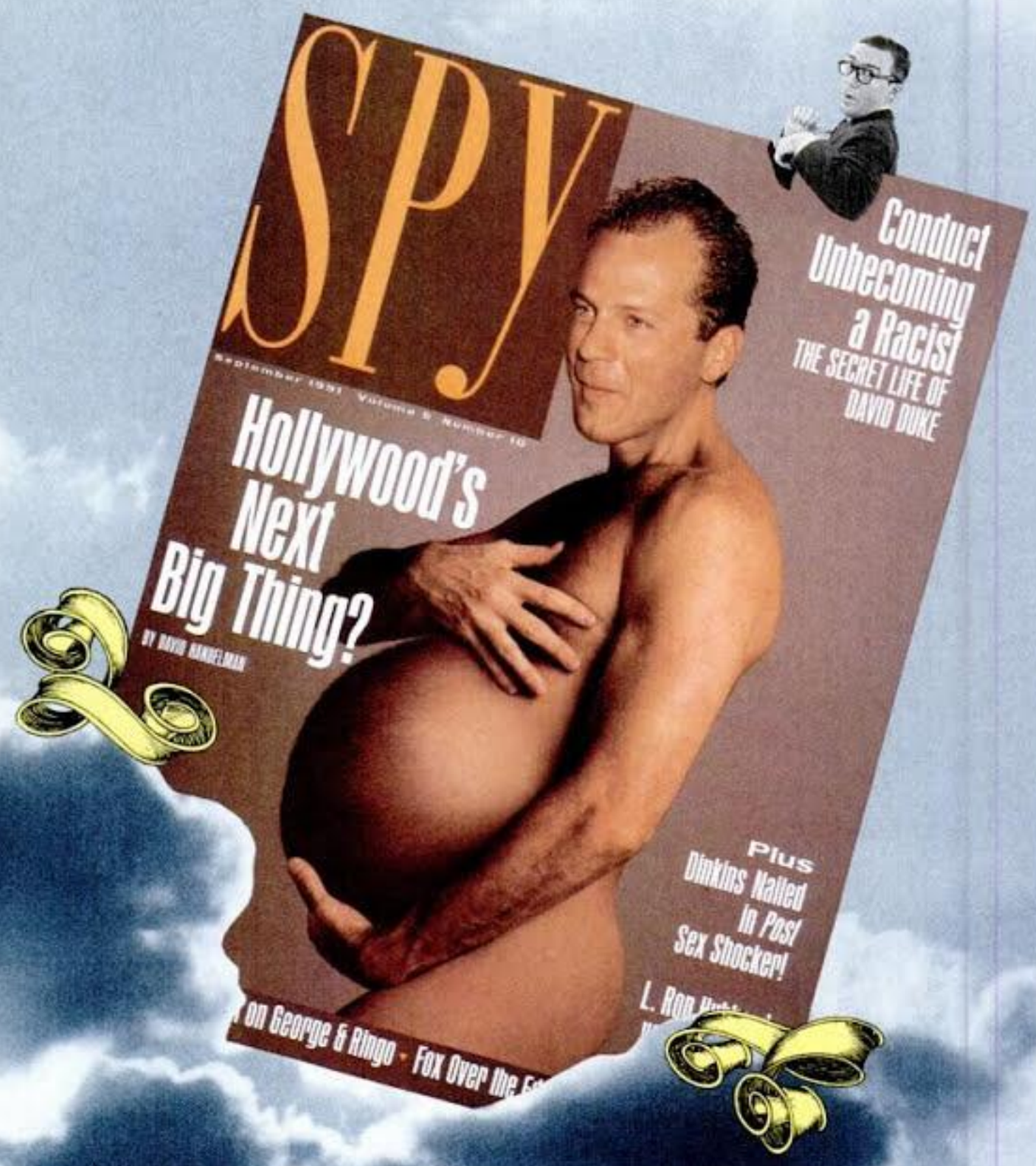
Now, I understand that the concept of feeling violated as you watch someone kill a pheasant for you, particularly when you're carrying a bag of Swiss chocolates, is ludicrous. So I have no right to feel upset about the man in the back of the store. Staring meaningfully into my eyes, he held up my beautiful pheasant—by now the bird had become my pet in the same way that the taxi driver had become my husband—and drew the knife across its throat as slowly and lasciviously as one *can* draw a knife across a pheasant's throat. Then he dropped the bird into a trash can and watched me watch it flap and struggle until it died.

There isn't much else to tell. The dead bird went next into a vat of hot water, where it was flumped back and forth until it looked like a dirty rag with feathers. Then it was whipped around in the poultry equivalent of the spin cycle, to emerge looking as innocuous as any plucked chicken you buy in a store.

My taxi driver got a 100 percent tip. "How are you going to cook your bird?" he asked. "In some kind of wine sauce," I lied. I knew I was going to throw it out the first chance I got.

I spent the afternoon in a fit of self-loathing that was only made worse by the fact that every time I opened my briefcase I found a dead pheasant in it. When I put out birdseed now, I feel like a double agent.

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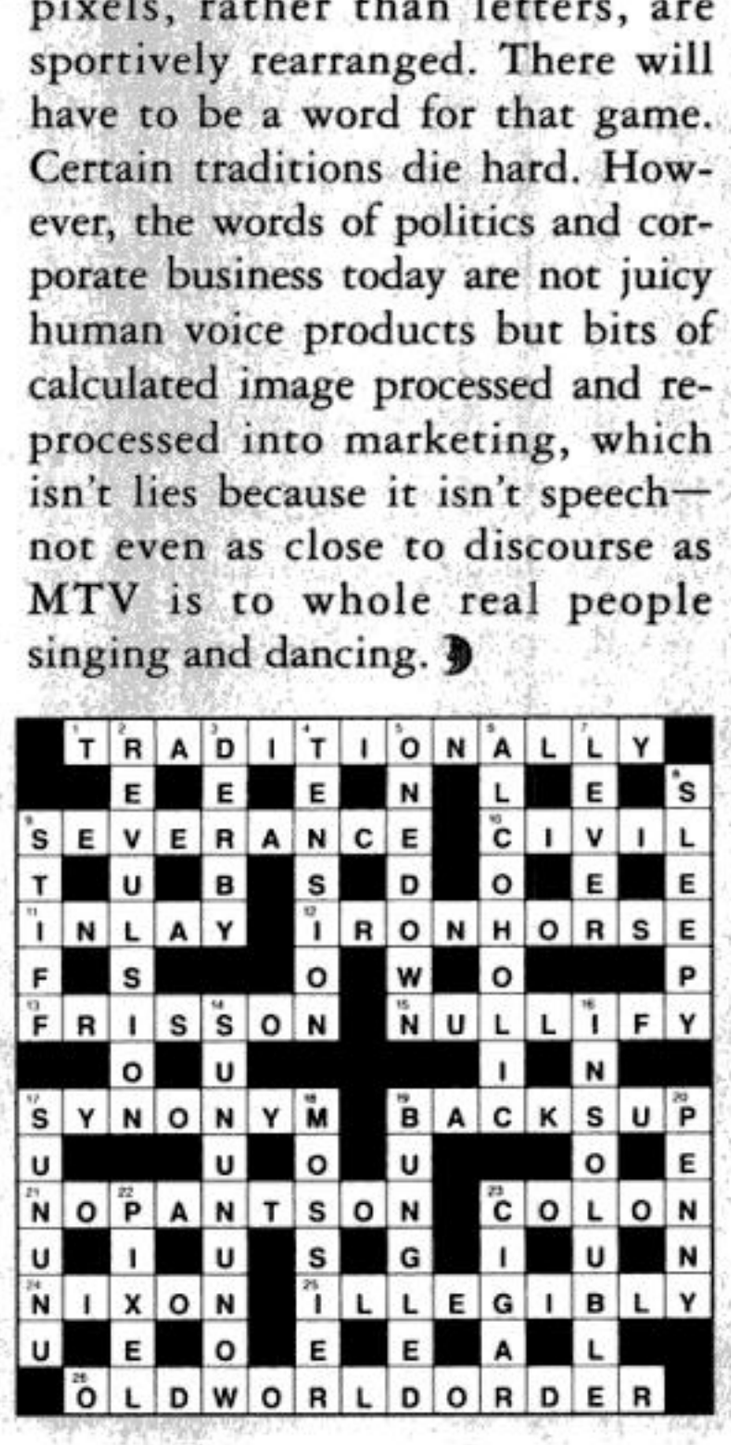
UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. *Tra* (*art* backward), then *Di*, then *no it* backing away from *ally*.
9. *Rev.* backward inside *seance*.
10. *CIV* (104), then *I* and *L*.
11. *Y* is the head of *your*.
12. If you thought this clue was referring to Choo Choo Coleman, the indifferent old Met, as a great old Yankee, you may have thrown this puzzle down in disgust. Well, this puzzle is not for people who jump to conclusions—as did the chipper TV interviewer who assumed anyone named Choo Choo must be colorful to interview, and accordingly thrust a mike into Choo Choo's face and asked, "How did you get your nickname?" Precious live airtime ticked away, till Choo Choo thought up a measured answer: "I don't know." The great old Yankee Lou Gehrig was called the Iron Horse because he was durable as a locomotive. You don't hear much about locomotives anymore. If they were still au courant, Sununu would no doubt have commandeered one for a visit to his chiropractor (if chiropractors were still au courant), and we could call him Choo Choo Sununu.
17. A *role model* sets an *example*. *Sonny my* rearranged ("deranged").
21. A man who looks in on his nephew while wearing a sufficiently capacious shirt isn't necessarily depraved. But we've long known that Senator Kennedy isn't good about cooperating with official inquiries into matters that strike close to home. Neither (it is worth mentioning in October, the month of surprise) is President Bush. Being not good at that sort of thing is traditional among public servants, which is one reason to reinvigorate the tradition of dressing them down publicly—a tradition that languished during the era of Reagan, who was widely perceived as well covered by emperor's clothes.
24. This may seem coarse, to define Richard Nixon with an anal reference, but we need only read an occasional excerpt of the tapes he made of himself to recall his cloacality, at least. How come a man whose Semitophobia is a matter of record is an elder statesman, but a couple of racist remarks render Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder unfit to talk about point spreads on TV?
26. The German for *attention* is an example of an old-world *order*.

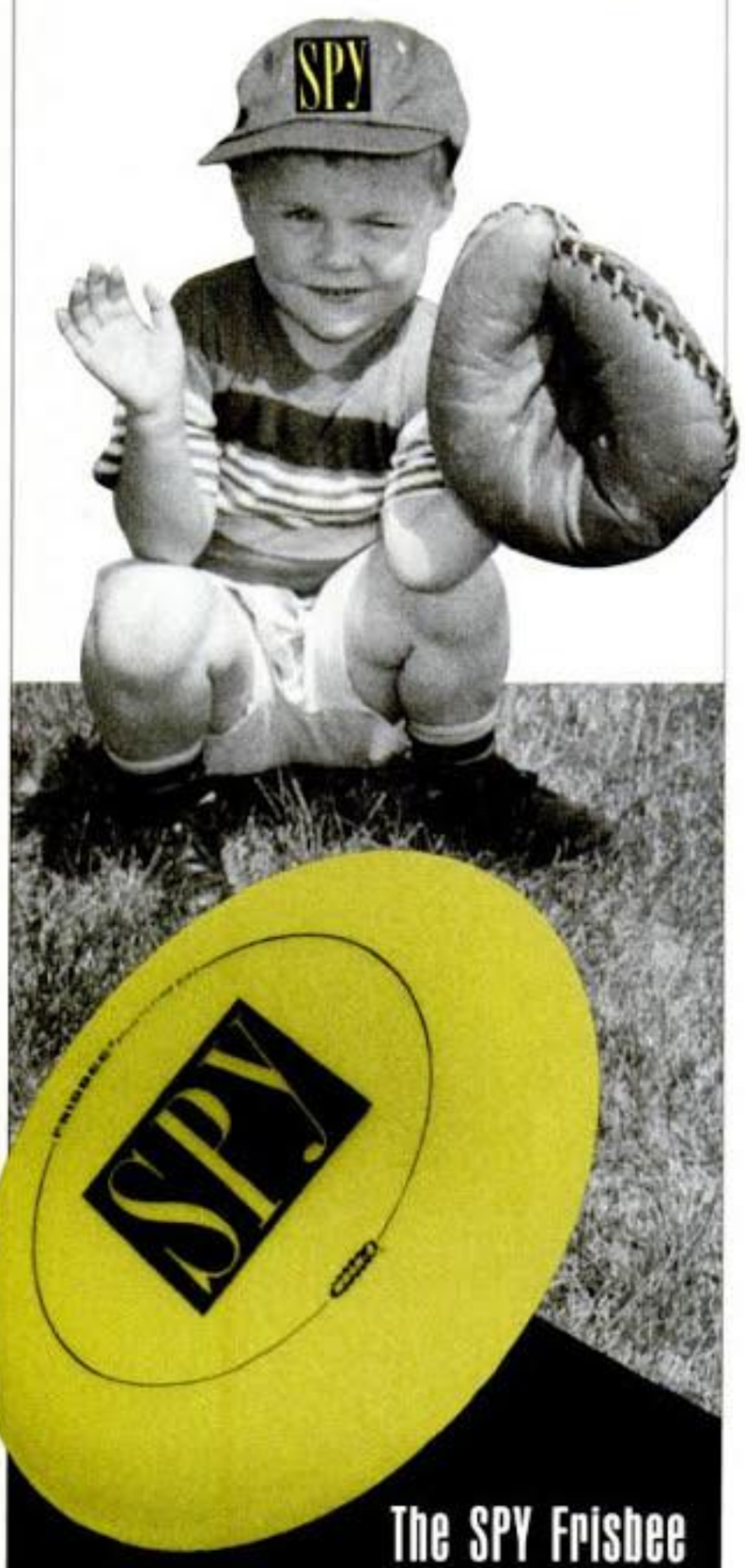
DOWN

4. *Tennis* and *O* (which is love in tennis) rearranged ("sloppy") to create a synonym for *strain*.
6. *Call Ohio* rearranged ("confused") plus *c* for *cold*; *lush* is the definition.
17. *Sun* is the center of the solar system, *UN* is a global organization, and *u* is the leader of *universal*.
22. *Pi* is roughly 3.14, *x* is *times*, and *el* is Spanish for *the*. A pixel is the smallest element on a video-display-terminal screen. No doubt soon there will be puzzles in which pixels, rather than letters, are sportively rearranged. There will have to be a word for that game. Certain traditions die hard. However, the words of politics and corporate business today are not juicy human voice products but bits of calculated image processed and reprocessed into marketing, which isn't lies because it isn't speech—not even as close to discourse as MTV is to whole real people singing and dancing.



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Un-British Crossword

Fifth-Anniversary Return Engagement!

by Roy Blount Jr.

Hundreds of thousands of Albanians jump up and down in the street at the sight of James Baker. Okay. But let us remember how long it has been since Albanians have seen anyone except one another. Word may just have spread, like wildfire, *There is someone in town who is not an Albanian! Crazy name: Baker!* It may have been only a few political activists who were committed enough to add, *Let us flock to him and become pragmatic reactionaries, and live like in American commercials!*

By the same token, I do not read too much into the outpouring of calls and letters, reaching I believe well into the double figures, in response to which the puzzle returns this month and will again from time to time, *inshallah*. Sure, it's a heartening endorsement of yet another American institution, but frankly, I don't think the post–Cold War world has found its parameters yet. I look for some unexpected catalytic event that will make this puzzle look like a Sunday-school picnic.

Will government scientists in Chad (egged on by Peace Corps volunteers) isolate the chronic-fatigue-syndrome virus and threaten to drop it on Japan unless that nation tithes its GNP to the advancement of Third World science? Will a lone Croat come up with a strange new form of money (based loosely on the standard Croatian motorcycle tire) that won't inflate, which sweeps the world's financial markets and changes all the rules? Will Poland save its economy by organizing an *international* lottery, whose lucky winner, a recidivist Sandinista, is enabled to buy Connecticut? Will an Israeli platoon liberate Cuba and inaugurate an Old and New Testament alliance, brokered in Miami, between Tel Aviv and Latin America? Will the Democrats nominate Yeltsin?

One thing the world could do, of course, is declare bankruptcy and reorganize as one big corporation. When John Sununu got into all that trouble for flying and limoing here and there, William Safire accused him of "arrogant asininity" and "sustained obtuseness"—refreshingly uncorporate language, I must say, for the *Times*. But Sununu's friend, Rep. Newt Gingrich, pointed out, "These [travel] accommodations would be reasonable in a corporation." It seems to me that Sununu was simply angling to be bumped up to a really good corporate job, first VP of Influenceco or something. Much better pay, and no need to expose oneself to the jibes and cheap-suit odors of commercial-airline passengers.

A man employed by a mammoth corporation informed me recently that the U.S. government is, after all, a mammoth corporation, and the best corporate heads are men who don't really try to do anything except keep the way clear for big

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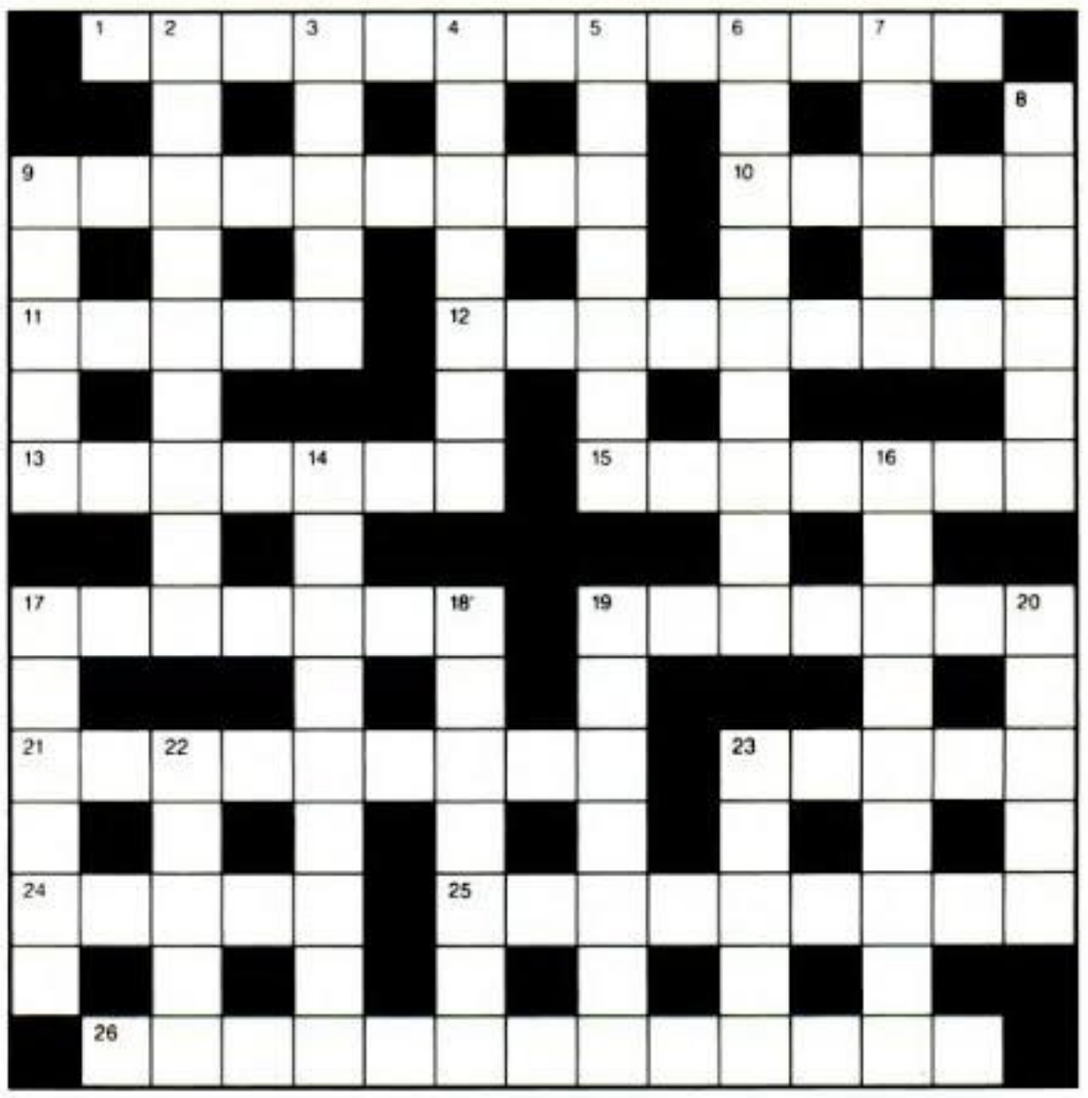
money to gather momentum, which is why Reagan and Bush—as opposed to overreaching strivers like Johnson and Carter—are effective CEOs. "Oh, bullshit," I reasoned, but somewhere within my sinking heart I took his point.

One thing about USGovco that makes it different from other corporations is that it includes a Supreme Court. Unfortunately, however, the Republicans keep coming up with these justices who evidently liked life better back before Elvis. Where do they find these prunes?

Well, the recently released Watergate tape transcripts include the following from then-president Nixon: "You remember the meeting we had here when I told that group of clowns that we had around here, Renchler and that group? What was his name?"

To be fair, this was three months before Nixon nominated Rehnquist to the Supreme Court. If he first caught the president's eye while performing in the Oval Office with a troupe of clowns, then Chief Justice Rehnquist's rise has been even more impressive than Clarence Thomas's. But I'm surprised to hear this, as I've never seen a photograph of him in which he wasn't dour-looking. Perhaps his makeup made him look more comical. Or he was the one whom the other clowns squirted with seltzer and whacked with bladders—if so, good, except that the experience seems to have left the man not so much humbled as scornful of other beleaguered people, such as women who need legal abortion counseling but can't pay for it. "If *I* made it into a secure corporate slot with a good health plan," would seem to be his attitude, "then why can't others whose lot is degradation and abuse?"

How about it, Albanians?



ACROSS

1. By long-standing custom, art backs away from princess? No, it does from colleague. (13)
9. Cutting off preacher, going back inside mystic session. (9)
10. Polite, as in war? Of 104, one left. (5)
11. In the City of Angels, your head has a layer of fine material inserted. (5)
12. Choo-choo was a great old Yankee. (4,5)
13. Shudder for Friday's child. (7)
15. Fully in? Sort of. Annul! (7)
17. Sonny, my deranged role model, for example. (7)
19. Withdraws supports. (5,2)
21. Breathes hard in the middle of midday, in Teddy Kennedy's alleged Easter-weekend condition. (2,5,2)
23. Bowel, or:... (5)
24. ...intestines' terminal, ex-president. (5)
25. Lie glibly in such a way that it can't be made out. (9)
26. Global alignment before Bush—*Achtung!* (3,5,5)

DOWN

2. Roun' Elvis in disarray, disgust. (9)
3. Bowler's race. (5)
4. Sloppy tennis, love, creates strain. (7)
5. Now, Ed, no slipping around—not in this puzzle! (3,4)
6. Confused? Call Ohio—cold and lush. (9)
7. Party up! It gives a lift. (5)
8. Small miner had nodding acquaintance with Ms. White. (6)
9. Neglect to tip a corpse. (5)
14. Is he on an Air Force jet/ Or behind a plow?/Is he stamp-collecting yet?/Where's _____? (6,3)
16. Too hard to crack or melt. (9)
17. Center of our system and global organization! Universal leader! Here he is! (See 14.) (6)
18. Roses? I'm somehow more outdated. (7)
19. Fiddled with gun, bled: messed up. (7)
20. Smallest expense is mightier than the sword, Big Apple. (5)
22. Roughly 3.14 times the Spanish VDT element. (5)
23. Coming up tragic, almost? Close, but no. (5)

Answers appear on page 89.

Illustration by Richard Sala

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2

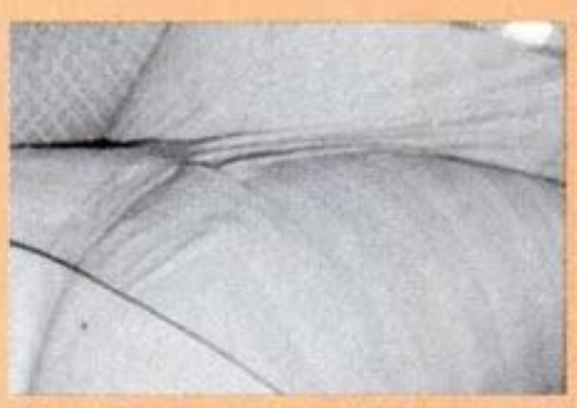


3



4

Want to see a lot of really big celebrities in New York? Then don't go to the annual New York Women in Film celebrity softball game! All you'll see there are (**1**) teen star turned poetess Ally Sheedy, Halloween-ready survivor Sylvia Miles (check out that form!), (**2**) Don Johnson castoff Patti D'Arbanville, (**3**) feckless former first baseman Keith Hernandez and new-wave curiosity Joan Jett. Oh, and, of course, (**4**) little publisher manqué Mort Zuckerman, the one in meticulously pressed blue jeans.



The Party Poop Rorschach Test
The above image makes me think of
(a) a rare species of mollusk.
(b) the striped sofa pillows in David Geffen's Malibu home.
(c) BMW's newest airbag design, half inflated.
(d) fried food.

(Answer on page 94.)

Party POOP



Fred Hayman launched his third fragrance recently with a gold-tie party at his Rodeo Drive store. Ancient lalapalooza Zsa Zsa Gabor took home a few free samples.

Lizard Kings Some people can't seem to keep their tongues to themselves. (**1**) Comedian Gilbert Gottfried brandishes his tongue in an attempt to fend off some kind of encounter with depressing former star James Caan. (**2**) At a movie premiere, leathery survivor Roy Scheider—once, ironically, the poor man's James Caan—gives his wife, Brenda, an utterly charming earlobe massage. And finally, (**3**) the little tongue that couldn't: designer Geoffrey Beene.



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You Can Tell a Lot About a Celebrity by the Kind of Cake His Handler Buys Him

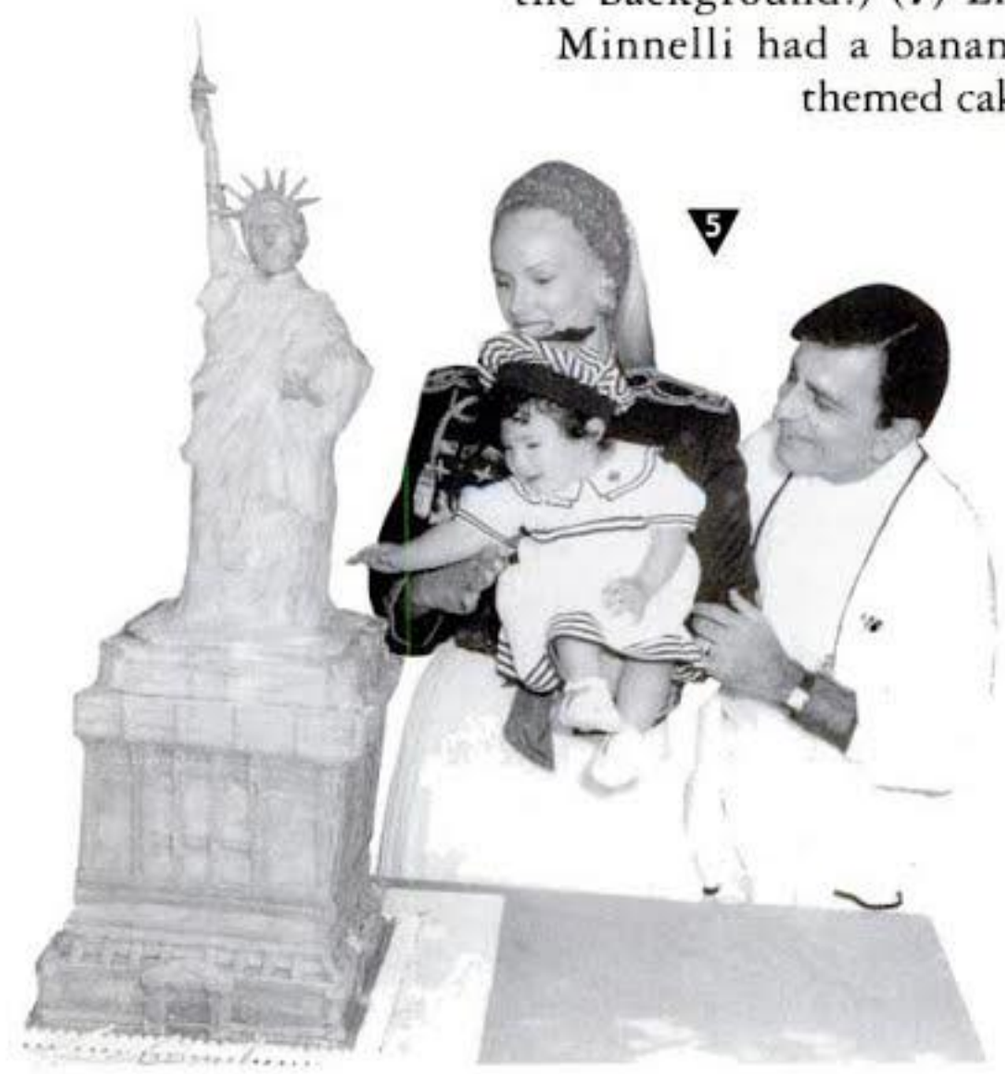
(**1**) Jackie Mason's cake (*Just a little lower, Jackie!*) featured a face-lifted portrait of the recycled *tummler* himself. (**2**) Madonna hagiographer Alek Keshishian celebrated his fifteenth birthday with a cake shaped like a movie clapper. (**3**) Naomi Campbell's cake supported a Barbie-doll-size representation of the birthday girl next to an indistinct mound covered with bumps. (**4**) Diet-pill profiteer Nikki Haskell's birthday cake was uncharacteristically tasteful, adorned only by the eight handsome and sophisticated playboys (including Neil Sedaka!) surrounding it. (**5**) Jean and Casey Kasem's daughter, Liberty, marked turning one with a larger-than-life-size replica of the Statue of Liberty in sugar, flour and corn syrup—and lucky for us, a photographer from a company called Celebrity Photo just happened to be passing through the Kasems' living room at the time! (**6**) Bella Abzug had a relatively restrained pink hat-shaped cake decorated with a single candle. (Note Shirley MacLaine having an out-of-body experience in the background.) (**7**) Liza Minnelli had a banana-themed cake.



5

6

7







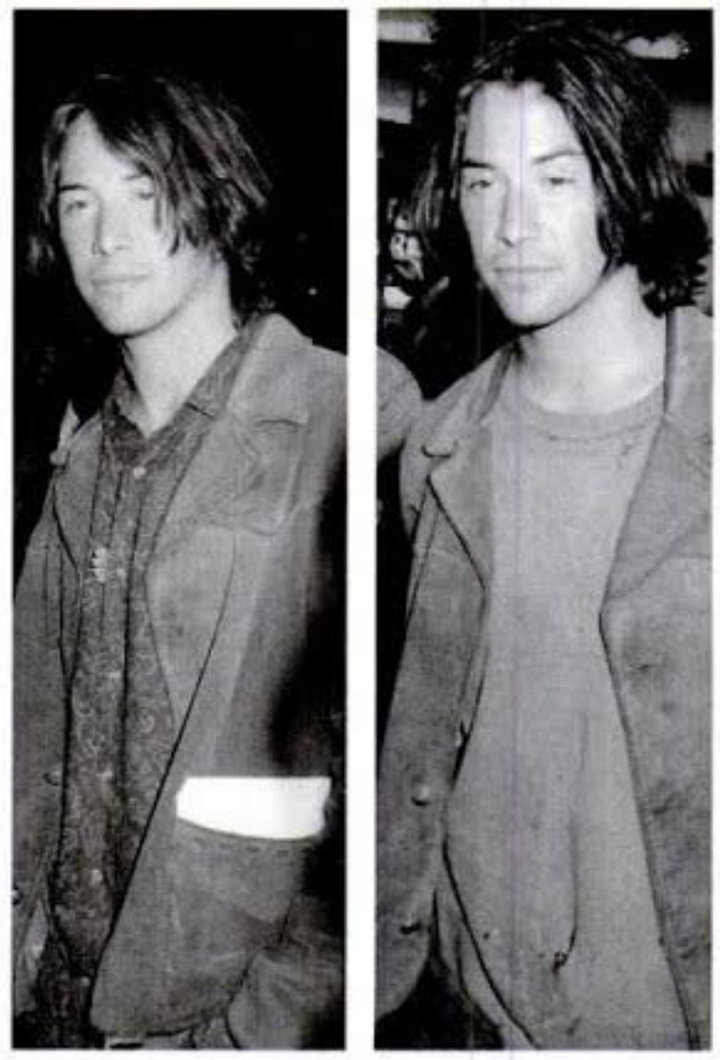
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Edward Furlong, the 14-year-old child actor in *Terminator 2*, already has the makings of a 1990s movie star: pleated pants and air tie; annoyingly messy-looking hair; a definitively postpubescent black-sheathed date (Soleil Moon Frye) with a New Age name reminiscent of both 1960s communes and 1970s footwear; and the requisite seen-it-all sulkiness.

The Party Poop Rorschach Test (Continued)
What you are looking at is a closeup of Marvin Davis's waistband. If you answered (d) *fried food*, you are right. This may say something about some aspect of your personality.





The many moods of Canadian leading man Keanu Reeves.



Trying in vain to look inconspicuous, one-time movie star Omar Sharif hopes he doesn't run into anyone he knows while sitting in Bloomingdale's promoting his eponymous new scent for women.





Is There a Writer in the House? At a party at the Four Seasons given by G. P. Putnam's Sons, (**1**) turtleneck-loving "humorist" Joey (*Guaranteed to Make You Laugh*) Adams discussed the life of the mind with Bill (*Childhood*) Cosby and George (*Wisdom of the 90s*) Burns. (**2**) Burns, who spent the evening being trundled from photo op to photo op by publicists, paused for a moment to discuss his prose style with real writer Amy Tan (*right*) and sort-of-real writer Aline, Countess of Romanones.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Hilary and Randy—Happy first anniversary!

Geoff and Anna—APPYHAY ARRIAGEMAY!—*MR/KR*

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Oval Office Diary

Notes Toward a Nonfiction Novel

TRANSCRIPTION OF GHWB DICTAPHONE RECORDING 021-0891

Dear Dictaphone: Hey, little buddy, nice to be back. Had ourselves a good little trip. Moscow and--before--London, Athens, Turkey, now got a brief little stopover here in Washington, then Kennebunkport. Kind of missed ya. Maybe next time you could come. Would ya like that?

So many memories. "Geoffrey." Strange woman. Somebody put her up to that. I mean, everybody knows who I am. Bet Jimmy was behind it. That "Mexican Hat Dance" thing, too, that band played for me at Istanbul. Tell Turgut to relax. Aid city, still stands. Dandy little tune anyway.

Okay, time to record some memoir-caliber impressions here. The Simon Wiesenthal event thing? Great one. Gotta picture--gotta picture this scene: L.A., Century Plaza Hotel, ballroom, black-tie, $5,000 a plate (waived, my case). Big award from the Wiesenthal Center to Arnold, my personal Fitness Council guy. Yeah, son of a Nazi, they say, but that's the point, the America point. Up on the dais, there's me, Schwarzenegger, the Shriver girl, the Wiesenthal people, Tony Danza, Milton Berle--a beautiful, different, rich assemblage. Then off to the right in come these concentration-camp survivors, eight of 'em, carrying a flag that was stitched--U.S. one--that was stitched together from garments, the scraps of clothing that people wore at one of those awful, awful places--and they have created this out into a glorious flag with, okay, 56 stars. Overcome right there, and who wouldn't be? But hang on: right on the stage--and ya gotta remember the scene, with the Schwarzeneggers and the Holocaust folks and Milton Berle all around the president of the United States, and then--suddenly--these three wonderful gals, The Wilsons and the Phillips, singing the national anthem on the stage, and they're wearing these skintight--not the chubby one--miniskirts. What a night. And we all got Reebok gym bags on the way out. And I couldn't help but think, Let Gorby in on the G7 talks, and maybe someday, way, way down the pike, if he does the free-market thing as much as he should, in the end he gets a taste of this.

Still so darn proud and happy and--about the troops. That they are still serving their country, marching in all these patriotic celebrations over the months that you can be a partaker of when you are me. Remember at the Washington one--no, it was the day before it--tanks and planes and 10,000 people at the Mall and we're driving past from somewhere and I just said to the driver, Drive onto the lawn. Gonna go greet 'em. He looked at me like I was cuckoo, but I said, No, let's go into mob mode. Drive right out onto the lawn. Onward! Staff goes crazy, public goes nuts, press guys running behind. Just love it.

Okay, gotta go. Heading up to Walker's Point for some golf and speedboating and--down, Bar--press barbecues (reminder: load up on plastic trash bags in advance). Know I'm taking a whole month vacation, but people forget that three of those days are gonna be spent hosting John Major. And lemme--don't think visiting prime ministers don't cut into your golf. Lucky if I play 18 holes. And forget about horseshoes!

August 1991
GHWB:gk

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